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ART. I.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel. From his Private Papers. Edited for his Trustees by CHARLES STUART PARKER. 3 Vols. London: John Murray. 1891-1899.

NEARLY fifty years have elapsed since the sudden death of Peel placed the nation, it may be said, in general mourning. It is scarcely necessary to say what changes have passed over the civilised world since 1850; and how, to a considerable extent at least, a new order of things has replaced the old in the spheres of our domestic and foreign politics, and even in the social life of these islands. Yet the figure of Peel still stands on an eminence in the Past, conspicuous among the worthies of his day; whatever opinion may be formed on passages in his career, he was, by common consent, the first of British statesmen during the second twenty-five years of the present century. I avail myself of the volumes before me briefly to survey the public conduct of this most distinguished man, and to endeavour to show the position he holds in history. Valuable records, no doubt, of the life of Peel have been already given to the world; he has left us *Memoirs* from his own hand of his thoughts and acts at important and critical junctures; we possess the excellent sketch of Mr. Goldwin

Smith, the admirable commentaries of Guizot and other French thinkers, and the discriminating portrait of Sir Lawrence Peel; and Disraeli and Greville have made estimates of the departed statesman of very great merit. It may, nevertheless, be affirmed that, until this book appeared, the materials for a complete biography of Peel, and for passing judgment on the place he held in the State, had been only imperfectly made public. These volumes contain the greatest part of the correspondence of Peel, preserved by himself, and bequeathed to his Trustees, to be used when they deemed the time for publishing had come; but this is supplemented by numbers of letters, not only of Peel, of which he had kept no copies, but of personages with whom he had been brought in contact during the many years of his life as a statesman. The most interesting certainly of these records are the confidential papers which passed between Peel, Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert, Wellington, Sir James Graham, Lords Aberdeen and Hardinge, and the whole forms a repertory of the first importance as illustrating passages in our history, and as throwing light on the character and the acts of Peel, and indeed of the correspondents whose views and opinions are brought before us. Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, a friend of the late Lord Cardwell, the principal, perhaps, of Peel's Trustees, has written an able running commentary on the work, connecting its parts, and giving it unity; and Mr. George Peel, a young politician of mark, has added a thoughtful and brilliant essay, which forms a just tribute to the excellences of his renowned grandfather.

These volumes do not greatly increase our knowledge respecting the early life of Peel, but the subject is still of much interest, for the circumstances in which his lot was cast in youth had a most powerful influence on his subsequent career. He was born in 1788, and was a scion of that great commercial middle-class which was just rising into prominence in the State. His father, a man of no ordinary parts, amassed a large fortune by his skill and resource as a trader, and was a follower and admirer of the second Pitt, and of the liberal policy of the famous statesman in the first and happiest phase

of his long ministry. Like Pitt, however, and the great mass of the nation, he was carried away by the decisive movement which made England the chief foe of the Revolution in France, and thenceforward he was completely identified with the principles and the ideas this brought in its train. Young Peel was nursed, so to speak, in the Toryism of the day, when war was, deemed the natural order of things, when narrow Conservatism prevailed in Church and State, when the aristocracy of land and of wealth was dominant in the Lords and Commons, when reforms of almost all kinds were voted down, and yet when the structure of our society was being transformed, and many of our institutions were becoming out of joint. The associations formed at Harrow and Oxford, where Peel was educated until he had passed his teens, reflecting, as those seminaries did, the temper and spirit of the ruling classes, must have strengthened these ideas in the mind of the youth; but Peel owed a great deal to those places of learning, and at both he rose to very high distinction. The boy made his mark at Harrow for his fine intelligence, his industry, and his power of acquiring knowledge. One of the masters predicted his future eminence, and the remarks of Byron on his school-fellow have long ago been published. He studied at Christ Church with admirable diligence and effect; his examination in the schools was long remembered as a kind of ovation to his brilliant answering; he was the first undergraduate who took a double first-class, under the system which had been lately introduced, Whately taking a double second at the same time. Peel left Oxford a finished classical scholar, well versed in ancient literature and in much that was modern, but he had also been well trained in mathematics. This discipline, not common at Oxford in those days, stood him in good stead, he has told us, in after life, especially when dealing with currency and finance. He ate a few terms at Lincoln's Inn; he thus acquired some real insight into the principles of law, the value of which he fully recognised when he became a cautious, but one of the most successful, of law reformers.

Peel had been trained for political life; his father, it is said,

expected to make him a successor of Pitt. He entered the House of Commons for a close borough in 1809, and naturally took his seat on the Government benches, where Perceval was in the highest place. Though brought up a Tory of the strictest kind, mere Toryism was probably even now not wholly congenial to his sagacious mind; it is a tradition that his father told Lord Liverpool that his son was inclining to the Liberal faith.* Peel seconded the Address in 1810, by degrees distinguished himself in debate, and, after a short apprenticeship as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was made Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1812. These volumes enlarge at great length on the Irish Administration of Peel, and give us numerous interesting details; this was a most important passage in his life; Ireland, indeed, affected his position in the State almost to the last. Like so many ministers who have made their first essays in it, he went to Ireland as to an utterly unknown land; he found there Toryism supreme in the State, but Toryism of a very different type from that which prevailed in England and even in Scotland. The bureaucracy at the Castle formed the Government; it ruled in the interest of a dominant caste divided in race and faith from three-fourths of the people; Protestant ascendancy was the mould of society; Catholic Ireland was in a state of subjection, seen most distinctly in landed relations; the mass of the community was wretchedly poor; disorder and lawlessness pervaded almost all classes. In these circumstances, it can hardly cause surprise that a young Chief Secretary of Lord Liverpool adhered steadily, in the main, to the existing order of things, and did not even contemplate making large reforms in Ireland. Peel, indeed, discouraged Orangeism, and saw its evils; but on the whole he upheld the arrangements he found made to his hand; supported Protestant ascendancy without misgivings; never thought of the growing mischiefs of the Irish land system; did not perceive the necessity of an Irish Poor Law. His attitude to Catholic Ireland, in these years, was somewhat unbending and not sympathetic. He quarrelled

* *The Greville Memoirs*, V., 395. Ed. 1888.

with O'Connell, and did not understand his genius; he looked upon the great Irish tribune as a mere demagogue; he regarded the Catholic Board as a nest of sedition, though the great Catholic Association was to be its offspring. Like his predecessors, he kept Catholic Ireland down by Insurrection Acts and severe coercion. On the most important domestic question of the time he certainly took, and prominently, the wrong side. He became far the ablest opponent of the Catholic claims; his speech, made in the House of Commons in 1817, is a most powerful argument against the Catholic cause. Peel, however, did not attempt to grapple with the irresistible reasons urged against his views by all the most enlightened statesmen of the day.

It would be, nevertheless, a mistake to suppose that Peel in Ireland was not a real reformer, if within somewhat contracted limits. He was Chief Secretary from 1812 to 1818, and ruled the country almost at his will; the Lord-Lieutenants of those years were mere figure-heads. The great administrative capacity, in which he excelled, was made manifest at the Castle at this time; he was one of the most diligent and successful of public servants; he conducted the affairs of the Irish Department with an energy and skill which deserved the highest praise. His mind, too, turned to the social ills of Ireland, if he did not try to diminish them by legislation. Like Chesterfield, in the preceding century, he saw that poverty was the great curse of the country, and he projected a scheme of education for the mass of the people, explained in these volumes, even now worth studying. In two particulars of the first importance, Peel effected a great and salutary change in the system generally of Irish government; this has had ever since beneficent results. Castlereagh was mistaken when he declared that the Union would 'Buy up the fee simple of Irish corruption;' that bane of administration was never worse there than between 1801 and 1812, as Sir Arthur Wellesley's correspondence has clearly shown. The mart of votes at College Green had indeed disappeared, but the patronage of the State had been preserved for the dominant caste; and, in the absence of a free and a powerful

public opinion, this class was literally gorged with public plunder, all appointments being made in its selfish interests. The results were maladministration, misconduct, and embezzlement of all kinds; the scandals in the public service almost passed belief; the judicial bench alone was free from the stain, and that because capable judges were a necessity of the time. Peel addressed himself to cleanse this Augean stable, and though he could not be completely successful, he removed most of its foulest abuses, and made promotion in office depend, in some degree, on merit. These volumes contain graphic, often comical, details of the evils he had to cope with, and of his difficult task; it must suffice here to say that, from this time forward, the reign of corruption began to cease in Ireland. The second, and perhaps the most far-reaching, of the reforms of Peel was the laying the foundations of the system of the great Constabulary Force, and of its supplement—a body of paid magistrates, an institution which, as much as anything else, has lessened the domination of class in Ireland, has vindicated law, and maintained order.

Peel was out of office for some years after 1818; he disapproved of the proceedings against Queen Caroline, and showed his independence in keeping aloof from the Government. But he had become the rising man of the Tory party, the foremost among its youthful orators; his worth as an administrator and a statesman had been recognised. In 1819, when in his thirty-first year, he was made Chairman of the famous Bullion Committee, a position which proves how much was expected from his capacity to solve a great financial problem. Owing partly to the operation of the Bank Restriction, and partly to the effects of the long war with France, our paper currency had been depreciated, to a considerable extent, compared to its standard measured in gold; as the result, the value of fixed charges had been greatly reduced; fixed debts had become much less onerous; an arbitrary change had been made in thousands of contracts, and social relations had been much deranged. The evils were palpable, and certain to increase; they were aggravated, too, by the disappearance of gold from the country, flying away,

so to speak, from degraded paper, according to a well-known economic law; the only remedy was to make the value of notes in currency conform to its value in the precious metals, to make a promise to pay a hundred shillings, a pledge that a hundred shillings should be paid. The reform was effected with much difficulty, and by processes showing great financial skill, through what was known as the return to cash payments. Peel was the principal author of the scheme, and worked it out with extraordinary care and mastery of details, and though the change was attended with many hardships, it was certainly based on true fiscal principles. It is a sign of Peel's readiness to accept true doctrines—characteristic of the man throughout his career, though his mind often moved with great slowness—that he entered into the enquiry with views opposite to those which afterwards he saw were correct. The return to cash payments made paper only a symbol exchangeable on demand into gold, but the reform did not prevent the over-issue of paper, and rash speculations were the result; our monetary system remained imperfect during many years. The evil was redressed by Peel, when at the height of his power, by the famous Bank Charter Act of 1844; this measure has provided against the mischief of excessive paper, as far probably as legislation can provide, and though it has been suspended on two or three special occasions, it is still an acknowledged security for what is known as 'sound money.' Peel, owing to these great fiscal reforms, is entitled to a place beside Montague, the restorer of the coinage in the reign of William III. Mr. George Peel has, in these volumes, dwelt on the subject very ably, and with ripe knowledge.

In 1822 Peel was made Secretary of State for the Home Department. His principal achievement, in the next few years, was to reform and mitigate the draconic criminal law of England, a disgrace to the civilisation of the age; he adopted the humane ideas of Romilly, and reconciled them with the existing code, with a skill of adaptation that was one of his best qualities. Not long afterwards, following the precedent he had made in Ireland, he completely transformed the police force of London; the present generation can hardly

understand how great was the importance of this most salutary change. After 1822 the Liverpool Tory Government was made, by degrees, more or less Liberal; Canning was placed at the head of Foreign affairs; Lord Wellesley and Plunket accepted office; Huskisson was the master spirit of a new policy in commerce and finance. Peel, by accident only a mere Tory, and naturally inclined to a more progressive faith in politics, supported Canning's recognition of the Spanish Republics and his opposition to the Holy Alliance; but probably he was most at home in advocating and upholding the free trade measures—the real precursors of his own afterwards—of which Huskisson was the far-sighted author. On the capital domestic question of the time, however, Peel retained the position he had taken from the first. With all the members of the Government he concurred in the vain attempts that were made to put O'Connell down, and to arrest the great movement of Catholic Ireland, of which the Catholic Association was the visible and portentous sign; but he separated himself from Canning, and his wisest colleagues, on the policy of conceding the Irish Catholic claims. There is no doubt that in this he was quite sincere; he firmly believed that it would be impossible to maintain the Protestant institutions that prevailed in Ireland, were Catholic Emancipation to become law; and experience has shown that here he was not wholly in the wrong. But he would not as yet see that the refusal to do justice to Catholic Ireland was far more dangerous, and would lead to revolution and, probably, civil war; he still shut his eyes to the ominous signs of the time. He proved that he had the courage of his convictions against his interests; he tendered his resignation in 1825 when the House of Commons declared for the Catholic claims; and his difference of opinion, on this subject, was the real, and, indeed, the only cause that he left Canning in 1827. These volumes throw fresh light on this passage in his career; they completely explode the malicious falsehood, brought forward in the contest of 1846, that Peel played false to his illustrious colleague; they show that Peel and Canning remained friends, and real friends, after they had parted company.

Peel's attitude on the Catholic Question was not changed, spite of the warning given at the General Election of 1826, which broke down Protestant ascendancy in parts of Ireland, and proved that the Catholic Association had enormous power. After the fall of the abortive ministry of Lord Goderich, he joined the Government of Wellington in 1828; returned to his post at the Home Office; became the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons; and had a great part in passing the half Liberal measures, of what has been aptly called 'the Duke's stop-gap Cabinet.' He still set his face against the Catholic claims; but a striking event compelled him to change his purpose. The return of O'Connell, a Catholic who could not sit in Parliament, for Clare, after a bitter contest, showed that the peasantry of Ireland, to a man, were ready to rise against their superiors; that Irish landed property was utterly insecure; that the structure of society in the country had been shaken to its base; that the Catholic Association was supreme in the provinces of the South. The mind of Peel awakened, as it were, to the fact; it is unfortunate that the awakening was very late; but he acted promptly, boldly, and with great moral courage. He saw that the time for Catholic Emancipation had come, and that further resistance probably meant civil war; and when he had satisfied himself that the existing Government could alone accomplish what had become a necessity of State, he consented to carry into effect a policy, which he had steadily opposed for years, and to abjure in the House of Commons the creed he had persistently and weightily professed. In this complete and unexpected change of front, he was subjected to the fury of partisan hatred; the high Tories in Parliament denounced him as a false traitor; he lost the seat at Oxford he greatly prized; the King and three-fourths of the aristocracy turned against him: yet, in the circumstances, he unquestionably took the right course; the Whig party could not form a Government; the Tories were powerless, without their leaders; Peel had to choose between a revolution, and his mere consistency as a public man. When he acted, too, he acted with vigour, and thoroughly; the Irish Catholic claims were fully conceded; the disabilities

of Catholic Ireland were almost wholly removed. I certainly think it was a mistake not to have allowed O'Connell to retain the seat he had won; and no attempt was made to carry out still further the enlightened policy, which Pitt had wished to make a part of the Union. But England was not prepared for measures of the kind; and Peel probably would not have assented to them.*

The settlement of the Irish Catholic claims inclined the nation, seldom disposed to take up more than one great question at a time, into the path of Parliamentary Reform. The movement was strengthened by the Revolution of July, by the resignation of Huskisson and the friends of Canning, which deprived the Cabinet of its Liberal chiefs, and by the utterance of Wellington that the unreformed House of Commons, and its constitution, were the perfection of wisdom. To the men of our time it appears strange, that statesmen of real parts could be found to justify the existing order of things, and to argue that Gatton and Old Sarum ought to have members, and Birmingham and other great cities to have none. But Toryism was still an immense force in England; the memories of the great French Revolution survived; democracy was regarded with extreme suspicion; the idea was held by many deep thinkers, that close boroughs were required to carry on Government, and to keep the Houses of Lords and Commons in harmony. Peel was not as averse as Canning to Parliamentary Reform; he did not really object to the principle; as a member of the great noblesse of commerce, he probably thought the existing system of Parliamentary representation at best anomalous. But he steadily resisted the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, and was its ablest adversary in 1831-2; he again rallied to his side the whole Tory party, which had largely fallen away from him in 1828-9. These volumes clearly show the position he assumed; he was willing gradually to give members to several of the largest towns; but he condemned the proposed change as too sweeping and

* These volumes bring out clearly, and fully, the patriotism and courage of Peel at this juncture. I have no space for quotation.

sudden; he was especially, and properly, opposed to the dull uniformity of the ten pound franchise, which the famous Chandos clause in a great degree removed. His exertions certainly improved the Bill; and his speeches were of a very high order, marked with practical wisdom and sound common sense. It deserves notice that he held out to the last, and regarded as weak the compromise of the 'Waverers,' who sought to pass the second reading in the House of Lords, and to recast and mutilate the Bill in Committee. But when Lord Grey threw up the reins in 1832, after the passing of Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, and Wellington was willing to form a Government, on the principle of an extensive Reform, Peel steadily refused to concur in this policy, even at the risk of offending the Duke. His conduct was severely censured at the time, and ascribed to selfish ambition and jealousy; but it is explained and vindicated in these volumes. Peel was probably not desirous of joining a purely Tory ministry; he doubtless did not wish to seem to play again the part he had played on the Catholic Question. But he was in office when he conceded the Catholic claims, and had supported them as a responsible Minister; he refused to take office merely to carry out a policy he had persistently opposed to the last moment.

Until the Reform period had come, Peel was chiefly known as a cautious but somewhat backward statesman, and an administrator of the highest merit. He had, however, identified himself, in the main, with Tory policy; and on the two chief domestic questions of the time, he had set himself against the party of progress, and only yielded, when it had become necessary to yield. But a change seems to have passed over his mind after the political revolution of 1832; as Mr. Gladstone has said, the Peel of 1812-1832 was very different from the Peel of the succeeding era. It is not at all improbable, that, Liberal as he was in some respects, he did not feel quite in his true element in the Tory Administrations in which he had first served; it is certain that in the years that followed Reform, his attitude as a statesman seemed almost transformed. He was left in a small minority in the House of Commons, in 1832-5; but he felt that the nation had

entered a new phase of existence; and it is not unlikely that he did not much regret the decline of the power of the great territorial magnates, and the evident ascendancy of the leaders of the middle classes at hand. Be this as it may, his opinions took a new turn; he inaugurated the Conservatism of the changed era, and steadily promoted it in Church and State. The chief principles of this political faith were to adapt the institutions of the past, to the needs of the present time; to reconcile, without revolutionary shocks, the England of George III. with the England of William IV.; to put the new wine into the old bottles, and yet to take care that these should not burst; to make 'an ancient Monarchy, a proud Aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons' act in concert. This policy has been denounced by Disraeli and others, as a bad and essentially a shallow compromise; but its complete success has been long apparent; it has proved to be a monument to Peel's wisdom; it forms his highest claim, I believe, to enduring renown. Another passage in the conduct of Peel in these years deserves attention, and did him great honour. The Tory party had been immensely reduced; but the new House of Commons was crowded with extreme Radicals; and a coalition of both, it was quite possible, could have paralysed, nay, wrecked Lord Grey's ministry. But Peel steadfastly opposed attempts of this kind; he insisted that the Tories should conform to the sound and sober views he laid down for their course in the future; they were not to depart from these to snatch factious triumphs. The letters in which he sets forth these high principled doctrines, very different from those we have seen carried out since, form one of the most valuable parts of this book.

With these wise and statesman-like views, Peel did not oppose the measures of Lord Grey and his colleagues, if these were of a constitutional kind; he only tried to modify them in a Conservative sense. Thus he did not resist, at least in principle, the abolition of slavery in our West Indian colonies, though he had many objections to the measure actually proposed; he accepted the policy of commuting the Irish tithe, provided the Established Church in Ireland was not assailed;

he approved of the system of National Education, in Ireland, in the main. But he employed his great and growing authority in the State, in strenuously opposing Radical schemes, the creatures of a time of almost political anarchy; he denounced Triennial Parliaments and a mere democratic franchise; he ably upheld the cause of order and law in Ireland. His speech, indeed, on the Repeal of the Union proposed by O'Connell in 1834, is the best defence that has ever been made for that measure; it shows a greatly increased knowledge of Irish affairs; it may be studied with real profit to this hour. Peel, at the same time, kept his party together, with remarkable tact, and excellent judgment; above all, he repudiated coquetting with the Radical faction, which some of its members pressed on him, 'in order to dish the Whigs,' the phrase of a politician of a very different kind. By these means he made the Tories again a real power in Parliament, and greatly improved the legislation of the Whigs; this was a remarkable achievement in the House of Commons of 1832-4, a proof of statesmanship of a very high order. In this admirable and patriotic conduct he was, no doubt, well supported by the men in office, who, though the authors of an immense change in Parliament, were alive to the evils of raw democracy, and had no notion of encouraging revolutionary and socialistic movements. But how different would the result have been had Peel, as some of his followers advised, taken little or no part in the work of the House of Commons, and stood sulkily aloof with his diminished party, or had he played the game of the Radical faction in order to weaken the Government of Lord Grey!

The Administration of 1831-34 fell, ostensibly through an intrigue with O'Connell, and angry dissensions in the Cabinet; but really because the first Reformed House of Commons was almost unmanageable, in the circumstances of the time, and the Whig and Radical majority was much too large. The first Government of Lord Melbourne followed; as everyone knows it was summarily dismissed by the King; Wellington was made a Dictator for a few days; Peel was sent for, from Italy, to become Minister. By this time England had largely adopted

the Conservative faith, though in Scotland and Ireland it was otherwise; Peel wisely and courageously took office; he felt that this would be in the true interest of the State. The dissolution of Parliament in 1835 did not give him a majority in the House of Commons, taking into account the three kingdoms; but it greatly increased the Conservative party; it brought the extravagances of the Reform time to a close; it nearly restored the balance of the Constitution; the vessel of the State, before in danger, was raised, so to speak, from its beam ends, and set safely upon its course. This was a great and patriotic service; and Peel was perfectly justified, before leaving office, in bringing forward the measures he had devised, and in placing the new Conservative policy before the country. The Bills for regulating Dissenters' marriages, for the commutation of the Irish tithe, for appointing a Commission for the Established Church, were conceived in the spirit of moderate and wise reform, to which Peel had resolved to give effect; they prefigured, as it were, what he was to accomplish. It is, however, wholly untrue that the minister sought, at this juncture, to retain office against a hostile majority; his correspondence signally proves the exact contrary; no one has more clearly argued how unconstitutional it must be, to try to govern if the House of Commons is adverse, how this disturbs the whole order of things in the State. Peel was driven from his post by a combination of Whigs and Radicals, on the famous appropriation clause, as it was called; he would not consent that the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland should be applied, to any extent, to secular uses. In our day this may seem a rather narrow view, but it was held by the ablest statesmen of the time; it may be recollected that it was the proximate cause, at least, of the Oxford Tractarian movement begun in 1834-5.

The second Melbourne Government succeeded that of Peel; its position was, from the first, insecure; but it was in office for nearly six years. It had, in fact, an English majority against it in the House of Commons; its existence depended on O'Connell and his 'tail;' it gradually became more and more unpopular. The attitude of Peel was, year after year, more

commanding; he was acknowledged as the foremost of British statesmen; he was at the head of a great and united party increasing steadily in influence and power. In Opposition he persistently carried out, as far at least as regarded Great Britain, the policy which he had made especially his own. He assented to the reform of the English corporations, in the main; his correspondence shows that he was alive to the abuses which pervaded these bodies; he was desirous of strengthening municipal life in England, and of placing her municipal institutions on a sounder basis. He supported also the principle of the new English Poor Law; and in colonial affairs he upheld the policy which produced the Canadian Union, though he had no sympathy with the Canadian rebellion, and he disapproved of the conduct of Lord Durham. His attitude towards Ireland was somewhat different, but the circumstances of the time were peculiar. O'Connell practically controlled the Government; he was injuring it, in many ways, in England; Peel cordially disliked the Irish tribune; it was but natural that he should, as a rule, oppose the Irish measures of the Melbourne Ministry. It is true, too, that the associations of the past clung to some extent, to the Chief Secretary of 1812-18; he did not yet throw Protestant ascendancy off. Nevertheless Peel accepted the Irish Poor Law; and he markedly refused to identify himself with the violence of the Orange faction. He resisted Corporate reform in Ireland, and greatly changed the ministerial measure; these volumes contain weighty observations from his pen, on the danger of entrusting Irish Local Government to the disaffected leaders of an easily led and superstitious people; these are just now of peculiar interest. In truth, Peel did not see his way to reform Irish institutions upon the principles, which he felt could be safely applied in England; he thought they must be maintained as they were, and that they would perish if they were greatly changed.

The Bedchamber plot, as it was called at the time, gave new but sickly life to a tottering Government. In spite of the comments of 'Young England,' Peel took the constitutional course in this matter; the Queen has since acknowledged—

then a girl in her teens—that she was too absolute in insisting on keeping her Ladies. A Minister is, in fact, responsible for appointments at Court; he must, therefore, have a right of dismissal; the practice had been really settled in 1812. These volumes dwell at length on the subject; but it has long ceased to be of any interest. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the later and ignoble years of the second Melbourne Ministry. The country turned more and more against them; their truckling to O'Connell incensed Englishmen; the condition of affairs at home and abroad made rational people generally convinced that the State ought to be directed by more efficient hands. The ascendancy of Peel became complete; he almost mastered the Cabinet he continued to oppose; what was, perhaps, most characteristic in his policy at this time was that he greatly improved nearly every measure he let the Government pass. The weakest point of the Whigs was finance; here they temporised, nay, played the Radical game; Peel exposed their shortcomings over and over again, in speeches that had remarkable effect. The Ministry, like that of 1834-5, clung to office against the national will; and they recklessly made a leap in the dark by proposing free trade measures they had not thought of before, but which they hoped would gain for them the popularity they had lost. But the nation was not deceived by a palpable trick; Peel seized the occasion, and obtained a vote of no confidence, and at the General Election that followed, the Ministry was scattered in ignominious rout. Peel came to power with a very strong Government; the ten years from 1831 to 1841 had changed a Tory defeat into a Conservative triumph; the result was due far more to Peel than to any other statesman.

The position of affairs abroad and at home was alarming when Peel took the helm of the State. France resented the policy of 1830 in the East; there were troubles with Russia, and a Chinese war; the invasion of Afghanistan was about to cause a frightful defeat for our arms. But the condition of England was more ominous; it was pregnant with many and the gravest evils. Her agriculture had suffered from bad harvests; over-speculation had injured and crippled her com-

merce. To a considerable extent, however, the root of her ills lay in defects in her economic system, producing deep-seated mischief in her social order. The population had enormously increased since the peace, especially in the manufacturing towns; it had begun to press dangerously on the means of subsistence, which an unjust law artificially raised in price; it had lately fallen more and more into distress and poverty. At the same time, our trade and manufactures, vast as they were, were greatly hampered by all kinds of restrictions, which diminished production, increased its charge, and kept industry and its energies down; the system of taxation was in the interest of the rich and not of the poor. The Corn Laws added largely to the cost of the necessaries of life, and, above all, most seriously impeded commerce. The results were seen in Chartist outbreaks and discontent, in the condition of the humbler classes, revealed in Disraeli's striking novel, *Sybil*, in the growing influence of the Anti-Corn Law League, in a declining revenue and yearly deficits, even in the unpopularity of our youthful Queen; the only reassuring symptom, indeed, was the steady Conservatism of the powerful middle classes. Peel addressed himself to deal with a Herculean task; in his foreign policy he owed much to subordinates, and was extremely fortunate. Owing to the judicious conduct of Lord Aberdeen, the irritation of France subsided by degrees; China and Russia ceased to disturb our relations abroad; Pollock and Nott signally avenged the disaster of the Khyber Pass. But to Peel, and to Peel alone, belongs the credit of the immense and beneficial change he effected in our commercial system. Applying, with singular boldness and skill, the free-trade principles he had learned from Huskisson, he largely reduced the import duties, which had so grievously affected trade, encouraging especially the introduction of the raw materials required for our manufactures of almost all kinds; and, at the same time, he cut, so to speak, the Corn Laws down, admitting foreign corn at much lower rates than before, while he gave facilities to the importation of meat and other articles of food. By these means he at once promoted industry and added to the national wealth; above all, he

secured cheaper and better sustenance for the poor; and an immense reform in our whole economic system was effected through the imposition of the Income Tax, which placed on property a burden it ought to have borne before. This was the introduction, in a word, of the Free-trade era, ever to be associated with the name of Peel; if some of the incidents which have attended it have not been free from evil, it has witnessed an improvement in the condition of the mass of the people, and a development of our manufactures and trade, which, half a century ago, would have been pronounced impossible.

It would be unjust to ascribe the social progress made at once by England in 1842—and this was seen also north of the Tweed—to the fiscal reforms only of a great minister. A series of good harvests succeeded a series of bad; the sudden and prodigious expansion of our railway system, though accompanied by speculation that did much mischief, greatly increased the resources and the wealth of the country, and especially quickened many kinds of industry. But it is not the less true that the fruitful results of Peel's free-trade measures became soon manifest. The volume of our manufactures and commerce was enlarged; the improved tariff made production better and cheaper; a great impulse was given to the industry of the towns; we hear no more of closed mills, and furnaces blown out; the condition of the population became distinctly better; the balance of the revenue was redressed; the years of perilous deficits passed away; the Exchequer, long at a low ebb, overflowed. At the same time, a healthier tone pervaded the frame of society; the power of Chartism became infinitely less; even the authority of the Anti-Corn Law League declined; in the growing comfort of nearly all the humbler classes, the menacing cry of general discontent ceased. The change made a profound impression on the mind of Peel; he had from youth shown sympathy with the cause of the poor, but from this time forward, as Guizot has remarked, and as his letters in this work show, his efforts as a statesman were directed to the improvement of the condition of the toiling millions, as much,

at least, as to any other problem. In these circumstances, we perhaps wonder, in our day, that he did not perceive how the Corn Law, greatly as he had reduced its burden, was a tax not only on trade but on the bread of the people, and that he did not deal with it decisively for some years. But the Conservatives, and even many of the Whigs, upheld this legislation with a fixed purpose, and by no means, as they thought, in the interests of a class; Peel, like Adam Smith, was alive to the danger of effecting a sudden and complete change in economic arrangements on the faith of which landed contracts had been made for a long series of years, and money had been laid out in many millions; and there is reason to believe that, like most of the statesmen of the day, he had not yet freed his mind from the fallacy that the price of provisions regulates the rate of labouring wages.

The Scottish Church was rent asunder in 1843; Peel was not able to prevent the schism, but his letters show how he laboured to uphold the rights of the civil courts; very possibly he may have saved the Church from the danger of a lawless democratic movement.* He was confronted with grave troubles in Ireland in that year; these led to a change in the attitude towards that country which hitherto he had for the most part held. He was still identified with the Protestant party; some appointments he made were rather of an Orange character; O'Connell denounced him as a foe of Catholic Ireland, and raised again the cry of Repeal, to some extent, certainly, a mere party move. The agitation assumed gigantic proportions, but it never had a chance of success; Peel resisted it with calm and unflinching constancy, and O'Connell, before many months, succumbed—a very different policy, and with very different results, from Mr. Gladstone's surrender to Home Rule. But when Peel had put the movement down, he seriously turned his mind to the affairs of Ireland, and resolved to make a new departure in his previous course. No doubt he had already inclined towards liberal views for Ireland, but he now inaugurated a series of far-reaching reforms; here,

* Peel's correspondence on the subject is of special interest.

again, he recognised facts very late, but here again he acted courageously when the occasion had come. He still adhered to the idea that the main institutions of Ireland and their Protestant basis could not be really disturbed with safety to the State; he left the Established Church and Trinity College intact; he hardly touched the settlement of the land. But he endeavoured, side by side with these, to set up institutions that would satisfy the needs of Catholic Ireland, and would win the sympathies of the Irish Catholics; he largely increased the endowment of Maynooth, and, but for the furious clamour that arose in Parliament, he would perhaps have carried out part of the policy which Pitt had at heart, and have made a provision for the Irish Catholic priesthood. He established, too, a system of education for the upper middle-class in Ireland, and especially for the Irish Catholics, founded on the most liberal ideas of the day, and he greatly developed Irish Catholic charities. These measures have not proved very successful, but another promoted by Peel might have had immense results. He appointed the famous Devon Commission to report on the condition of Irish land-tenure, and, had his valuable life been spared, the Irish Land Question would probably have been settled long ago. Peel also proclaimed, in emphatic language, that the day of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland had passed, and that the Irish Catholic must thenceforward practically stand on the same level of rights as the Irish Protestant; here, again, he was not only far in advance of his former self, but of three-fourths of the politicians of the time.*

The Government of Peel was at the height of its power at the close of the Session of 1845. The affair of Pritchard, indeed, had caused a dispute with France, but Soult, Guizot, Wellington, and Aberdeen had earnestly and successfully maintained peace. The Maine and Oregon questions had stirred up troubles between Great Britain and the

* I can only refer to the important Irish correspondence of Peel in these volumes; it is most instructive. Catholic emancipation was not thoroughly carried out for many years after 1829, though it was the law.

United States, but these were disappearing or about to disappear. The great Sikh war was soon to break out in India, but Hardinge was gloriously to vindicate the power of our arms by his difficult but splendid victories upon the Sutlej. Our foreign relations were, on the whole, in an auspicious state; the visits of the Czar Nicholas and of Louis Philippe to the Queen had been a pledge of European concord. The progress made by the nation since 1841 had surpassed the expectations of all public men; this had given the Ministry immense authority. Maynooth, no doubt, and the 'Godless Colleges,' as they were called, had provoked a religious cry in Parliament; the development of the free-trade policy, seen in the great budget of 1845, had irritated a section of the old Tories; a vindictive man of genius had exclaimed that 'Protection was where Protestantism was in 1828.' But the prosperity of the country was great and increasing; the wail of discontented poverty was not heard; the Chartist agitation had sunk to zero; the revenue was advancing by leaps and bounds; Peel, at the earnest request of Wellington, whose letters on the subject in these volumes are of sterling and permanent value, had found the means of allotting large sums to the improvement of our forces, at sea and on land, which had become deplorably weak.* The position of the Government seemed impregnable; it was confidently predicted that it would last for many years. In these circumstances, it has long been known, and the knowledge has been confirmed by this work, what the general views of Peel were, and what course he intended to take in our domestic policy. He had fully accepted the theory of free-trade; the evident growth of the community in wealth had satisfied him that it should be extended. He had become, too, convinced by degrees that the Corn Laws were in the interests of the rich and against those of the poor; that they meant keeping up rents and taxing the necessaries of life; and that wages, unless, indeed,

* These letters explode the dangerous and false theory, propounded by ill informed naval experts, and emphatically condemned by Captain Mahan, that the navy alone is a sufficient defence for these islands.

they fell to starvation point, did not depend on the price of bread. But he knew that here he differed from five-sixths of the ruling classes; he dreaded breaking up the Conservative party again; he rightly felt that suddenly to abandon Protection would be very injurious to many important interests. He wished to promote free-trade, but cautiously, and with slow steps; to let the country pronounce on the subject, and not to repeal the Corn Laws until after the lapse of some years. Meanwhile his object was to continue at the head of affairs, and gradually to convince his followers that his policy was right.

Events, however, were too strong for the great minister; he was unexpectedly compelled to abandon his purpose. The potato, the food of the teeming millions of the Irish poor, suddenly failed in many districts, towards the close of 1845; there were grave apprehensions of widespread famine. Peel, well informed as to the conditions of Irish life, saw at once that a period of distress was at hand; how could it be possible to vote funds for the relief of the Irish masses, and yet to keep up restrictions on the importation of the materials of bread? He called his colleagues together; proposed to throw open the ports, and, at the same time, intimated that, in his judgment, it would be impossible to re-enact the Corn Laws, if they were suspended as the necessities of the time required. But three members only of the Cabinet accepted this view; the consideration of the subject was for the moment deferred; meanwhile, Lord John Russell's celebrated letter appeared, announcing that the hour for the Repeal of the Corn Laws had come. Peel addressed himself to his lieutenants again; their hands had been forced by the opposition leader; but two of the most important refused to concur in the project to which their chief still adhered. These volumes dwell at considerable length on the memorable train of events that followed, and throw a great deal of fresh light on the subject. Peel resigned when he found that he had not a unanimous Cabinet; Lord John Russell, when summoned by the Queen, was not able to form a Government; Peel was almost compelled to return to the helm again; one only of his colleagues still

keeping aloof. The minister felt that he was in the presence of a grave emergency; he justly thought he was free to take his course; he resolved, as he had resolved in 1829, to disregard mere consistency and the ties of party, under the stress of a great necessity of State; he characteristically acted with prompt decision and energy. He introduced in the first days of the Session of 1846, a great measure for doing away with protection, in the case of a large number of foreign imports; and he proposed that the Corn Laws should be repealed, but only after the expiration of three years; for by this time it had been ascertained that even the immediate repeal of the Corn Laws would not reduce the price of bread for a period as yet not known. In taking this course Peel had the full support of the Queen—her letters on the subject, and those of Prince Albert, in this work are of peculiar value; he was upheld also, though reluctantly, by the opposition; and he was backed by an overwhelming force of public opinion, which rallied round him with decisive effect. But he was assailed by his late followers in the House of Commons, with a savage rancour, unexampled, perhaps, in Parliamentary annals; the scenes of 1829 were nothing compared to the exhibition of 1846; Disraeli fanned the flame with extraordinary perseverance and skill. It was wittily remarked that, in the first case, the question was one of religious principle only; in the other of the pockets of Tory landlords.*

We may regret that in carrying out a great and just policy, Peel, as so often had happened before, was somewhat tardy in seeing the truth; and that he did not openly tell his followers, before Ireland was suffering from acute distress, that the Corn Laws could not be long maintained. But many considerations may be urged in his behalf; and he was right, as the event proved, in not abolishing protection for corn at once, as Lord John Russell advocated for a party purpose. It is true, also, that actual famine did not occur widely in Ireland, until the close of 1846; and that to some extent the measure he pro-

* For an account of this furious outbreak of party passion see Greville's *Memoirs*, Vol. V., p. 400.

posed was not absolutely essential, at the moment, when he brought it forward. But the course he adopted was, in the main, right; the Repeal of the Corn Laws could not have been long deferred; and his conduct was much less questionable than it was in 1829, for his free-trade tendencies had been long avowed. When the occasion came he acted boldly, as in 1829; as in 1829 he was perfectly justified in giving effect to the policy to which he had become a convert; no other Government, as in 1829, was possible, save one of which he was the leading spirit. Nothing is more remarkable than the irresistible support he received from the nation at this juncture; it was felt that he was acting as a patriotic statesman; that he was sacrificing himself for the public good; that he was giving up party for the sake of his country.* Nor can anything excuse the rabid clamour that arose against him within the House of Commons; the Protectionists had had full notice that their leader had become at heart a free-trader: they were not in any real sense deceived, as the Tories had some right to say that they were, when a full concession was made of the Catholic claims; their opposition excited general disgust in enlightened and unprejudiced minds. Peel, as every one knows, fell in the Session of 1846; his great administration came to an end. This event was the result of a very discreditable intrigue of which Disraeli, who, in these volumes, appears in anything but a favourable light, was the principal author from first to last; but in which the Whig opposition played a sorry part. For the mere sake of driving Peel from office, Lord John Russell's followers and the Protectionist Rump united in resisting the passing of a measure for Ireland, for which they had voted a few weeks before; few acts in the history of faction have been worse. But this sinister conduct increased the enthusiasm felt for Peel; and time was in a few months to vindicate his free-trade policy. As he significantly remarked, what would have been the power of Chartism, in 1848, when Revolution was overrunning Europe,

* See, on this subject, the very striking remarks of Greville, by no means an admirer of Peel; *Memoirs*, V., p. 331.

had a bread tax been continued to keep up the rents of landlords, and to increase the cost of the necessities of life for the people!

Lord John Russell's ministry succeeded that of Peel; this was another feeble but rather long-lived Government. The condition of political parties was curious; the Whigs, even with the Radicals, were not powerful; the Protectionists were numerous, but little better than a mob; the followers of Peel were a mere handful of able men; the Ministry just held its own amidst these conflicting elements. Peel held a commanding position in the State; he was a general with the remains of an army; he was still detested by the faction which had thrown him off, but his authority in England and Scotland was immense, and Lord John Russell's Government would not have lasted a year had he not given it steady and loyal support. The appalling Irish famine of 1846-8 taxed the energies to the utmost of the men in office; they followed in the main the policy adopted by Peel in the far lesser trial of 1845; but in two particulars they departed from it; in this respect they showed they did not possess his wisdom. They did not, as he had done, lay in stores of food in remote districts where there were few roads and little retail trade; many deaths by starvation were, no doubt, the terrible result. Unlike Peel, too, they imposed on the country the whole burden of a system of ruinous public works, and to this day Ireland resents their conduct, while the memory of Peel is held in esteem and reverence. It is probable, too, that had Peel been in power at this crisis, he would have had broader and more statesmanlike views than the Whigs, and have acted more boldly and with better effect; he would have mitigated the hardships of a too stringent Poor Law, and possibly have made the exodus less cruel; assuredly, though he made a mistake in suggesting the disastrous Encumbered Estates Act, he would have made an earnest, and perhaps a successful, effort to reform Irish land-tenure from top to bottom. Peel, from 1847 to 1850, supported the free-trade policy of his successors with conspicuous ability and assiduous care; the modification of the Navigation Acts, and the reduction of the sugar duties and kindred

measures, bear more or less the mark of his master hand. He disliked, however, the meddling and arrogant conduct of Lord Palmerston; he condemned it, indeed, in his last speech in Parliament, but in this respect the Queen and Lord John Russell held similar views. These volumes show, in many dozen passages, how the country in these years looked up to Peel as infinitely the first of its living statesmen; very probably, had his life been prolonged, he would have been borne into power with the acclaim of three-fourths of the nation. But he disliked the idea of a return to office; there is ample evidence of this in this work; yet, had this been his fortune, English history would probably have run a different course for a time. For instance, it is difficult to suppose that Peel would not have avoided the Crimean War, and he would have been a most salutary check on Mr. Gladstone. He was, however, suddenly cut off in the maturity of his powers; scarcely any statesman has been so mourned by a people with one voice of regret.

Peel was not one of those men of commanding genius, who penetrate the hidden depths of the future, and mould the destinies of nations by their far-seeing wisdom. Our Parliamentary system, however, does not encourage the growth of such master-minds; with its tendency to deal only with the practical needs of the moment, to compromise, and, above all, to defer to the exigencies of party as they arise, it is not favourable to creative and profound statesmanship. It must be remembered, besides, that Peel was brought up in the narrow and hard Toryism of the first part of the century; his career, in fact, was a gradual emancipation from it; and our generation can hardly understand how hostile it was to every kind of reform, to change, however advantageous, in Church and State, to political, economic, and social progress. Nevertheless, after making every allowance, Peel was wanting in prescience as a public man; this was the chief defect of his powerful but somewhat slow intellect, so characteristic of even the best Anglo-Saxon nature. He steadily resisted the Catholic claims, from 1809 to 1829; and though on this, the great domestic problem of the time, his views were not ex-

treme, or those of a bigot, he opposed Castlereagh, Canning, Brougham, Grattan, and Plunket. It was the same with respect to Parliamentary Reform; he was not, indeed, averse to all change in the constitution of the old House of Commons; but he would have left it, in the main, intact; and he held out to the last against the measure of 1831-32. We see the same tendencies, though greatly modified, when his political life entered its second phase. He clung to Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, too long, though he always set his face against Orange lawlessness; he maintained Irish institutions, as necessary to the State, though these really did it no doubtful mischief. He did not, in truth, begin thoroughly to comprehend the significance and depth of Irish questions, until he had to cope with a huge revolutionary movement; he then, indeed, quickly changed his attitude; but he had passed his fifty-fifth year. Even on the great and paramount question of free-trade, he formed practical and decisive conclusions late. He had mastered the doctrines of Adam Smith at an early age; he had sat at the feet of Canning and Huskisson, and seen how they had removed many restraints on commerce. But it was not until 1842, that he committed himself to free-trade, generally, as a principle, and as a project of national policy; and masterly as his legislation was, he still upheld Protectionist fallacies for a time. Nor did he venture to insist on a Repeal of the Corn Laws, until the prospect of famine in Ireland determined his purpose.

This over-cautious slowness of Peel was unfortunate for the State and himself. Especially in the instance of the Catholic question, it retarded a reform for years that ought to have taken place; and the reform, when it came, was not a concession to justice, but a surrender to a dangerous popular movement. It injured, too, Peel much as a party leader; exposed his conduct to obliquity not without some excuse; and deprived him of office when his services would have been above price. In spite, however, of this single, but marked, defect, Peel was one of the foremost and most patriotic of British statesmen. One great quality he possessed in the very highest degree; if he was halting in thought, and in making

up his mind, he acted boldly and with admirable courage when a necessity arose; he was 'a daring pilot in extremity, in no doubtful sense, in 1829 and again in 1846.' And if we estimate him by the good work he accomplished, no statesman of this century achieved so much, though his official career was not very long. In early youth he put an end to abuses in Ireland which had become a disgrace to the public service, and laid the foundations of a system that has promoted law and order. He reformed the currency in 1819 and 1844; was one of the ablest and most successful supporters of sound finance; as Home Secretary he recast our criminal law and removed some of its worst evils. He settled the Catholic Question in 1829; many years afterwards gave complete effect to Catholic emancipation almost for the first time, though the second Melbourne Government had done much, and inaugurated important Irish reforms in a liberal and essentially a just spirit. He was, too, practically the author of the free-trade policy, which has enormously increased the national wealth, and he repealed the Corn Laws in the interest of trade and the mass of the people. The greatest, however, of Peel's achievements, I think, was due to the wisdom of his political conduct after the revolution, as it was, of 1831-32. He found the country almost in a state of anarchy, with some of its institutions in grave danger; he found the Tory party fallen, and almost powerless in the State. By the judicious and statesmanlike course he adopted, by establishing the Conservatism of the new era, by bringing the present into harmony with the past through moderate and well-considered reforms, by rallying around him the great middle-class, and by making his party conform to sound principles, he restored the balance of the Constitution, which had been perilously inclined; educes political order out of chaos, and, within ten years, had made Conservatism supreme in the State. It was most unfortunate that his great party rejected its constructor and leader in 1846, and that for what seemed to the nation a selfish purpose of class; it remained a discredited faction for years, much to the detriment of the common weal.

Though the creator of the Conservative party, Peel was not a perfect party leader. He seldom consulted even its chief men; he had not the gift of 'educating' it to submit to a sudden change of policy, as Disraeli 'educated' his followers to do almost any thing. Nor was he wholly at home with the great landed nobility; his manner was not that of a finished patrician; he was not at his ease at Court, or in what is called 'Society.' But he was revered and loved by the few intimate friends, to whom he really opened his heart; his sovereign, long prejudiced against him, looked up to him as a most trusted counsellor and guide; England regarded him as by far her most capable statesman, above all as one who had a single eye to duty. One of the best qualities of Peel was his fine discernment in appreciating the merits of rising young men, and in bringing them forward in the service of the State; unlike Walpole, he did much for his 'boys'; Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lord Lincoln, Cardwell and others owed their first start in official life to him. Peel was most eminent in public affairs at home; but it is a mistake to imagine that he did not give earnest attention to imperial and foreign politics; he was not meddlesome and domineering like Lord Palmerston; but he carefully upheld British interests abroad; and he addressed himself vigorously to strengthening the means of our national defence, which his predecessors had much neglected. As a dispenser of the patronage of the State he was discriminating and upright in the highest degree; he had an eye for merit wherever it was to be found; the appointments he made were, as a rule, excellent; he was liberal in placing good men in office, but he was rightly chary of increasing the peerage. For the rest, though not an orator of the first order, few Parliamentary speakers have been so effective; his management of the House of Commons was, for years, a marvel of judgment and skill; Disraeli has rightly said that he was perhaps 'the greatest of Parliamentary members.' In private life he was a model of domestic excellence; his taste in literature and art was very good, and though he felt little interest in the great religious movement of the time—indeed, he rather laughed at Gladstone's High Church theories—he

lived as he died, a good Christian. Half a century has passed, and his greatness has only become more manifest; this admirable and elaborate record of what he was, may be recommended to students of our political history, and indeed to readers of almost every class.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

ART. II.—A GARDEN OF PALMS.

OUR world is no dull prosaic book without pictures, or romances, or fun. It is rich in wonders, beauties, surprises, in quaint fairy tales, and comic biographies. What of the aurora borealis and the comets in the heavens, the mirage and simoon of the desert? There are the giant caves, and stalactited grottos of America; the Colorado wonders, and volcanic and glacial mountains; geysers and mighty cascades. Gigantic and minute fossils, of mastodons, libellula; of lepidodendron and rain-drops. There are animals with instinct as acute as man, and habits humourous and grave. How full of variety and delightful marvel these are, but none more so than the inhabitants of the vegetable world. The vegetable world, which is packed with miracles and beauties, ever opening out before the gaze of the sympathetic observer. Animals are curious enough, with their quaint unexpected ways and marvellous ingenuity, but plants and trees are more so, or seem so, in their impressive quietude. What animal grows at the express speed of the *Lycoperdon*, which, from a microscopic seed, in twelve hours leaps into a fungus four feet in diameter, counting its cells by thousands of millions, each holding the eggs of a future plant, which has vitality for reaching in one night the size of a gourd? Or like the *Cereus Cactus*, a glory of the darkness, which tells its secrets to the stars. Brilliant in colour, it expands its white feathery petals round a bright golden sun, sends out wafts of rich perfume,

and in a few hours is gone out of existence for ever? What veteran of the animal kingdom has lived to see the birth and death of the Dragon's Blood tree, or the Baobab of fifty centuries growing in the forests of Africa? What mammal has watched the setting of the Californian Cedars, or the Chestnuts of Europe, which number their days by thousands and not by meagre hundreds? Or the valiant Oaks which look across the centuries like patriarchs of the forest? So venerable, indeed, are they that the ancients believed them to be immortal, and surely six thousand years is eternal life, if eternity be measured by time. What mammoth monster cranes its neck into the sky for forty-three yards, or measures round its waist a hundred and fifty feet, as do some of the giant forest trees? Are there reptiles that gauge from head to tail-tip a hundred feet? There are Vines, affectionate and clinging, winding a difficult and devious path for five hundred feet; and Convolvuli with stems which would reach along the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge, and back again. There are electric marvels in the vegetable world to satisfy the cravings of the most sensational-loving nature. Stories of a Mimosa, sensitive to every touch or vibration; of the brilliant *Victoria Regia*, its white flower a yard in circumference, with huge saucer-like leaves, floating on the water, strong enough to hold a little child. The hospitable Amphora of South American prairies, offering pitchers of pure, cool water to thirsty tongues. The *Rafflesia*, a colossal growth, before which the Javanese prostrate themselves, for they believe that a god hides within the cyclopean blossoms, each of which weighs from twelve to fifteen pounds, and resembles a monster fungus. There are surprises of colour, of form, of habit, and delicate perfume to satisfy the epicure. What more radiant and harmonious in colouring than the beautiful family of *Nelumbia*, and in form nothing surpasses the artistic and graceful Lotus. Favourite among gods and men, choice architectural design for the vast temples of the sacred Vishnu, for Egyptian colonnades and Pharaean monuments. For quaintness of habit we turn to the Venus Fly-trap, which snares its prey into a neatly-laid trap, then clutching the unwary insect, spider-like, sucks its

blood, well named after the goddess of the magic girdle, the beautiful, deluding Venus.

Some flowers expand only in the light and sunshine, others fearsome and shy, hesitate to meet the glare of day, and seek rather shade and a cooler atmosphere. There are 'pilgrims of the night' who are never kissed by the sun; and mountaineers, wrapped by the wild blasts and the penetrating mists of high altitudes, while their dainty sisters seek the softer valley and sheltered glade. All have their place and season, and give out ungrudgingly their best to the world.

Pliny the Roman, a lover of flowers, hinted at the possibility of a floral calendar, but the botanical world was sixteen hundred years in taking the hint. Then the great Linnaeus of Sweden, the founder of modern botany, ventured to make one. He substituted sweet, graceful petals for hard, conventional figures, and every month brought joy and refreshment; every flower its month, each month its flower. And it may be that one day, when we cling less to our decimals and our vulgar fractions, that we shall choose to look at the pearly white, the rich shades of crimson, soft pinks, cool yellows, and high-toned blues, rather than multiply our days and months by scentless, untuneful numerals. But what is more astonishing, after many years of waiting and learning, the enthusiastic botanist constructed a botanical clock, which indicated the correct hour of the day. For instance, the dandelion opened at five a.m., wall-hawkweed at six o'clock, lettuce at seven o'clock, and so on; there were flowers also which opened at the half hours. But Linnaeus was not the first to observe this; it does not always require the influence of a high standard of civilization to develop the power of observation in Nature. Many races, akin to savage, were before the eighteenth century professors, for they had for long years roughly divided the days by looking into the faces of the flowers rather than into that of the sun.

So each of these children of the fields, of the forests, of the glades, and of the desert, has its own beauty, and use, and individuality, working out its own destiny, fulfilling the laws of its being, however insignificant and punderous, with a per-

sisteney which would often shame man were he to carefully read the pages of that open book. Man, who is so deeply influenced by the vegetable world, which has been closely related to him from the beginning of time, for wherever he has pitched his tent, plants and trees have been his resource and comfort. From them he has drawn nourishing food; among them he has found his phials of medicine, his drugs and his poisons. They have witnessed his tragedies and his romances, carried his messages of love, crowned his bride with fragrant blossoms; they have joined in his festivals, and festooned his temples, filled his hands with welcome offerings to his gods. They have contentedly lain on the ground for the feet of children to trample out their perfume, or held their heads high in processions of dignity and grace. In sympathy they have dropped silver-petaled tears on the graves of beloved ones, and made the ashes of the dead sweet as the aromatics of Arabia. They have crowned with honour the head of the hero, made young hearts joyous, and old ones young again. They have kissed weariness from the brow of the sick, and cooled the lips of the fever stricken. Their beautiful presences have been 'angels of light' to the oppressed souls, their breath has enriched the air, and mingled with the incense of heaven. Thus in weal and woe is man ever linked to and dependent upon creatures of the vegetable world. And among the vast multitude of inhabitants of that world, none are more fascinating, various, and useful than the family of palms. Those majestic, noble, plumed patricians of the tropics, with lofty crest, and fine armorial bearings—the aristocracy of the plant world. One of their intimate friends reminds us that they are the 'princes of the vegetable kingdom.' Their fellow-countrymen, the Indians, call them 'Kings of the Grasses.' Right royal personages they are, by descent, by association, by regal beauty, and above all, by the essential badge of kingship, the princely administration of necessities to the needs of the people.

The palm is honoured by tradition as the symbol of immortality, and saints and martyrs carried it. Antiquity points at its fruitful foliage as the token of fecundity, for it fructifies

until death withers it. The Romans, who admired strength and a character of some standing, stamped a branch of palm upon their coins as a type of the empire's duration. A trophy of victory carried in processions of glory and triumph. Its leaves were feathers in the chaplets of conquerors and heroes; poets sang of the 'palmy days' of old; and French kings, on the coronation day, gripped its stem as a safe and royal sceptre. The flowers and leaves may be traced upon many old monuments of Egypt, and one antiquary thinks that this figuration always implies the year; as the palm gives out a shoot every lunar change, and the year is represented by so many branches. Sprigs of palm were thrown in the path of Christ, and the commemoration is still kept by the Church on Palm Sunday. In former days the consecrated branches of Palm were supposed to carry with them safety and healing; and they were sought with eagerness by the populace, who believed them to have supernatural power.

Among palms you have a variety in an emphasized degree. On hill-side they stand like crowned monarchs, surrounded by leafy subjects of inferior rank. In the dense shades of virgin forest they bloom, and flourish, and mingle with their sister trees. They decorate the river banks with fine and dignified colonnades, lofty as church spires, with a turret of leaves dainty as Mechlin lace. In the desert they proclaim the oasis, when fruit and shade are the reward of the traveller. Some are lovers of the sea, and luxuriate where the salt spray sprinkles their green. Or in the swamps, where the water satisfies their thirst, so that they are heedless of the sun's fiercest rays. And again, there are those who fear ague or rheumatism, and must have a dry bed, and well drained soil if their backs are to be straight and their heads erect. There are palms who love society, and mingle with their neighbours, giving a friendly nod, and a sympathetic touch. And there are those who, like some reserved people, are cold, repellant, wrapping themselves round in icy seclusion. There are some with trunks sturdy and strong, five feet thick; and others whose stems swaying with the faintest wind are fine and delicate as reeds. There are those like clinging vines, which

form a network of entangled stems, twining serpent-like among the grasses and undergrowth for five hundred feet; and there are others which shoot up their graceful heads sixty feet into the blue heavens.

It is the hotter climes, and under the tropical sun, where the palm is mostly at home, where it lives its richest life, sending out leaves, flowers, fruits, and other valuable gifts in unstinting generosity. A personal study of palms is not the easiest thing in the world. Most of the species flower once only in the year, and that about January or February, not months when Europeans are likely to be dodging about in the tropics. The blossoms of many last but a few days, and if a botanist happens to be in the palm region at the right time, and is fortunate enough to look from a lowly standpoint upon the foliage, how is he to become possessed of the bloom I should like to know. A difficult matter, unless he be a native, or a god. A bird may examine its petals, and pick at the pistil or stamens, but alas, a man has no wings, and Lord Lytton's flying machinery of 'The Coming Race' has not yet come into vogue. The flowers often hang from huge thorned stems, sixty or seventy feet above his head. If he were not so far removed from the monkey, he might make a successful attempt, but heigh-ho! with his development, and the accessories of his evolution, the old fashioned art of his ancestors has become an impossible feat. As to securing the help of natives, boys who can climb the loftiest trees for their own purposes, it is an unrealized dream. Money, presents, or any other allurements fail to attract the independent and lazy rascals. Humboldt's story of his manœuvres to gain a single spadix of the hermaphrodite blossoms of a South American palm is truly pathetic. How he and his devoted friend, holding out tempting piastres, beseeched the naked urchins, running about the streets of Regla and Guanavacoa, to act as monkeys to procure the much coveted flowers. But to no purpose; they gaped, and sniggled, and slunk away, leaving the botanists imploring the lightning to strike down the palm and lay the blossoms at their feet. There are some few palms which flower but once in a life-time, they are all their life long

preparing for the one great effort, and then, having accomplished it, they die at peace with themselves, and all around them.

Who can over-estimate the value of Palms? They are the most beautiful, and the most useful race of the vegetable kingdom. Give an Indian, or an African, or a South American a few varieties, and he is provided for life with all that is necessary for nourishment, and comfort, and pleasure. He begins to build his cottage, ah! he has plenty of choice of good hard timber for rafters and doors; and wood that will take a fine polish, for his table and stools, and bowls and spoons. And what durable thatch he can form of the huge, triangular leaves of the Carana; a thatch that will defy storms and rain for many long years to come. Then, by weaving the long fibre of the Coco Palm into string, and netting it firmly together, he has at once a comfortable and substantial hammock; and slinging it from one tree to another he rests his bones luxuriantly. And of this same sort of fibre he can make mats for his floor, and brooms to sweep it with. While he has with very slight fashioning, a sun bonnet to keep his head cool.

From one species he gathers a giant spathe, thick and woody, one or two yards long, foot-bath shape, and he sits and smokes while he watches the mother bathing the bairns in it and then putting them to dry in the sun. The smaller spathes are handy as vessels for domestic use, and he has a row of them in his larder, for the milk, and wine, and honey which his various palms yield. He gathers from them nuts, and dates, and clusters of other beautiful fruit, and sets them upon his table. He brings in the pith for his wife to knead into bread; or flour of the Guilielma for delicious cakes, which the native loves to eat newly roasted. Then there is tapioca and sago for puddings, treacle or sugar, or jam to flavour them with, and pickles to eat with his cabbage. He can fashion arrows for sport, and harpoons for catching fish; a basoon wherewith to make 'sweet music,' at least his idea of music, and merrily while away the long evenings. The palm provides toys for his children, and a comb and clothes for his

wife, and even soap and tooth powder if he is fastidious, and learned a little in the way of manufacture. He has medicines when he is ailing, and light in the darkness.

And all these commodities from a few varieties of palms; well might the learned Dr. Seeman say, 'How can the human race inhabit any parts of the globe whence they [palms] are excluded.' And the still greater Linnæus exclaim, '*Man dwells naturally* within the tropics, and lives on the fruit of the palm-tree; he *exists* in other parts of the world, and there makes shift to feed on corn and flesh.' Aye! and not only is the palm a storehouse of food, a warehouse of furniture, a wardrobe of clothing, a repository of miscellaneous wares, but were man to seek into its hidden treasures of beauty, and growth and habit, it would become to him an educational agency—free and non-sectarian.

Now, if your interest is in any way aroused in the beneficent race of palms, I will introduce you to one or two of their chiefs, noble creatures of no mean instinct, or barbarous habits. First look at the beautiful and graceful Areca Cathecu, 'an arrow shot from heaven,' the Hindoo poet says; reaching up its fair form for more than fifty feet, seeming to gaze beyond the sky to search the records above it; with slender delicate stem, and crown of feathery leaves at the summit. It is specially at home among the Rajahs of India, and the islanders of the Indian Ocean. It loves the sea, and a wide expanse of view, no crowded corner of the universe, for it has no sins to hide, and it clusters in groups of its own relatives. The young ones flap their dark green leaves one against the other, but the matrons don a grayer and more sober tint. Below the crown, from long branches, hangs the rich yellow fruit which ripens once in the year, and has an astringent taste, the juice is considered an excellent tonic. The egg-shaped pendant, peeping between the green foliage, is a dainty picture for the artist. The spathe is useful for many domestic purposes, such as drinking vessels, and baking bowls.

The Arecas are great dwellers on the coasts of Sumatra; the women of the island plant them, and in three years young trees wave their plumes, and shower down the areca nuts so

popular in the islands. The nut universally known as the chew-chew of India, when prepared for mastication, and got up in neat little packets, is dignified by the name of 'pinang,' and the Siamese call it 'plow.' Very few of them take it neat, a common mixture is, equal quantities of areca, tobacco, gambir, and pepper leaves. Some simply mix the nut with betel leaves and lime from ground sea shells. One way of preparing it, is cutting the nuts into quarters, sprinkling betel leaves with lime, wrapping up each quarter in a sprinkled leaf and chewing. The habit of chewing makes the teeth and lips hideous, and spoils entirely the expression of the face. Possibly the Indians think differently, at any rate, they would not for appearance sake, deprive themselves of the pleasure they derive from this horrible decoction, not even the women, vain as they are. Besides, they consider this habit very wholesome, and believe that the teeth are fastened more securely into the gums, and that the blood is cooled by the mastication of the betel. The Chinese of Sumatra have a prosperous trade in fancy boxes which they make for holding the 'pinang' ready for chewing. So general is the habit of chewing the areca nut that it has been put to a national one, and become a standard scale of measurement. Distances are counted by the number of chews, so many chews to a mouthful, so many mouthfuls to the mile. I know of no more ingenious and economical scale of reckoning either in the savage, or the civilized world than this. The areca nut has other uses besides this peculiar one. It is a large ingredient in dyes; it is used also for red ink, and in combination with other things is a good substitute for black ink. Part of the petiole is utilized as soft paper, for wrapping up valuables; and some parts of the leaf compose a favourite salad.

This elegant tree has many more useful properties: there is the valuable timber; the leaves, which are utilized in many ways; medicinal qualities; the fibre of the ripened fruit, and various others. But all these are common to most other palms, and I only wish to emphasize those which are characteristic, of the arecas.

Another palm of equal interest, and of greater distinction, is

the noble family of Phoenix. The date palm of Sahara, for which the weary caravan inmates look out, and spy with such glee; for it means luscious fruit, cool water, shade and rest. The palm of triumphal Biblical note, branches of which the fickle crowd threw before their few days' hero. Elegant in appearance, lofty in height, invaluable for its precious gifts; venerable in years, for the Phoenix, like its legendary namesake, is a centenarian, and if burned down to the root, rises again fairer than ever, and lives, and blooms, and vegetates, its five score years. It has over forty cousins, all distinguished by their own Christian names, but proud to join in the one honoured surname. The different branches of this family have their country seats in various parts of the world. North Africa is a favourite locality, among the groves and palaces of Tunia. The south-east of Asia is another 'rendezvous' of this courtly race, and some have settled even on the southern fringes of Europe. This fine old palm is a grand source of revenue in Egypt, and the government knew what it was about when it set a tax upon the Phoenix; it pockets through this means over two million piastres per annum. Besides those growing wild, there are vast plantations, and indeed, extensive forests several leagues in circumference. These have been planted by energetic agriculturists, and when wisely drained and watered, prove highly profitable. Trees planted from shoots are raised more quickly, and are superior to those produced from seed. The shoots are set twelve feet from each other, and in three years a meagre, insipid fruit appears, but the full glory of foliage, and lusciousness of fruit is not attained until the tree has reached well on into its teens. But the Phoenix can afford a few years at the beginning of its life, when it is destined to see three generations of men come and go before its leaves grow grey and its branches wither. It is of noble aspect, often sixty feet or more in height, with clusters of leaves eight to fifteen feet long issuing from the top, extending umbrella like upon its giant stalk. There are a thousand virtues in this tree; in fact it furnishes the Arabs, and many other races, with almost all they require. It will thrive in soil which is unfit for the cultivation of grain; where flocks of

sheep gain scanty nourishment, and are of little use as food, kept by the owners simply for their wool. The fruit is wholesome and agreeable, either fresh or dried; or it is often hardened in the sun, and ground into meal; or made into a paste and mixed with barley; and in either form is used with advantage on long journeys, as it is easy of carriage, and very sustaining. The male flowers, when young and tender, with a sprinkle of lemon juice, are a good substitute for salad. The natives extract a juice from the tree which is a sweet, refreshing drink, and because of its delicacy is usually reserved for invalids. Some, however, boil down this juice, which, when cool, becomes crystalised and is used as sugar. The poorer classes procure a farinaceous substance from the woody fibres, of which they make a thick, but unpalatable gruel, which the Indians know as 'kauji.' A kind of gum is found by squeezing the ripe fruit; and even the stones are not wasted, for when well steeped in water they have proved to be excellent food for cattle who have no grass, and none but the coarsest herbage. The leaves are made into mats, and brooms, and baskets; the filaments of the branches worked into strong ropes, and the more delicate parts into cloth and carpets. The wood is incorruptible, and used for building houses, boats, for beams and instruments of husbandry. It is fine for yule logs, as it burns slowly, but with a fierce heat which would soon frizzle the Christmas goose. The inhabitants of the Canaries make clothes of the fine beautiful leaves, and look much like flowers peeping out of their long fringed cloaks.

Do you wonder that the native adores this palm, and cannot conceive of a country without the Phoenix. What greater loss could befall him than the extinction of this sacred tree? You may imagine what terror seized the panic-stricken inhabitants of Suckna, when at the end of the twenties Abd-el-Gelil besieged the town and ordered the date trees of the neighbourhood to be cut down without mercy. There could be no famine where the Phoenix held out its liberal hands, and the shrewd invaders knew that this was a sure way of securing surrender. Historians record that over forty thousand were cut to the ground, and the lamentation of the people was like the

bellowing of Mars when he was wounded by Diomed. But in a few years the palms were up again, sprightly young heirs, green and healthy, with a host of sisters and brothers, nearly doubling their former numbers; so the land was comforted, and the hearts of the people made glad.

Now, let us make a closer acquaintance with another palm, perhaps the most celebrated clan in the palm kingdom—the Cocos, with its well-known coco-nut fruit. A coco in India means a bugbear, or a mark of distortion, and the Portuguese gave the nut this name, from its resemblance to a monkey's face, and the name has stuck to it, and the tree is known now only by that name. The uninitiated public, however, think it has to do with cocoa and the chocolate tree, because some European spelled it incorrectly, and handed it down to his innocent posterity. This fine type of palm takes most kindly to tropical countries; the long-continued heat of the sun is necessary for the working of its lungs. Under such conditions it shoots up stately stems eighty or a hundred feet, as if trying to get yet nearer to the fierce heat it loves. It is crowned with a waving, fairy-like spray of leaves, with emphasized midribs, like gigantic feathers; a diadem of forty feet in diameter, more delicate and finely carved than any royal crown of chased gold and gems. It, too, loves the sea, and the salt breezes expand its small snowy flowers, harbingers of the fruit which is to follow. These branching spikes of blossoms, six feet long, contain a wonderful medicine, used most successfully in many cases of exhaustion or weakness. And from the long, tough spathes which jealously protect the young flower, is squeezed a strong liquid, called by the Singhalese, 'ra'; by the Hindoos, 'soura'; and by the English, 'toddy.' After the juice is procured, it is left some days to ferment, and in this state is used by bakers to raise the bread, or as arrack, a far-famed Indian drink, slightly intoxicating; vinegar, also, is made from it, and, finally, sugar or jaggery, as the natives call it. The latter is obtained by boiling the juice over a slow fire some hours; it is then poured out, formed into cakes, which are tied in banana leaves and hung up in the huts until required. I heard of a gentleman who, when water was

scarce in Johannesburg a few years ago, took his morning-bath in soda-water. But Mr. Bennett, the naturalist, went a step further than this, and, while travelling in Ceylon, refreshed himself in the early morning by a bathe in toddy. In so enervating a climate, this would be an invigorating but expensive plunge.

This elegant palm has many religious associations. It is a favourite of Buddha's, who delights to have its waving pinnate leaves gracing his temples, and bunches of its fruit hanging over statues and sacred images. Giant, oblong fruits they are, ten or twelve in a group, the finer eighteen inches long, and sometimes eight inches across. No insignificant fare to set by the side of ambrosia, of nectar, and of sesame. No wonder such royal fruit should tempt the taste of gods.

The inhabitants of the Society Isles spiritualized the Coco tree, and crowned Oro, their chief god, with its leaves, graceful plumes of twenty feet, and decorated his form with garlands of the blossoms. The human sacrifices they offered were wreathed with the same, and, when they were burned, the fires were kept up by supplies of coco-oil. If you at some time have the good fortune to visit the shrine of Buddha, an amiable and delighted Modeliar will no doubt hand you a king coco-nut as a memento of your pilgrimage. The chiefs of these islands wore the leaf as a badge of authority, and waved it as a wand of peace to fright away evil spirits and allay disease.

But the Mangaians were more original in their ideas, and had quaint notions of the Coco. They not only worshipped the tree, but the tree, as they supposed, came out of the kernel, so they believed that all life came of the shell of the coco-nut. In fact, the universe was shut in between the walls of an immense coco-nut. At the bottom was the stem, the 'spirit of the root of all existence,' and other spirits were growing out of the stem. And the pith or core of the tree was 'io,' or God. And upon this they founded all their creeds and dogmas and wonderful myths—as wonderful and as interesting as the Greek myths of Zeus and Persephone and Hera. And these same people ate the nut, and thought it a great luxury,

and when they were less plentiful than now, restricted their women from touching them. Their wives and sisters were scarcely a grade above the beasts of the field, and had no souls, poor baggages! Why should they be allowed the sacred fruit, with juice fit for the goblets of Mercury? But woman was born with a will, though she be only a poor Mangaian, and to-day she drinks the milk of the coco-nut, and munches its kernel, with as much satisfaction and complacency as her mate.

And now as to its marketable value. What does the Coco palm not yield to the Polynesian and the Singhalese, who loves and tends it? Though it has a fair-sized colony in America, the Americans know few of its secret stores; he passes it with a high hand and an unsympathising eye. And no plants will be confidential until they are sure of your love. No, you must go to India or the Pacific Isles, to the East or West Indies, to know the true social position of the Cocos. Their glad, beneficent faces smile down upon you as you pass along the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and in Ceylon alone are a score million of these priceless trees. The wealth of a Singhalese is not estimated by the number of his rupees, or by the extent of his rice crops, but by the size of his Coco plantations. They are the health, the wealth, and the joy of the people. The people of India are fond of using the dried leaves and the spathes as torches, and they are often carried in processions, or used for lighting the palanquins of the Europeans. The Pacific islanders strew the leaves on the floors of their huts, or plait them into 'cagan' fans, baskets, and pana or screens, and shades for the eyes, or use them for thatch. The heart of the young tender leaves are delicious boiled as a vegetable, used largely in stews or ragouts. And the midribs are tied in bundles and constitute fine strong brooms. The fibrous husk of the nut comes in useful for the manufacture of matting, brushes, sun-hats; some is worked into ropes, which are strong and light, and excellent for ship-rigging. At the base of the petiole is a white transparent piece of network, which is most valuable as a strainer in the making of toddy and other beverages, and for straining

arrowroot, coco-nut oil, etc. And some of the islanders, after fastening several pieces of this net together, wear it as clothing, especially the fishermen, as the sea-water would have a tough business to injure it.

The tree gives its store of fruit four or five times in the year, fifty or sixty nuts each time being considered a fair yield. The fruit is luscious, and nutritious food when ripe; it has a sweet, refreshing juice, which is a delightful drink in the heat of the day. The round-headed, little Polynesian ladies bathe their faces in this juice as a sure means of destroying wrinkles and all traces of old age. They are fond, too, of decorating their hair and necks with wreaths of flowers and coco leaves, and the men tattoo their chests with every kind of form, but none so frequent as the Coco palm. Their houses are like huge mushrooms, the thatch reaching nearly to the ground, made strong and impervious to damp by the firm, giant leaves of this invaluable tree. The Samoan spreads a palmy carpet of leaves before squatting to his mid-day meal, and on his table he has two coco shells, one of salt water, the other of fresh. He soaks his fish in the salt water, and eats it with much smacking of lips; he has by his side another coco shell of palm-wine, if he can afford it—a beverage which some Englishmen consider equal in flavour to champagne. The chiefs and well-to-do inhabitants have the coco-shells scraped, polished, and set in silver, and use them as cups, goblets, lamps, and ladles, and many of them are finely carved and richly decorated. The cleaning process is peculiar. This is done without breaking the shell; two holes are bored at the top, and a strong solution of brine is poured into the shell, which is then buried in the sand for some days; the albumen thus becomes decayed and dissolved, and is poured out, and the shell rinsed and dried. When the nut is quite young, the albumen is of delicate flavour, and makes a dainty and appetising dish called 'niaa,' a delicious sort of vegetable blanch-mange. When the kernel is older and dry, the islanders have a knack of grating it into small parings, and using as coco-jam for tarts. The negroes boil it, and are fond of eating it with rice as an *entrée*. Then, too, the nut is renowned for the fine

quality of oil which it yields, an oil highly prized by both natives and foreigners. It is used extensively for cooking, and is excellent for burning properties, giving a clear light without smoke or smell. Soap and candles of admirable quality are manufactured from it, and the Singhalese delight to rub it over their bodies after bathing, especially when perfumed by musk or sandalwood.

For food and other necessities of life the Coco palm is an infinite resource, a boon to the man of tropical climes, a fortune to the industrious, but, alas! a means of indolence to the lazy. His wants are so easily supplied, why should he work? Why, indeed, if work has no charm of its own, no attractions apart from the supplying of immediate bodily wants?

So we have walked together a short way in the 'Garden of Palms.' There are miles yet of stately trees, waving crowns, with their secrets and their wonders, ready to whisper a word here and there into ears bending low in eagerness to catch some new and delightful truth of their life, and gifts and glories.

S. E. SAVILLE.

ART. III.—THE DOG.

From the late Ivan Turgénieff.

'**B**UT if you once admit the existence of the supernatural, and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of everyday life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?'

So saying, Anthony Stephanich crossed his arms.

Anthony Stephanich was a Councillor to the Minister in some Department or other, and this circumstance, joined with those of his possessing a grave bass voice, and of his speaking with great precision, rendered him an object of universal consideration. He had just been compelled, as his detractors phrased it, to accept the Cross of St. Stanislaus.

'There can be no doubt of that,' said Skorevich.

'It is impossible to dispute it,' said Cinarevich.

'I assent entirely,' said the master of the house, Phinoplentoff, in his thin little voice.

Now there was a short, plump, bald, middle-aged little man who was sitting silent close to the stove, and he suddenly said—

'I confess that I don't agree with you, for something which was certainly supernatural once happened to me myself.'

Everybody looked at him, and there was a pause. The little man in question was a small landed proprietor in Kalouga who had only come to live at St. Petersburg a short time before. He had once been in the hussars and lost his money at play, resigned his commission, and returned to cultivate cabbages at his native village. Recent events had greatly reduced his income, and he had come to town in order to try and obtain some small employment. For this object he had none of the ordinary means of success, nor influential acquaintances, but he placed great confidence in the friendship of an old comrade in his regiment, who had certainly become a great personage, how or why nobody knew, and whom he had once helped to thrash a card-sharper. Besides this, he was a great believer in his own luck, and, as a matter of fact, his confidence turned out not to have been misplaced. After some days he was appointed inspector of certain government factories. The place was a good one, it stood rather high, and did not call for the exercise of any striking talents even if the factories in question had existed anywhere, except upon paper, or if it had been settled what was to be manufactured in them when they did exist. But then they formed part of a new scheme of administrative economy.

Anthony Stephanich was the first to speak.

'Surely, my dear sir, you cannot mean seriously to tell us that you ever met with anything supernatural; I mean, any departure from the laws of nature.'

'Yes, I did,' said the 'dear sir,' whose name was Porphyry Capitonovich.

'A departure from the laws of nature,' sharply repeated Anthony Stephanich, who had evidently got hold of a favourite phrase.

‘Quite so; just as you are kind enough to express it,’ said the little man.

‘This is very extraordinary. What do you think, gentlemen?’

Anthony Stephanich had tried to put on a sarcastic expression, but had failed; or, to be more exact, had given his features an expression such as would have been produced by perceiving a bad smell. He turned to the gentleman from Kalouga and continued—

‘Could you be so kind as to give us some details of such a strange occurrence?’

‘Do you want to hear about it?’ said the gentleman. ‘All right.’

He got up, went into the middle of the room, and began.

‘You may possibly know, gentlemen, or more probably you don’t, that I possess a small property in the district of Kozelsk. I used to get something from it once upon a time, but, as you may well conceive, it brings me in nothing now, except business and quarrels. However, I don’t want to talk politics. Well, on this property I had a small farm with a kitchen-garden to match, a pond with tench in it, divers buildings, and among others a little house for myself. I am not married. One fine day six years ago, I came home rather late. I had been dining with one of the neighbours, but I assure you I was all right so far as that went. I took off my clothes, got into bed, and blew out the candle. I had hardly blown it out when I heard something move underneath the bed. I wondered what it could be. At first I thought it was mice. But it wasn’t mice. I could hear it scratching and walking about and shaking itself. It was obvious that it was a dog, but I couldn’t think what dog it could be. I hadn’t got one. So I thought that it must be a stray one. I called the servant and scolded him for being careless, and letting a dog get hidden under the bed. He asked, What dog? I answered him, “How should I know? It was his business to prevent that sort of thing happening.” He stooped down with the candle and looked under the bed. He said there was not any dog there. I looked underneath myself, and sure enough there was no dog there. I stared at him, and he began to grin. I called him a fool, and said the dog must have slipped

out and got away when he opened the door, that he had been half asleep and hadn't noticed it. I asked if he thought that I had been drinking? However, I did not await the reply which he was about to make, but told him to clear out. When he was gone, I curled myself up, and I heard nothing more that night.

'However, the night afterwards the whole thing began again. I had hardly put the candle out when I heard the beast shake itself. I called the servant again. He looked under the bed. There wasn't anything there. So I sent him away again, and put out the candle the second time. Then I heard the dog again. There couldn't be any doubt about it. I could hear it breathe. I could hear it biting at its own coat and hunting for fleas, so I called the man to come again, without bringing a candle. He came, and I told him to listen. He said he heard. I couldn't see him, but I knew by the sound of his voice that he was frightened. I asked him how he could explain it. He said it was the Evil One. I told him to hold his stupid tongue, but we were both pretty frightened. I lighted the candle, and then there was no more dog and no more noise. I left the candle burning all night, and, whether you like to believe it or not, I assure you that the same thing went on every night for six weeks. I got quite used to it, and I used to put out the candle, because light prevents my sleeping, and I did not mind the thing, as it didn't do me any harm.'

'You are certainly brave,' said Anthony Stephanich, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. 'One can see that you have been a trooper.'

'I certainly shouldn't be afraid of you, at any rate,' answered Porphyry Capitonovich, with a decided ring of the soldier in his tone. 'Anyhow, I'll tell you what happened. The same neighbour with whom I had dined before came to dine with me in turn. He took pot-luck with me, and I won fifteen roubles from him afterwards. He looked out into the night, and said he would have to be going. However, I had a plan, and I asked him to stay and sleep, and try and win back his money the next day. He considered, and then he agreed to stay. I had a bed made up for him in my own room. We went to bed and smoked and talked and discussed women, as men do. At last I saw that

Basil Basilich put out his light and turned his back toward me, as much as to say *schlafen sie wohl*. I waited a little, and then I put out my own candle, and before I had time to think, the game began. The beast did more than move; he came out from under the bed, and walked across the room. I could hear his feet on the wooden floor. He shook himself, and then there was a thump. He knocked against a chair, which was standing beside Basil Basilich's bed. Basil called out to me quite naturally in his ordinary voice, to ask me if the dog that I had got was a pointer. I told him that I hadn't got any dog, and never had had. He asked me, What the noise was then? I told him to light his candle and see. He asked me again if it wasn't a dog. Then I heard him turn round. He told me I was joking; and I told him I was not.

'After this I heard him scraping away with a match while the dog was scratching itself. Suddenly the match struck, and there was nothing to be seen or heard. Basil Basilich stared at me, and I stared at him. He asked me what all the nonsense was. I told him that if you made Socrates and Frederick the Great put their heads together over it, they couldn't explain it; and I told him all about it. He jumped out of bed like a scalded cat, and wanted to have his carriage called, to go away at once. I wanted to argue with him, but he only made more noise. He told me there must be some curse upon me, and that nothing would make him stay. I got him more or less quiet at last, but he insisted on having a bed in another room, and a light all night.

'When he was having his tea in the morning, he was calmer, and he gave me his advice to go away from home for some days, and then, perhaps, the thing would come to an end.

'He was a decidedly clever man, and I had great respect for his acumen. He got round his mother-in-law quite amazingly. He got her to accept letters of exchange, and she was as tame as a sheep. She made him commissioner for the administration of all her property. Fools don't do that sort of thing with their mothers-in-law. However, he was in a bad temper when he went away, for I won an hundred more roubles from him, and he was cross. He told me I was behaving unthankfully towards him.

How on earth could the luck be my fault? But I did as he advised, and I started for the town the same day. I knew an old man there who kept an inn, and who was a Dissenter, and it was to his house that I went. He was a little old creature, and a bit snappish, because he had lost his wife and all his children, and he was alone. He couldn't bear the smell of tobacco, and dogs were his particular horror. Rather than see a dog in his rooms he would have left the house. "Behold," he would say, "the all-holy Virgin, who is graciously pleased to hang inside my room, and then how could I allow the unclean brutes to come sniffing in there." Of course it is want of education. As far as I am concerned, I am content that everybody should use the common sense that God gives him. That's my Gospel.'

'You seem to be a philosopher,' said Anthony Stephanich, with the same smile as before.

Porphyrý Capitonovich made a slight movement of the eyebrows, and also moved his moustache a little. He said—

'As to my being a philosopher, no proof has yet been adduced, but I teach philosophy to other people.'

This made everybody look at Anthony Stephanich. We expected some startling reply, or at least a glance of scathing indignation. We were mistaken. The smile of the Ministerial Councillor changed from one of contempt to one of indifference. He yawned; he changed the position of his feet. There was nothing more.

'Well,' said Capitonovich, 'I took up my quarters in this old man's house; for the sake of his acquaintance with me, he put me in his own room, and made himself up a bed behind a screen. It wasn't a good room, at its best, and it was hot and stuffy beyond all belief. Everything was sticky, and the flies were all over the place. In one corner there was a cupboard full of old holy pictures covered with tarnished plates * all bulging out. There was a smell of oil and drugs like a chemist's shop. There were two pillows on the bed, and black beetles ran out if you touched them. For want of something to do I drank more tea

* That is, the sheaves of metal in relief put by Russians over sacred pictures with spaces cut out to show the flesh parts.

than I wanted, and then, beastly as the place was, I got into bed. I could hear the old Dissenter on the other side of the screen sighing and groaning and mumbling his prayers. Then he went to sleep. It wasn't long before he began snoring. I listened to him. He began gently, and then it got worse and worse. I became irritated. It was a long time since I put out my own light, but it was not dark, because there was a lamp burning in front of the holy pictures. It was this that put me out. I got out of bed as quietly as I could, walked barefoot to the lamp, and blew it out. Nothing happened. So I thought it was all right, and got back into bed again. But I was hardly in before I heard the old story again. The dog was scratching and shaking himself—the whole thing as before. I lay still in bed, listening to see what would happen next. My landlord woke up. I heard him call out, "Sir, what's the matter; have you put out the lamp, sir?" I made no answer, and I heard him get out of bed and say, "What's the matter? What's the matter?—dog,—dog,—the d—d Niconian."* I called to him not to put himself out, but to come to me, as something very odd was happening. He emerged from behind his screen with the end of an unbleached wax taper in his hand. Such a figure I had never seen—his fierce eyes and hairy figure, with the hair growing even in his ears, were just like a badger. On his head he had a white felt hat; his white beard went down to his girdle, and over his chest he had a waistcoat with brass buttons. His feet were thrust into a pair of old furred slippers, and he diffused around him a pervading odour of gin. In this guise he proceeded to the holy pictures, before which he crossed himself three times with his two fore-fingers.† Then he re-lighted the lamp, crossed

* That is, the Dissenter is complaining of the narrator as a follower of Nikon, Patriarch of Moscow, the reformer of the Russian Church, whose changes in that body are the cause of the Dissent of the class of Nonconformist here indicated.

† All this relates to the peculiarities of the Russian Nonconformists, who object to cutting the beard, and in making the sign of the Cross join the thumb with the fourth and little finger, extending the index and the middle finger, whereas members of the Established Church join the thumb, index, and middle fingers, and bend the fourth and little finger towards the palm.

himself again, and having done so, turned round to me, and said in a thick voice—

“Well, what’s the matter?”

“I told him the whole story. He did not utter a syllable; he scratched his head. When I had done, he sat down, still silent, on the foot of my bed. Here he proceeded to scratch his stomach and the nape of his neck, and to rub himself. But still he never uttered a word. At last I said to him,

‘Well, Theodoulos Ivanovich, I want to know what you think about it. Don’t you think it’s a temptation of the Evil One?’

‘The old man looked at me.

“Temptation of the Evil One!” said he. “You think that, do you? It would be all very well in your own tobacco reek,* but how about this house? This house is an holy place. A temptation of the Evil One? If it is not a temptation of the Evil One, what is it?”

‘Then he sat silent, thinking and scratching himself. At last he said to me, though not very distinctly, because the hair got into his mouth—

“Go to Belev. There’s only one man that I know of that can help you. He lives at Belev. He is one of our people. If he likes to help you, so much the better for you. If he does not like, you’ve got nothing more to do.”

‘I asked him how I could find the man.

“I’ll tell you,” said the Nonconformist, “but, after all, why should it be a temptation of the Evil One? It’s a vision; it may become even a revelation, but you’re not up to all that. That’s beyond you. Well, now, try to get to sleep, with God the Father and His Christ watching over you. I am going to burn some incense. We will think about it to-morrow. You know that second thoughts are best.”

‘In the morning accordingly we took counsel together, although he had nearly choked me in the night with his incense. The address which he gave me was this. When I got to Belev I was to go into the square and to ask at the second shop on the right hand for a certain Prochorovich, and give him a letter. The

* The Dissenters object on conscientious grounds to tobacco-smoking.

letter was a scrap of paper on which was written, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. To Sergius Prochorovich Pervoushine. Trust this man. Theodoulus Ivanovich. Send some cabbages, and praised be God's Holy Name." I thanked my old Dissenter, and forthwith ordered a carriage, and went to Belev. My argument was, This thing in the night has not done me any harm yet, but it's very tiresome, and it's not the thing for a man like me or an officer. What do you think?'

'And you went to Belev?' said Philoplentoff.

'Yes, I went there straight. When I got to the square, I asked at the second shop on the right for Prochorovich. They told me he was not there. I asked where he lived, and they told me, in his own house in the suburb on the Oka. I accordingly crossed the Oka, and found the house in question, which might more fitly have been described as a shanty. I found a man in a darned blue shirt, with a torn cap, working among cabbages, with his back to me. I came up to him and said, "Are you so and so?" He turned round, and I give you my word of honour, I never saw such a pair of eyes. He was old, he had no teeth, his face was as small as one's hand, and he had a beard like an he-goat.

"Yes," he said, "I am he. What can I do to serve you?"

"There," said I, and gave him the letter.

He stared hard at me, and then said—

"Be pleased to come into my room, I cannot read without glasses."

'We went into his room. It was a perfect kennel, bare and wretched, and with hardly space enough in which to turn round. On the wall there was a sacred picture, as black as a coal, with black heads of Saints with gleaming whites to their eyes. He pulled out the drawer in an old table, took out a pair of spectacles mounted in iron, fixed them upon his nose and read the letter, after which he fixed his eyes on me through the spectacles.'

"Have you need of me?"

'Yes.

"Well, tell me what it is. I am listening."

‘He sat down, took out of his pocket an old checked pocket-handkerchief, full of holes, and spread it upon his knees. Me he never invited to sit down. He fixed upon me a look of power and dignity which might have become a Senator or a Minister of the Government. To my amazement, I suddenly found myself seized with an emotion of terror. My heart seemed to sink into my shoes. Then he averted his gaze. This seemed to be enough, and when I had recovered myself a little, I told him my story. He said nothing, but frowned and bit his lips. Then, with an air of majesty and dignity, he slowly asked me my name, my age, who had been my parents, and whether I was married or single. After I had told him this, he bit his lips and frowned again; then he held up one finger, and said, “Cast yourself down before the holy images of the pure and helpful Saints, Sabbatius and Zosimus of the Solovetsky.”*’

‘I threw myself down flat upon my face, and I might almost as well have remained lying there, such was the awe and fear with which this man inspired me. I would have done anything that he told me. Gentlemen, I see that you are laughing at me, but I assure you that I didn’t feel anything like laughing. At last he said—

“Get up, Sir, it is possible to help you. What has been sent to you is not a punishment, but a warning, that means to say, that you are in danger, but fortunately for you there is someone praying for you. Go to the market-place and buy a young dog, keep it always with you both day and night; your visions will stop, and, moreover, you may find the dog useful.”

Heaven seemed to open before me. His words filled me with gladness. I bowed profoundly to him, and was turning to go away when

* ‘The Solovetsky Monastery is the Coenobium on an island in the White Sea named Solovki. It was first founded by St. Sabbatius in A.M. 6728 (A.D. 1220), in the time of the religious prince, Basil Basilivich. After his death St. Zosimus renewed the Coenobium, and enclosed it with a wall and collected a community.’ . . . This monastery is greatly revered among Russian Dissenters on account of the resistance of the larger number of the community to the changes made by Nikon, and the terrible cruelties and death to which many of them were subjected in consequence (*The Patriarch and the Tsar*, by the late Mr. Palmer, Vol. II., p. 439-459).

it struck me that I ought to give him something. I took out a three-ruble note, but he pushed it away with his hand and said:

"Give it to a chapel or to the poor; things like this are not paid for."

I bowed before him again, down to his very girdle, and walked off straight to the market-place. As I reached the shops, the first thing I saw was a man in a long grey gabardine, carrying a liver-coloured dog about two months old. I asked the man to stop and tell me the price of his dog. He said, "Two roubles," and I proposed to give him three. He thought I was mad, but I gave him the bank-note to hold in his teeth while he carried the dog for me to my carriage. The coachman was soon ready, and I was at home the same evening. I kept the dog on my knees the whole time, and when he whined I called him my treasure. I gave him food and water, and had straw brought up to my room and made him a bed there. When I had blown the candle out and found myself in the dark, I wondered what was going to happen, but nothing happened. I began to feel quite bold, and called on the unseen power to begin its usual performance, but there was no response. Then I called in my servant, and asked him if he could hear anything, but he could hear nothing either.'

'Was that the end of it?' said Anthony Stephanich, but without sneering.

'It was the end of the noises,' said Porphyry Capitonovich, 'but it was not the end of the whole story. The dog grew, and became a large, strong setter. He showed an extraordinarily strong attachment to me. There is very little sport down in our part of the world, but whenever I took him out with me I always found it good. I used to take him all about with me. Sometimes he started an hare, or a partridge, or a wild duck, but he never went far from me. Wherever I went, he came too. I took him with me even when I went to bathe. A lady of my acquaintance wanted to turn him out of the drawing-room one day. We had a downright battle. I ended by breaking the affected creature's windows for her. Well, one fine day in summer there was the worst drought that I have ever known. There was a sort of haze in the air. Everything was burnt up. It was

dark. The sun was like a red ball, and the dust was enough to make one sneeze. The earth gaped with cracks. I got tired of staying in the house, half-undressed, with the shutters shut, and as it got a little cooler, I made up my mind to go and call on a lady, who lived about a verst off. She was a kind-hearted woman, still pretty young, and always smart. She was a little original, but that is rather an advantage in women than otherwise. I got to the steps of her door most frightfully thirsty, but I knew that Nymphodora Semenovna would pick me up with whortle-berry-water and other refreshments. I had my hand on the door-handle, when I suddenly heard a tremendous row, and children shrieking, on the other side of a cottage, and in an instant a great red brute, that at first sight I did not see was a dog, made straight for me with his mouth open, his eyes red, and his hair all up. I had hardly gasped when it flew full at my chest. I almost had a fit. I shall never forget the white teeth and the foaming tongue close to my face. In an instant my own dog flew to my rescue like a flash of lightning and hung on to the other one's neck like a leech. The other one choked, snapped, and fell back. I opened the door, and jumped into the hall. I did not know where I was. I threw myself against a door with all my strength and yelled for help—while the two dogs fought upon the steps. The whole house was roused. Nymphodora ran out with her hair down. There was a lull in the noise, and I heard somebody call out to shut the gate. I peeped through the door. There was nothing on the steps, but men were running about the court seizing logs of wood as if they were mad themselves. I saw an old woman poke her cap out of a dormer window, and heard her call out that the dog had run down through the village, and I went out to look for mine. Presently he came back into the court limping, and hurt, and bloody. I asked what on earth was the matter, for there was a crowd gathered as if there had been a fire. They told me it was one of the Count's dogs that had gone mad, and that had been about since the day before. This was a Count who was a neighbour of mine, and who had all sorts of strange dogs.

'I was in an awful fright, and I went to a looking-glass to see if I had got hurt. There was nothing, thank God, but I looked

as green as grass, and Nymphodora Semenovna was lying on the sofa sobbing like a hen clucking. No wonder too. It was her nerves, and her kind-heartedness. When she came to a little, she said to me in an hollow voice—

“Are you still alive?”

“Yes,” I said, “I am still alive. My dog saved me.” She said—

“What a noble thing! Did the mad dog kill him?”

“No,” said I, “he is not killed, but he is very much hurt.”

She answered, “Then he ought to be shot at once.”

“I told her I would not. I was going to try to cure him.”

“Then the dog himself came and scratched at the door, and I let him in.”

“Oh, what are you doing?” she said, “he will bite us all.”

“I said, “Forgive me; it does not come out all at once like that.”

“She said, “How can you? You have gone off your head.”

“I said, “Nymphodora, do be quiet and talk sense,” but she called out to me to go away with my horrid dog.

“I said, I was going to go.

“She said, “Go away at once, don’t stay a moment. Go away; you’re a brute. Never you dare to see me again. I daresay you have got hydrophobia too.”

“I said, “All right, but just be good enough to let me have the carriage; there might be danger if I walked all the way back.”

“She stared at me. “You can have the carriage or anything that you want, if only you will go away at once. Just look at its eyes: just look at its eyes.”

“She bolted out of the room, and hit one of the maids whom she met, and then I heard her taken ill next door. You can take it as what you like, but Nymphodora Semenovna and I were never friends again from that day onwards, and the more I think about it the more I feel that if it was for nothing else, I ought to be thankful for that to my dog to my dying day. I ordered the carriage and took the dog home with me in it. When I got home I examined him and washed his wounds. I thought the best thing I could do would be to take him next day to the wise man of the

country. He is an astonishing old man that. He mumbles something or other over water. Some people say that he puts snakes' slime into it. He gives it you to drink, and it makes you all right at once. I thought that I would get myself bled at the same time. Bleeding is a good thing for fits. Of course you ought not to be bled in the arm, but in the dimple.'

'“Where is the dimple?” asked Philoplentoff timidly.

'Do you not know? It is the place under the hand, at the end of the thumb, where you put the snuff when you want to take a good lot of it. See. That is the right place to be bled, you can see that for yourself. The blood that comes out of the hand is the vein blood. In the other place it is the silly blood. Doctors don't know about those sort of things. The Germans know nothing about it. Farriers do it a great deal better. They are very good at it. They just put their scissors there and give them a tap with the hammer, and the whole thing is done. The night came on while I was thinking about it, and it was time to go to bed. So I went, and, of course, I kept the dog with me; but I don't know whether it was the heat or the shock that I had had, or the fleas, or what I was thinking about, but I could not get to sleep. I got restless. I drank water, I opened the window. I got the guitar and played the Moujik of Koumarino with Italian variations. But it would not do. I thought it was the room that I could not stand, so I took a pillow and two sheets and a coverlet and went across the garden, and made myself a bed in the hay under the shed. I was more comfortable there. It was a calm night. Every now and then there was a little breath of air that touched you on the face, like a woman's hand. The fresh hay smelt good, like tea. The crickets sang in the apple trees. Every now and then you'd hear an hen quail clucking, and you felt that she was happy in the dew beside her mate. The sky was quite still. The stars were shining, and there were little light clouds, like flakes of cotton wool, that hardly changed.'

'Well,' continued Porphyry Kapitonovich, 'I lay down, but I didn't get to sleep. I kept thinking, and especially about presentiments, and what that man Prochorovich had said to me, when he told me to look out for squalls, and now how such an extraordinary thing had happened to me. I could not understand it,

It was impossible to understand it. All of a sudden the dog jumped up and whined. I thought his wounds were hurting him. Then the moon kept me awake. Do you not believe me? I assure you it did. The moon was straight in front of me, round, and flat, and big, and yellow, and I thought that she was there to tease me. I put out my tongue at her. Did she want to know what I was thinking about? I turned over, but I felt her upon my ear, and upon the back of my neck. It was like rain all over me. I opened my eyes again. The moon showed every little point of grass, every little twig in the hay, every little spider's web, as if it was cut out sharp, and she said, "There you are, look at it." There was nothing more to be done. I rested my head upon my hand and looked. I have strong eyes and I could not sleep. The gate of the shed was wide open and I looked through it. One could see the country for five versts. It was patchy, clear in some places and dark in others, as is the case in moonlight. I was looking out over it when I thought I saw something moving a long way off. Then I saw something pass quickly much nearer. Then I saw a dark figure leap. It had come much nearer then. I wondered if it was an hare. I supposed so, and it was coming nearer. Then I saw it was bigger than an hare. It came out of the shadow on to the meadow, which lay quite white in the moonlight, and the thing moved upon it like a great black spot. Evidently it was some kind of wild beast—a fox, perhaps, or a wolf. My heart began to beat. But what was there to be afraid of? There are plenty of beasts that run about at night. My curiosity overcame my fear. I got up and rubbed my eyes, when all of a sudden I turned cold as if ice had been put down my back. The shadowy creature grew larger and darted in at the gate of the yard. I then saw that it was an enormous brute with a great head. It shot past like a bullet, then stopped and began to snuff. It was the mad dog. I could neither move nor cry. It bounded in at the door of the shed with sparkling eyes, howled, and leaped upon me as I lay upon the hay. At that moment my own dog sprang forward wide awake. The two beasts fought and fell. I don't remember what followed. I only remember that I fell over them somehow in a heap, escaped through the garden, and got

to my own bedroom. When I recovered myself a little, I woke up the whole house, and we all armed ourselves and sallied out. I got a sword and a revolver. I had bought the revolver just after the emancipation of the serfs for reasons which I need not mention, and a bad one it was. It missed two shots out of every three. We went to the shed with burning sticks; we went forward and shouted, but we could not hear anything. At last we went in, and there we found my dog lying dead and the other disappeared.

‘I am not ashamed to tell you that I cried like a child.

‘I knelt down and kissed the body of the poor beast who had saved my life twice, and I was there still when my old house-keeper Prascovia came and said to me, “What’s the matter with you? To get into such a state about a dog, God forgive you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you’ll catch cold.” It is true I had hardly anything on. “If the dog has got killed to save your life, it is an honour for him.” I did not agree with Prascovia, but I went back to the house. As to the mad dog, it was shot by a soldier the next day, which must have been providential, as the soldier had never fired off a gun before, although he possessed a medal for having been one of the saviours of the country in 1812. Now, gentlemen, that is why I told you that something supernatural had once happened to me.’

With these words, Porphyry Kapitonovich was silent and filled his pipe. We all looked at one another without speaking. At last Philoplentoff said, ‘No doubt you lead an holy life, and this is a reward,’—but here he stopped short, for he saw that Porphyry got red in the face.

‘But if you once admit the existence of the supernatural,’ said Anthony Stephanich, ‘and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of every day life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?’

Nobody had anything to answer.

ART. IV.—THE AGONY IN FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

- I. *Etudes de Littérature Européenne.* Par JOSEPH TEXTE. Paris: Colon. 1898.
- II. *France.* By J. E. C. BODLEY. 2 Vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1898.
- III. *A Manual of the History of French Literature.* By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. Translated from the French by JOSEPH DERECHÉF. *Essays in French Literature.* By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. A selection translated by D. NICHOL SMITH. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.
- IV. *The Modern French Drama: Seven Essays.* By AUGUSTIN FILON. London: Chapman & Hall. 1898.
- V. *Joubert: A Selection from His Thoughts.* Translated by KATHARINE LYTTLETON. London: Duckworth & Co. 1898.
- VI. *French Literature of To-Day.* By YETTA BLAZE DE BURY. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1899.

IT may be doubted if the extraordinary and almost unholy fascination which France has exercised over the hearts and imaginations if not of all other nations, certainly of romantic and adventurous spirits all the world over, was ever greater than it is at the present moment, when another crisis in its lurid history seems to be approaching. 'Paris is the Capital of Humanity. The world will never allow the centre of its light to be destroyed,' exclaimed Victor Hugo in a passion of patriotic egotism and despair while the hosts of Germany were closing round the doomed city. France does not count among her literary forces at the present moment a man of thews and sinews so indubitably those of a son of Anak as Victor Hugo. Nor, so long as a cataclysm has not been actually reached, will the natural pride of the eminent critics and artists, the bulk of whom have been stupefied or benumbed by the Dreyfus revelations, allow them to make such an appeal as Hugo's. M. Jules

Lemaître, indeed, who is in so many respects the admitted master among Parisian critics that 'attendons Lundi pour voir ce qu'il dit Lemaître' has passed into a proverb, has taken to preaching the Anglicisation of French political methods, at least in the field of foreign policy; it is indeed to his credit that he began so to preach before the *affaire* Fashoda.

On the other hand, whoever has taken the trouble to read any of the more important and 'seminal' volumes dealing with literature and its root-ideas which have recently been published in Paris—and to which there is nothing comparable in our own literature—must have been struck with the poignancy of the note which runs through them, the agonised insistence that France is as much as ever the home of 'the universal' and 'the permanent' in life and literature. This is the inner meaning of M. Fouillée's *The Psychology of the French People*. It is in itself perhaps one of the unhealthy literary symptoms of the time in France that such a book should have been published at all; a man who is perpetually feeling his pulse and proclaiming that his heart is beating wildly is not in the best of health. But M. Fouillée is not without hope. He craves for sympathy for his country, and believes he will obtain it. 'Is there a people,' he asks, 'on which the collective life has had, and still has, more influence than on the French, who always wish to feel that they are in unison with others? Solitude weighs on us. If union for us means strength, it means happiness as well. We cannot consent to think alone, to feel alone, to enjoy alone; we cannot separate the satisfaction of another from our own. Thus we are often naive enough to believe that what makes us happy will make others happy; that the whole of humanity must think and feel like France.' Commenting on this sentiment, M. Joseph Texte, in his *European Literature*, says, 'This naïveté is at once the honour and peril of our own country. It is its peril, because it exposes us to a blind confidence in ourselves, to an unreflecting ignorance as to what is outside of us. But this naïveté is also the honour of this nation, always ready—*save at sad but passing moments when it falters*—to make its aim all noble ideas, whatever their origin, and to turn them to the glory of the French name and the ideal of France.'

These are noble words—the passage italicised has all the pathetic and mournful significance of prophecy—instinct indeed with that nobility which rises to a higher level in French eloquence at its best, as in Bossuet, as in Pascal, as in Joubert, as in Chateaubriand, than it does in the eloquence of any other country. Yet it would hardly be too much to say that they are echoed or would be endorsed by every French critic and man of letters who has kept his head during the present crisis and his heart unspotted from the sorry and sordid world of Dreyfus and anti-Semitism. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, occupies towards the present generation the same commanding position that M. Taine occupied towards its predecessor, although as regards point of view distant from him *longissimo intervallo*; he is its leading critic. He is also, it is true, a patriot, and of a somewhat austere and uncompromising type—a fact which perhaps accounts for what many of his friends regard as his recent ill-advised adventure into the world of politics. But his heart as a patriot, not less than his head as a thinker, is in letters. He takes the same view of the essential sociability of France as M. Texte and M. Fouillée. In the preface which he has contributed to the excellent translation of his essays which was recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, he says: ‘French literature which is much nearer the Latin than the Greek, has had as its “essential character” a constant tendency, an original aptitude for *sociability*. Few Frenchmen have written for themselves, for themselves alone, to assume the position of opposition, as the philosophers say; but their ambition has been to please, in the noblest sense of the word to contribute by their writing to the improvement or to the comfort of civil life, or to displease, when they have dared to do so, in a manner yet pleasant. Or, in other words, if literature has anywhere been the expression of society, it is in France; and this is the reason of the fecundity, renewed from age to age by the very changes of society; of the universality, of the acknowledged clearness, since authors have endeavoured to make themselves accessible to everybody.’ M. Brunetière elaborates this same view in one of the ablest of his essays and in a passage which it is desirable to give from the importance of its bearing upon the

general situation in France. 'If our great writers are understood and admired by everybody, it is because they address themselves to everybody, or rather because they speak to everybody about everybody's interests. They pay no attention to exceptions or peculiarities; they wish to treat only of man in general, or as is still said of the universal man, held in the bonds of the society of human beings; and their very success is a proof that beneath all that distinguishes an Italian from a German this universal man whose reality has been so often doubted continues to be, and to live, and despite modifications to remain the same. . . . Therein lies the reason of their world-wide welcome. In the questions they discuss, it is the essential interests of "civility" or of humanity itself which are at stake. As they consider the social institution perhaps the most admirable thing in the world, all their thoughts bear on it, and thus their expression of these thoughts cannot be a matter of indifference to anybody. Who would not be curious to know the extent of a country's duty to its citizens, or of a father's to his children, or a husband's to his wife's; how the many conflicts that arise every day between our different duties are decided; what bias reconciles, or what superior principle unites and blends, instead of opposing or contradicting, the needs of the individual and the rights of society? It is from being not forced but consecrated in its entirety, to the examination of these questions that French literature has won universality.'

It is only, indeed, by keeping resolutely in view this supreme if also despairing aspiration of the foremost French writers of to-day—the one thing upon which they are all united from Zola with his psychology of the slums to Bourget and the neurosis which is associated with gorgeous conservatories and soft lamps capped by shades of supple silk, from Anatole France the present-day Voltaire to Melchior de Vogüé the present-day St. Pierre—that one can understand even imperfectly the present welter of French politics, and perhaps even see something like a way out of it. All Frenchmen who have a right to be heard at all at the present moment are agreed that it is the mission of their nation whatever be the form of government which may prevail, to lead the world by perpetually seeking the *universal*, by eternally try-

ing to find root-ideas in domestic government, in foreign policy, in that literature which in Sainte-Beuve's view means the application of ideas to life.

Take domestic government in the true and minute sense. Mr. Bodley's well-known book on France has now been long enough before the public for both its solid excellences and its essential weaknesses to be understood. It is now universally acknowledged that Mr. Bodley has not done for France what De Tocqueville or even Mr. Bryce has done for the American Union. He has looked too exclusively at the Third Republic as it has existed—in Blue Books—since the Fall of the Third Empire. He has scarcely looked at all at the imaginative literature in which modern France lives and moves and has its being. As perhaps the most competent of all Mr. Bodley's critics has said, 'For an understanding of modern France, Balzac and Stendhal seem far more important than Thiers or Michelet; the *Comédie Humaine* is a light thrown upon French emotion, and there are flashes of insight in the *Mémoires d'un Touriste* (to name but one work) which eclipse the spluttering illumination of a thousand blue-books. Yet in his two large volumes, Mr. Bodley quotes Balzac but twice, and Stendhal not at all. Worse than this, he makes little use of contemporary fiction which, apart from fancy, might appear documentary evidence. Twice only does he refer to M. Anatole France's vivid studies of provincial life, and it is perhaps typical of Mr. Bodley's temper that in one of the two references he misquotes a title.' But Mr. Bodley has the strength of his weakness. His study of blue-books and of gutter-journals has been wonderfully exhaustive. Apart from the flood of reality which he has excluded from his survey of France, by virtually declining to have anything to do with the world which is revealed in fiction, he has certainly accomplished his primary object, which is to exhibit 'the working of the Napoleonic machine of centralization in combination with parliamentary institutions imported from England amid a people whose political ideas were formulated in the period of confusion in which the Ancient Régime disappeared.' Beyond all question, Mr. Bodley, if he does not throw any light—the light of hope, at all events—upon the future of France, renders its present darkness painfully visible.

He makes it absolutely certain that the clutch of Revolution principles upon France is not at all to be compared in firmness to the clutch of Napoleonic administration. Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality are as much worshipped as ever. But these generalities receive but lip-service at the best; it is the *sous-préfet* who is obeyed. Clericalism is still nominally the enemy quite as much as it was in the days of Gambetta, but in reality it is the martyr. Mr. Bodley tells a good though not unfamiliar story illustrative of a state of things that exists in the rural districts of France, and is of itself sufficient to account for the undoubted reaction in favour of the Church of Rome, on which the Third Republic of M. Loubet and M. Dupuy, and of the great cloud of presidents and premiers who preceded them, has to reckon as one of the most important and formidable factors in the political situation. A church-going postmaster in the strongly Catholic region of the Vendée is sent for by the *sous-préfet*, who tells him: 'It is reported that you are a constant attendant at a church on Sunday; more than that, you always take a book with you; and a man who follows a service with a book, must not be surprised if he is put down as a Clerical. Besides, there are your daughters; the eldest, who is being educated at a convent, sings in the chapel choir, and her sister makes the collection at the parish church. Now, all these things are quoted in your dossier, and I think it fair to warn you that you are getting the reputation of being a Clerical.' The unfortunate postmaster applies to his *curé*, who, instead of encouraging him to defy his tyrant, advises him—'Leave your prayer-book at home if it offends the anti-Clericals, tell the sisters not to let your daughter sing in the choir, and I will find another of our young friends to take the place of your second girl in making the collection on Sunday.' Here, undoubtedly, the toleration was all on the side of the Clerical 'fanatic,' the tyranny all on the side of the Republican official. A system of espionage is revealed which is infinitely more odious than anything that can be shown in the history of Scotland during its most 'priest-ridden' and theocratic days.

And yet Mr. Bodley maintains and demonstrates that the Napoleonic machine, of which the *sous-préfet* is the product and

aptest illustration, is the one hope of salvation in France, that Parliamentary government is as much of a sham as Republican principles. In other words, what is really strongest in France at the present moment is that which is most radically French. For Napoleonism as a system, and distinguished alike from dynastic ambitions and all-embracing 'ideas,' is an attempt to gratify that passion for the 'universal' which still clings to France. Napoleon himself may have been in France a 'starry stranger,' an Italian brigand who found a nation of Cartouches to his hand, but Napoleonism in the true sense, as 'thoroughness' in the application of means to ends, is of the very genius of France. In the field of action, Cardinal Richelieu, and, to a less extent, Louis the Fourteenth, embodied the spirit of Napoleonism long before Bonaparte appeared on the scene. In literature, Voltaire and Diderot represent this same Napoleonic spirit of thoroughness. So does M. Zola, alike in his merciless realism and in his determination to get to the bottom of the *affaire* Dreyfus. Bonaparte may have failed to give effect to the French passion—for it was a national passion at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century—for something like universal empire. But he did not fail in his great scheme for the consolidation of French administration any more than he failed in his plan for the codification of the law. The administration of France, in every detail of which his spirit is as distinctly visible as if his features were stamped on every coin of his adopted country, will remain his monument, even although—which is not at all impossible—'Thrice again the red fool fury of the Seine should pile her barricades with dead.'

Napoleonism in French administration is the wholesale and thorough-going devotion of the national spirit for universality. But, unfortunately, the same spirit has been awanting, at all events, it has not yet been found, in the purely political field. The administration of France is a piece of evolution, and is therefore almost certain to last. Her Parliamentary institutions are but imitations, and are therefore comparatively, if not positively, failures. They have been borrowed, as Mr. Bodley says, from Great Britain. Hence, at intervals, a perverted sort of patriotism raises its head, and, taking now the

form of Legitimism as in the days when, but for his hopeless and imbecile irreconcilability upon one point, the Comte de Chambord might have ascended the throne, now that of Boulangism or mere theatrical Pretenderism, or as at present that of an uprising of the military against the civil authority, cries 'Off, off, ye lendings!' Had the Parliamentary institutions of France been the product of the soil, or instinct with the genius of the people, the Third Republic would in all probability have been established to-day upon an absolutely impregnable basis. It did, indeed, produce, or at least throw to the surface, one man who had as decided a genius for constitution-hungering as the Abbé Siéyès himself, and a turn for practical politics which the Abbé had not. But the early death of Gambetta put an end to schemes of 'revision' which, had they been elaborated and submitted to the country, might have ended in the adaptation of essentially alien institutions to national political wants.

It should not be forgotten that the endeavour to acclimatise British Parliamentary institutions on the other side of the Channel is itself a twisted form of the passion of France, for being in virtue of the 'universality' of its ideas, 'the centre of humanity.' This acclimatisation is not the solitary, though it is perhaps the most remarkable, case of French borrowing from this country. Even now, whatever is left of French 'society,' seeks to rival its more genuine counterpart on this side of the Channel in the field of 'sport.' In the times of Newton and Locke, Voltaire sought to Anglicise French philosophy, with results fraught with comedy in the first instance, yet in the long run heavily charged with tragedy to the strange household of which he and his 'Divine Emily' were, unhappily, not the sole members. This hurry to annex and assimilate whatever is in the way either of political or of literary ideas is good in any other country, is of course in itself a form of conquest, an attempt through conquest to obtain universal dominion. But the conquest, to be worth making at all, must be complete. It is all very well to introduce British Parliamentary institutions into France, to endow Frenchmen with the franchise; it is a very different thing, as Mr. Bodley shows, to give them the interest in politics which is manifested by the exercise of voting power. 'We English,' it has

been wisely said, 'for reasons of our own, have always believed that the vote, like the air men breathe, is the right of all, and we have been exceedingly chary of conferring the necessary favour. The smallest extension of the franchise has been an excuse for a battle of the wits and a universal enthusiasm. The result is that the householder permitted to vote has valued his privilege as something gained by argument and self-denial. The Frenchman, on the other hand, was asked to vote, without any pressure exerted on his part, and he was so little stirred by the favour that he returned to his *café*. In fact, the compulsory favour was accepted partly with indifference and partly with cynicism. If corruption seemed to amuse the novice, then the register was tampered with, and dead men voted in battalions. At Toulouse, for instance, the electoral roll of 1893 contained 3000 fictitious names, and while it is likely that the real electors abstained with indifference, it is certain that the 3000 dead-heads polled as one man. Bankrupts, absentees, and corpses were liberally inscribed, and, by the aid of chemicals, the names were removed of unnumbered voters hostile to the Radical Socialists. In brief, it was an election of comic opera, and though the Prefect of the Haute Garonne was presently removed to a better post, there was an outburst of national indignation as would be evoked in England by a similar atrocity.' Such incidents as these undoubtedly prove that the experiment of Anglicising French Parliamentary institutions has not hitherto proved a success. And yet it would be a very great mistake to jump to the conclusion that the peasant of Normandy or Provence, upon whom, and not upon the Parisian, the future of France really depends, is totally unfitted for political freedom. Even the severe critic who has already been quoted, admits this. 'France may boast an equality unknown in England. Wherever you travel, from Normandy to the Vosges, from Picardy to the Garonne, you encounter an evenly diffused and curiously vivid intelligence. You speak with your neighbour in a railway train, you interrupt a labourer at his work, and you instantly realise that you are talking to a man with whom conversation is not only possible but a pleasure. The peasant's knowledge is not profound, but his mind is something better than a mere echo of a halfpenny

press, and he expresses his independent judgment with a clearness and a style which you will seldom encounter in the British Isles. Even the language of his discourse is more often than not the purest French, and always superior to that mixture of grunt and slang wherewith the sturdy Anglo-Saxon is wont to befog his meaning.' It is plain that should the peasant assert himself actively in French politics—and in this connection it should be borne in mind that M. Loubet, the new President, belongs specifically to the peasant class—and obtain full control of the Parliamentary machine, even if he does not revolutionise it, he will be the reverse of a dumb dog. He will bring to the exercise of what even yet he cannot understand to be his rights a powerful, a not undisciplined, and a by no means imitative mind.

But the peasant under the Third Republic has been content—and more's the pity—to be a negative and restraining rather than a positive and managing force in politics. As such he has no doubt done good work, and work of the best patriotic kind, for his country. He it is that in the last resort has in all probability saved France from rushing into the arms either of the Black or of the Red Terror, of clerical Reaction or of Socialistic Revolution. He declined to be caught in the net of Boulangism. He retained—with difficulty, it is true—his self-control when the Panama and kindred 'scandals' hurt him in his tenderest point by sweeping away his hard-earned and dearly prized savings. And it is, to say the least, not impossible that it is the fear of the peasant and the doubt that exists as to his actual views upon the confused problems of the hour that prevent Dreyfusite and anti-Dreyfusite mobs from coming into open conflict in the streets of Paris, and that induces some military or political Pretender who has not yet declared himself to hesitate before seeking to follow Third Napoleonic example and wade through the slaughter of his fellow-citizens to a precarious throne. In the meantime, however, the peasant, while already a personality that has to be reckoned with in French politics, can hardly be considered a personage, and the ideas which are his, so to speak, by birth-right, have not yet secured the commanding position—the commanding position of genuine

conservatism—to which they are probably entitled. Hence it is in all probability also that the peculiar and baleful form of the Napoleonic ambition for universal dominion known as 'the colonial policy' has been allowed to work so much mischief. It is an attempt to find in the New Worlds—including those 'tottering and worm-eaten empires' whose helpless condition has evoked the pity and alarm of the British Prime Minister—which alone are left for the conquest of civilisation, redress for the balance of that Europe, the hegemony of which would seem to have gone from France into the keeping of Germany. Undoubtedly, of course, no Power, least of all Great Britain, which has always had a strong colonial policy of its own, has a right to object to France claiming her share of whatever in the way of trade or territorial privileges may be going in Africa or even in China. All that can and ought to be insisted upon is that France shall duly respect the rights of other Powers either actually acquired, and having therefore the binding force of international law, or established by treaties which have only to be put in execution to have an equally binding force. Unfortunately, however, this has not been the animating spirit of the leaders of the French 'colonial party' up to the present time. On the contrary, it is still the spirit of Napoleonism or aggressiveness—the desire to be first in the field at all hazards, and in despite of the sanctions of the law of nations—that has dictated the course of France of late, that, as regards Britain alone, has led to difficulties in Siam, Madagascar, West Africa, Tunis, and Muscat, that very nearly embroiled the two nations in war over Fashoda, and that in spite of the recent concluded agreements in regard to West Africa and the Soudan still threatens difficulties, the gordian-knot of which may yet have to be cut by the sword.

Apart, however, from such questions as the rights of Great Britain and the paramount considerations of law and morality, this frenzied colonial policy will probably prove for France as great a blunder as the attempt to naturalise Anglo-Saxon Parliamentary institutions, and for a similar reason. The 'genius' of the French people does not lie in colonisation. Such, at least, is the only lesson to be learned from its past history. In India, in North America, even in South Africa, France made before

the last struggle but one with this country, a much more brilliant start than her great rival. Yet the tortoise proved more than a match for the hare. When the final struggle for the spoils of that period took place, France, in spite of the brilliant achievements of her pioneers in colonisation—achievements which have found to-day, at least in their brilliancy, a counterpart in the wonderful march of Major Marchand in his character of 'emissary of civilisation,'—was hopelessly and even easily beaten. That was taken to mean that Great Britain was, in virtue of those special circumstances, which are popularly described as her mission, fitted for the work of governing weaker nations. Time has certainly not weakened this belief. The *Pax Britannica* is as indubitable and beneficial a fact as the *Pax Romana*. Great as has been the success of the British dominion in India, mainly on account of that essential unselfishness which has never been disputed, the success of the same dominion has not been in the slightest degree smaller in Egypt. On the other hand, there is no evidence whatever that the French have profited by the lessons of the past. It is perhaps too soon to prophesy as to the future of their experiments in 'settlement' in West Africa. But Madagascar is admittedly a costly blunder, and from the times of Jules Ferry down to the present day, Tongking has been the grave of political reputations.

But even could it be demonstrated that the French 'colonial policy' has been as much of a success as it has been proved to be the reverse, there is one objection to its continuance, and to the domination of the Napoleonic spirit which animates it, that is, or at least ought to be, fatal. Circumstances may dictate to the inhabitants of this tight little island a policy of expansion; circumstances dictate no less emphatically to the inhabitants of France a policy of concentration. 'The inability of the population to increase,' and the reasons for that inability are among the commonplaces of what may be termed Malthusian economics. The latest statistics* of this stagnation will be considered exceptionally alarming by those—and they include all careful and

* See Sedlaczek's and Levasseur's *Year-Books* on the subject of French population.

thoughtful observers—who look to the peasantry of France as its sole physical as well as moral hope. The increase in the population of the country during late years has been of the slightest character. But whatever increase has taken place has been in the large towns; the rural population has positively declined. Thus from 1886 to 1891 the total population of France increased by 124,289 persons, but the population of cities having over 30,000 inhabitants increased in the aggregate by 103,407. The rural population declined by 450,000. In the five years from 1891 to 1896, the total population of France increased by 175,027, but the population of cities over 30,000 increased by 327,009, showing a positive decrease in the population outside of cities of over 30,000. This declinature in the rural population, which, as is notorious, is not due absolutely to the tendency exhibited in all large countries at the present time, to crowd into the great cities and make them still larger and less wholesome, is a very serious fact in the history of France from whatever point of view it be regarded. But it becomes doubly serious when it is remembered that if France is really to embark on a career of expansion, with any hope of holding her own against her formidable rivals, it is to the hardy peasants of Brittany and Normandy, not to the physically stunted, though nimbly intelligent *gamins* of Paris, or even 'the black-browed Marseillaise,' that her 'colonial' statesmen must look for the successful accomplishment of their enterprise. Yet it stands to reason that such a task cannot be accomplished by a declining population.

Various projects have been broached for improving the quality of the French population, and arresting its 'inability to increase.' These cannot for obvious reasons be discussed here or now. But in any case a consideration of them could serve no purpose. Should any particular theory be really found feasible, time—and a very considerable amount of time—would be required to carry it out. But time is what, to all appearance, France cannot spare at the present moment. The agony through which the country is passing might and probably would end in a sanguinary catastrophe of some kind, before any method of increasing the population or improving the breed, could be tried. The great facts of nature are, with a silent eloquence which even rhetoric at its

highest or Chateaubriand flight could not improve, proclaiming that it is the supreme duty of all that is wisest in French patriotism at the present to seek to concentrate the energies of the nation on the domestic problems which urgently demand solution. It might be too much to ask French statesmen to abandon the colonies and vast 'settlements' which have already been established in Africa, or even to forego their share in the 'opening up' or 'partition' of China, although it is quite as certain that such 'withdrawals' will have to be submitted to with as good a grace as possible, as that the legions had to be called in from Britain and other outlying provinces of the Roman Empire when decay had begun at the centre. In the meantime, however, the colonies need not be enlarged, and the ambitions of the 'colonial' statesmen may be kept in check. It is a good sign that the best of French writers like M. Joseph Texte are preaching 'the fraternity of nations' as a substitute for the forgotten if not discarded 'Liberty, Fraternity and Equality' of the early Revolutionary period, and that they are at last obtaining some support—though as yet far too slight and timid—from the Parisian press. The true regeneration of France will date from the day when she discards Napoleonic ambition, while retaining Napoleonic administration, and seeks to play her part with becoming modesty, though with head erect, in that great partnership of the nations which will be rendered complete by the entrance into it of the American Union, and which may yet bring us to the 'federation of the world.'

But before indicating the elements of hope as well as of danger in the general situation in France, it will be desirable to glance at the agony through which the literature of the country no less than its politics is passing. Here again history would seem to be repeating itself. Writing in 1860 on the subject of French fiction, that eminently suggestive and eloquent, if temperamentally too mournful and even pessimistic a writer, the late Mr. William Rathbone Greg, said:—'It is hard to say whether the current politics or the current literature of France convey the more vivid impression of utter and profound demoralization—the willing servitude, the craven fear, the thirsty materialism, the absence of all liberal sentiment or noble aspiration indicated by the one, the abandonment of all self-control or self-respect,

the surrender of all manliness, dignity, or reticence, the hunger after the most diseased, unholy, and extravagant excitement, characteristic of the other, or the intense and unrebuked selfishness, the passionate and slavish worship of wealth and power, which constitute the basis and the soul of both alike.' And he concludes a merciless dissection and scathing denunciation of the French fiction of the time in a passage the sombre beauty and seriousness of which it would be hard if not impossible to beat, and which seems quite as applicable to the France of Zola and Maupassant, Bourget and Verlaine, as to the France of Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue and Ernest Feydeau, the younger Dumas and Victor Hugo, of which he wrote: 'These productions for the most part are written with great power and beauty, often with as much elevation of sentiment as is compatible with the absence of all strict principle and all definite morality. There is plenty of religion, and much even that is simple, touching, and fine; but it is religion as affection and emotion—never as guide, governance, or creed. There is some reverence and much gratitude towards God; but little idea of obedience, sacrifice, or devotion. There is adulation and expectation, rather than worship or service. Then, again, there is vast sympathy with the suffering and the poor—deep and genuine, if often irrational and extravagant, but it commonly degenerates into senseless animosity towards the rich, lawless hatred of settled institutions, and frantic rebellion against the righteous chain of cause and effect which governs social well-being. There are delineations of rapturous, irreproachable, almost angelic love; but some unhallowed memory, or some disordered association, almost always steps in to stain the idol and desecrate the shrine. There are eloquence, pathos, and fancy in rich profusion; characters of high endowment and noble aspiration; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection; pictures of saintly purity and martyr-like devotion—but something theatrical, morbid, and meretricious mingles with and mars the whole. There is every flower of Paradise.

'But the trail of the serpent is over them all.'

'The grandest gifts placed at the service of the lowest passions; the holiest sentiments and the fondest moments painted in the

richest colours of the fancy only to be withered by cynical doubt or soiled by cynical indecency; the most secret and sacred recesses of the soul explored and mastered not for reverential contemplation of their beauties and their mysteries, but in order to expose them, with a hideous grin—naked, sensitive, and shrinking—to the desecrating glance of a misbelieving and mocking world—such is the work which genius must stoop to do, when faith in what is good, reverence for what is pure, and relish for what is natural, have died out from a nation's heart.'

These are terrible words, yet it may be said that they are not too terrible to apply to the present condition of French politics and literature. Mr. Greg wrote when the Third Empire was at its best and its worst. As we now know, it was rotten to the core. But can it be said that the Third Republic is any better—the Third Republic with its Wilson and Panama scandals, which between them have plunged nine out of ten French politicians of prominence into the mire of the worst kind of corruption, and the Dreyfus case, which, whatever be its upshot from the political point of view, has shown that the leading officers in the French army are willing to descend to forgery, to the contemptible trickery of false beards and blue glasses, to accomplish their ends? As for fiction, what would Mr. Greg, appalled by *Fanny* and *Quasimodo* and *La Dame aux Camelias*, have said had he lived in the age of naturalism, of Bourget, who has asserted calmly that love is nothing more than 'the carnal desire of a man for a woman, or of a woman for a man,' of Maupassant and Flaubert, who have brought the resources of a perfect style to the description of what even Tolstoi has shrunk from as illicit and adulterous sexual intercourse, of Zola, whose home—the home at least of 'Nana' and 'Piping Hot,' and the whole of the Rougon-Macquart series of novels—is to be found in the moral sewers of life, and whom even the tolerant Robert Louis Stevenson could forgive only on the ground that he was mastered by 'erotic mania'? What would he have said to the modern French drama as it is described and defended by so capable a writer and so staunch a literary patriot as M. Augustin Filon? Even on M. Filon's showing, the comedy (save the mark!) of to-day turns upon adultery. Either the hero or the heroine has 'a past' in

the shape of a *liaison*; in nine cases out of ten both have 'a past.' When a writer for the stage, like M. Paul Hervieu, has a serious purpose—to make a protest against the existing French laws of marriage or divorce—he creates the most appalling situations. In his *Les Tenailles* he introduces a husband and wife who have been married ten years and have never cared for each other. But Irene Fergan 'loves Michel Duvernier, the celebrated traveller, who, on his side, cherishes a great heroic passion for her.' She goes to her husband and suggests divorce. But Robert Fergan does not see his way to anything of the kind, and will not fall in with his wife's suggestion that an excuse for separation in the shape of adultery or ill-usage should be invented to facilitate matters. For some years the two live together. But a child has been born, and on his account the struggle re-commences. The father decides to send him to school; the mother decides to keep him at home. 'Every argument has been exhausted on both sides, and it rests with M. Fergan to insist on getting his own way. "He belongs to me, his father." "You are not his father," and she confesses that on one occasion, maddened by her galling chains, she had put aside all generous scruples and had yielded to the man she loved. At this point little René crosses the stage. Fergan then decides that his wife shall leave the house, and take the child with her. It is now her turn to resist and to decline to be thrust out of doors. He, in turn, demands divorce. "I no longer accept it. My youth is past, my hopes are dead, my woman's future is at an end. I refuse to change the whole course of my life. I wish for nothing more than to remain to the end where I am—as I am." He revolts, he still protests. What—a whole life together, face to face, always, always? What sort of existence will he lead? "The same that I have led for ten years." "But you are guilty, and I am innocent." "No, we are only two miserable people, and misery knows none but equals." In another of his plays, M. Hervieu depicts the painful position of an innocent woman, Laure de Raguais. And such a position! She discovers that her husband has an intrigue with a married woman. But for the sake of her daughter, little Isabelle, she consents to an amicable

separation. But Isabelle grows up to fall in love with the son of her father's mistress!

Or take the Parisian dramatist's conception of a comic situation worthy of being placed on the stage, as indicated by such a play as M. Donnay's *Amants*. 'When the curtain rises on Claudine Rozay's drawing-room, the representation of "Guiznal" has come to an end. The children and their mammas are delighted; the mammas very elegant, the children dressed in a pronounced English style, and under the care of a "Miss" and a "Fräulein," whose efforts to keep them in check are wonderfully ineffective. There is respectability in the air, respectability of a rather artificial and superficial kind. As if to put us off the scent, the Prefect of Police is in the drawing-room as an invited guest. However, we begin to sniff a somewhat doubtful odour. We understand by certain phrases that these women are not married, that these children are not children like our own, and that the Prefect has come to amuse himself. In fact, this is the *demi-monde*, the world of *sham menages*, temporary fidelity, and virtue for a season. To give us a season of these *femmes entretenues*, struggling to live like excellent *bourgeoises*, is in itself piquant; it becomes still more piquant when we turn to society nowadays and see a crowd of silly excitable women, whose longing for Bohemianism leads them into a thousand follies.' It is this same M. Donnay who has attempted to adapt the special comedy of Aristophanes to the life and wants of the Parisians in a burlesque entitled *Lysistrata*. Of this M. Filon writes that it 'Was interpreted by beautiful girls, beautifully dressed. The transparency of the muslin would of itself have attracted the crowd; but M. Donnay added words worse than muslin. . . No nation ever equalled the Greeks in the art of describing young, elegant, smiling depravity, and adorning sensuality with a thousand graces. That immoral, delightful form of art we once possessed and then lost. M. Donnay learned it from the Greeks by the aid of Patin, and has restored it to us again.'

It may be said that surely in the naturalism of Zola and Maupassant, in the gorgeous sensuousness of Pierre Loti, in the Greek depravity of Parisian comedy, French literature has reached the bed-rock of Byzantine decadence. Probably it is

so. And yet, it should not be forgotten that this result is due to the introduction of the Napoleonic spirit of savage and selfish 'thoroughness' into literature. No doubt the tendencies which have now done their worst and utmost—at least it may so be hoped—exhibited themselves before the Napoleonic spirit was manifested. Frenchmen have always been too prone to laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair. The most inspiring force in French literature during the last century—more inspiring even than Voltaire—was Rousseau, from whom the great Revolution is to be traced, as Napoleon in turn is to be traced from the Revolution. He was the first, says Sainte Beuve in one of his most exquisite criticisms, who put 'something green into our literature.' It is 'From him that the sentiment of nature is reckoned among us in the eighteenth century. It is from him also is dated in our literature the sentiment of our domestic life, of that comely, poor, quiet, hidden life, in which are accumulated so many treasures of virtue and affection.' But Sainte Beuve also admits the 'debasement and corruption' in Rousseau, which 'touches the moral sense.' He does not seem to suspect that there are certain things the mention of which is forbidden, that there are certain ignoble, disgusting, cynical expressions which a virtuous man never uses, and which he ignores.' In a sense, indeed, naturalism is but carrying Rousseauism, on the side of debasement and corruption, 'to its logical conclusion.' Declining to allow that there are any things the mention of which ought to be forbidden, it persists in seeking *nuda veritas* in all departments of life, and will have no 'human documents' save those from which everything in the shape of 'superstition,' sentimentality, traditional religion, and traditional morality has been ruthlessly stripped. Like Napoleonism, which inspired Balzac, if it did not inspire Zola, it seeks to show human nature precisely as it is. And behold it is all the reverse of good!

There is one redeeming feature—and, perhaps but one—in the conduct of French men of letters during the present period, the very agony of decadence though it may be. They are possessed by the enthusiasm—one might even go further and say the fanaticism—of their art. Zola, indeed, says that he is not an artist, but merely an *ouvrier*. But he preaches the gospel of work: 'In

all my struggles and fits of despair, I have had but one remedy—work. How often have I sat down to my table in the morning not knowing what to do, full of bitterness, and tortured by some great physical or moral pain, and yet each time, in spite of the revolt of my suffering, my task has been a comfort and relief to me; I have always been strengthened by my daily task.' And Zola has practised what he has preached. There is no more question as to the labour he has expended over his work than there is as to the moral earnestness which has caused him to endeavour to do justice to Dreyfus, whom he believes to have been shamefully used, even although the effort has meant for him exile and the loss of fortune. And however demoralising or degrading may be the results achieved by those of the naturalists who aim at being artists in the higher sense of the word, their desire to attain perfection has been nothing short of a passion. Edward de Goncourt said of his brother Jules, 'He was slain by style.' Flaubert, the author of *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*—works which would have evoked from Rathbone Greg far severer denunciations than even those he passed upon the French fiction of his day—was in torture whilst he was engaged in composition. He demanded similar perfection of his pupils. Of Guy de Maupassant, the most promising and most unfortunate of them all, Madame Blaze de Bury, in her very interesting *French Literature of To-Day*, says, 'He waited to make his *début* till his master, Flaubert, was satisfied with his productions. Flaubert lived near Rouen, Maupassant's family in the neighbourhood of Croisset. From childhood the great man had watched over the boy's mind, setting him certain themes to exert himself upon. "You will go to such a street, where you will see a concierge and parrot; you will then write down what you saw, and read it to me;" and, till Flaubert pronounced, "Now, I see the picture," Maupassant had to work and destroy.' It may be a matter for regret that Maupassant did not destroy a great deal more than he did, that, in particular, he did not destroy all his writings of the altogether detestable 'Bel-Ami' type. But of his indomitable industry, and of his ultimate success as perhaps the greatest master of the *conte* or short story in the highest literary sense of the word, there can be no manner of doubt. According

to Joubert, perhaps the most rare and delicate spirit that France has produced since Pascal, and whose thoughts have at last been placed before the British public in an adequate translation by Mrs. Lyttelton: 'There never was an age of literature whose dominant taste was not diseased. The triumph of the best artists is to make healthy work agreeable to diseased taste.' Such a triumph undoubtedly has been that of Maupassant, of Flaubert, of the brothers Goncourt, of all the supreme artists who have been writing—and fighting—under the banner of naturalism.

Ample proof is, indeed, to hand that even in the agony of decadence, French literature is as notable for virility as ever, that it is still the most vigorous literature in the world. Who, even in this dark hour, does not feel the truth of the words of hope and enthusiasm which Mr. Robert W. Chambers has put into the mouth of one of the Americans who figure in his very remarkable novel, *Ashes of Empire*—'France, with all her faults, has done more for human progress and human liberty—for everything that makes life worth while—than all the other European nations put together. To-day, ay, to-morrow, too, Germany might drop out of the world, and the world would never be the worse. But blot out France or England, or your own blessed country, and it would mean something very different.'

If only this remarkable and varied energy, this passion for art, could be diverted to other and nobler ends! If only the French would allow the ape and tiger to die out of their lives and their literature! Is it quite useless even now to cherish some such aspiration? In answer to this, it may at least be said that there are not wanting 'bits of blue sky.' Take the theatre, where undoubtedly the decadence has been seen at its worst. M. Filon, who has already been quoted, says, 'Whether it be a matter of rejoicing or of affliction, France is in the best of health, and whatever the world may say, shows no sign of mental disease. I cannot discern the dismal symptoms which are described with such melancholy pleasure, or if I do discern them, they seem to me unimportant, or even if a few of them are important, they are counterbalanced by reassuring phenomena.' Among these reassuring phenomena is undoubtedly the fact that the greatest

of recent dramatic successes in France is M. Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' No doubt this piece owes a very great deal to the marvellous appearance in the leading rôle of that greatest of living actors, M. Coquelin. But it is also notable as the triumph not of debasing sensuality or of still more debasing cynicism, but of old and ever fresh romance, of self-sacrifice carried to heroic heights, of that brilliant yet simple gaiety in which France is exhibited at her best. Among the other reassuring theatrical phenomena which M. Filon enumerates is the revival of such classics as Molière, Corneille, and Racine. Still more significant and hopeful is this remark—'The old wall of prejudice against foreign dramatists begins to give way on every side, without, however, letting in a rush of sentiment which would be fatal. . . . If the International Theatre succeeds in coming into being, it promises us the most interesting plays produced during the last few years by Spanish, Italian, and English dramatists.' Should France enter into the brotherhood of nations even by the stage-door, another nail will have been driven into the coffin of that Napoleonism—that dream of world-wide Empire—which is still her chief curse.

There are other encouraging symptoms. Such is the rise of a school of novelists that has no fellowship with the unfruitful works either of Zola or of 'Gyp,' with Nordauesque degeneration or sub-Voltairean cynicism. One of the foremost of these is Madame Blanc Bentzon, whose marked success, though not yet appreciated on this side of the Channel, is one of the features of present-day French literature. Madame Blaze de Bury says truly of Madame Blanc Bentzon's novels that 'although psychology enters largely into them, they are more especially "moralist" novels, the moral life in them having a marked preponderance, and the soul's aspirations towards a higher plane being strongly marked.' In the same line of tendency is the fact that all the abler of the younger school of French critics have joined the movement of reaction which has undoubtedly set in against naturalism. The ablest of these, as has already been said, is M. Ferdinand Brunetière. M. Brunetière has not only assailed the naturalists on the score of their imperfect art, declaring that even Flaubert, who 'knows his trade,' is inferior to

George Eliot, but he has attacked Zola on much higher grounds. He objects, for example, to Zola's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, and its author, 'because the book is full of revolting pictures of indecency, of gross impiety, and of repulsive cynicism, but also because one asks one's self first what has become of the honest clarity of the French tongue; afterwards if the last term of art is to lead to the persistent degradation of man, is to paint man laughing the laugh of a shameless brute, or panting like a snared animal under suffering or repenting, "as if monsters were fighting in its entrails."' M. Brunetière is not only a critic in art and in ethics, but he is a prophet—though one, as has already been seen, with a distinctly patriotic bias. The conclusion he comes to in his admirable 'Manual of the History of French literature' is that 'After having been individualist in the hands of the romanticists, and impersonal in those of the naturalists, modern French literature considered as a whole has again become *social*. . . . Finally, if it be essentially characteristic of a social literature that it tends towards the "perfecting of civil life," or as we should say to-day, towards the progress of civilisation, what more could we add.' For four hundred years our literature and even our language have enabled us to promote both the greatness of France and the good of humanity. Who would not sacrifice to this generous ideal something of his "individualism" and the strange vanity of being alone in admiring and understanding himself?

In words like these, we have something more than a hope, we have a cue. Let France cast from her the last rags of Napoleonism in politics and in literature alike. Let her aim at being 'social' in the true sense of the word. Let her make the sanctity of the family the supreme note in that fiction which is now nine-tenths of literature. Let her make the fraternity not the hegemony of nations her ideal, and let her in pursuit of that ideal, abandon the chimeras of a fatuous 'colonial' policy. A peaceful, stable, self-centred France, strong in her army, strong in her wealth, might not be the dictator, but would almost certainly be the arbiter, of continental Europe. Her power would be dreaded, her friendship welcomed, her alliance solicited. But is there the moral strength in the country to enter on a policy

which seems to be dictated alike by wisdom and by patriotism? It is impossible to say. The future is dark with uncertainty. That France is passing through an agony of some kind is but too evident, but whether it is the agony of a new politico-social birth, or of final dissolution, it would be rash to predict. It may be that the worst fears of pessimistic observers will be fulfilled, and that we are about to witness a second Saint Bartholomew directed against the Jews, and the total subversion of the civil power by the army. Or it may be that the Republic is to be established more surely than ever in France, broad-based upon the people's will as expressed in genuinely national popular institutions. The hour of crisis has all but struck, and France is once again on the outlook for a man. It is to be feared that once more she will, *faute de mieux*, lay her liberties at the feet of an interested Pretender, trying, perhaps, as she more than once tried in her history, to extract a hope from the epigram of political despair, *L'égalité sera peut-être un droit, mais aucune puissance humaine ne saura le convertir en fait.*

ART. V.—MR. FIELDING ON BUDDHISM.

The Soul of a People. By H. FIELDING. London and New-York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

OF late years, many books upon the subject of Buddhism have invited the attention of European and Christian thinkers—but the book here named is of a peculiar and perhaps unique interest from the fact of the attitude which the author, being of the nationality and position which are his, has come to adopt upon the subject, and the subsidiary but intensely interesting fact that the work itself was written during this mental transition and is therefore in a sense its contemporaneous record. His last two pages are as follows:—

'I thought before I began to write, and I have become more and more certain of it as I have taken up subject after subject, that to all the great differences of thought between them and us there is one key. And this key is that they believe the world is governed by eternal laws, that have never changed, that will never change, that are founded on absolute righteousness; while we believe in a personal God, altering laws, and changing moralities according to His will.

'If I were to re-write this book, I should do so from this standpoint of eternal laws, making the book an illustration of the proposition.

'Perhaps it is better as it is, in that I have discovered the key at the end of my work instead of at the beginning. I did not write the book to prove the proposition, but in writing the book this truth has become apparent to me.

'The more I have written, the clearer has this teaching become to me, until now I wonder that I did not understand long ago—nay, that it has not always been apparent to all men.

'Surely it is the beginning of all wisdom.

'Not until we had discarded Atlas and substituted gravity, until we had forgotten Enceladus and learned the laws of heat, until we had rejected Thor and his hammer and searched after the laws of electricity, could science make any strides onward.

'An irresponsible spirit playing with the world as his toy killed all science.

'But now science has learned a new wisdom, to look only at what it can see, to leave vain imaginings to children and idealists, certain always that the truth is inconceivably more beautiful than any dream.

'Science with us has gained her freedom, but the soul is still in bonds.

'Only in Buddhism has this soul-freedom been partly gained. How beautiful this is, how full of great thoughts, how very different to the barren materialism it has often been said to be, I have tried to show.

'I believe myself that in this teaching of the laws of right:

eousness we have the grandest conception, the greatest wisdom, the world has known.

‘I believe that in accepting this conception we are opening to ourselves a new world and unimaginable progress, in justice, in charity, in sympathy, and in love.

‘I believe that as our minds, when freed from their bonds, have grown more and more rapidly to heights of thought before undreamed of, to truths eternal, to beauty inexpressible, so shall our souls, when freed, as our minds now are, rise to sublimities of which now we have no conception.

‘Let each man but open his eyes and see, and his own soul shall teach him marvellous things.’

One excellent feature about the volume—the one which will probably meet with the heartiest and most general approval—is the sympathetic way in which its author speaks of the conquered and subject people of whom he writes. He is apparently an Englishman holding a civilian office under the British Government in Burma, who has lived in many parts of the country, is intimately acquainted with the people, has had innumerable opportunities of observing the seamier as well as the ordinary and better side of their nature, and speaks of them on almost every page of his volume in terms of approval and sympathy, if not of affectionate regard. Evidently he is greatly taken with them, their ways and their religion.

Evidently, too, they are a taking people, quiet and amiable, always, except when provoked beyond endurance, restraining their passions with admirable self-control, simple as children of Nature, kind towards man and beast and creeping things, easily pleased, courteous to the last degree, seldom interfering with each other, with no earthly ambitions, contented and peaceful, and devoted to the faith of Buddha, to which they have added some simple but harmless superstitions, and one or two faiths and practices of their own.

How much the climate, aspects of nature, and the general circumstances in which they live, have had to do in the formation of their temperament, Mr. Fielding does not enquire.

What he is concerned about is to show what he believes to be the deep and abiding influence their religion has upon their lives, and the superiority of this religion, in matters concerning human conduct over what he assumes is the Christian Faith.

It must be admitted that Mr. Fielding writes with considerable charms of style. Something of the sweetness and softness of the evenings during which, we may probably assume, his volume was written, has communicated itself to his pages. At any rate, all that he has to say of the Burman and of his religion, is put in a remarkably attractive way. It is set off, too, with much sympathy, and though he frankly admits that in civilisation the Burman is as yet but a child, and has much to learn, one has often the greatest difficulty in making out whether the faith he practises, or at least the religion of Buddha, has not won Mr. Fielding's preference, and can claim him as one of its adherents.

But, be that as it may, Mr. Fielding has a much larger and more accurate knowledge of Buddhism than he has of the principles of the Christian faith. Over the first he has pondered carefully. When it began to attract his attention, he sent for books and studied them, and then finding contradictions between what he read and the lives of those who professed to believe in it, he turned to the daily lives of the people and sought to understand their religion from these. Anything of the same kind in connection with Christianity he does not appear to have done. His treatment of this has, to say the least, been less radical and more superficial. To all appearance, he seems to have regarded his knowledge of the Christian Faith as complete, and his conceptions of it as in no need of revision. Mr. Max Müller, of whose writings Mr. Fielding is a student, says something to the effect that in order to discover the true genius of a religion, it is necessary to revert to its original source. In respect to Buddhism, Mr. Fielding has followed this admirable rule, but in respect to Christianity he has not.

The doctrines which he sets down as Christian may, it is true, be met with both in books and in the pulpit, but it is questionable whether any enlightened Christian, and still less

a scientific theologian or any one who is entitled to speak with authority, would accept them in the sense in which they are evidently interpreted by Mr. Fielding, except in a very remote or figurative way.

Of course, Mr. Fielding does not set down what he believes to be doctrines of the Christian Faith dogmatically, and then argue against them; he brings in his conceptions of them, as it were, incidentally, and uses them to set off the superiority of Buddhism, and as they have much to do with his apparent preference for this faith, they help to furnish a curious psychological study—study, by the way, which may be as profitable to theologians as to laymen.

In the concluding chapter of the volume, we have, as we have already seen, the following:—‘I thought before I began to write, and I have become more and more certain of it as I have taken up subject after subject, that to all the great differences of thought between them and us, there is one key. And this key is that they believe the world is governed by eternal laws, that have never changed, that will never change, that they are founded on absolute righteousness: while we believe in a personal God, altering laws, and changing moralities at His will.’* Thus, according to Mr. Fielding, the Christian conception of the Divine Being is that of One whose government of the world is not based upon absolute righteousness, but who alters laws and changes moralities at His will. From another passage we learn that the same Being is ‘an angry Judge;’† from still another, that ‘We believe that the world is governed not by eternal laws, but by a changeable and continually changing God, and that it is our duty to try and persuade Him to make it better;’ and, from yet another, that ‘We believe, really, that we that know a great deal better than God what is good, not only for us, but for others; we do not believe His will is always righteous—not at all; God has wrath to be deprecated; He has mercy to be aroused; He has partiality to be turned towards us, and hence our prayers.’‡

* P. 351.

† P. 318.

‡ Pp. 161-62.

Really, one wonders where Mr. Fielding obtained his Christian teaching, and cannot refrain from marvelling at the confidence with which he sets himself up as a critic of Christianity. The first qualification requisite in a competent critic is that he should have an accurate, if not an experimental, knowledge of his subject, but while we are quite willing to accept Mr. Fielding as having the requisite qualifications as a critic of Buddhism, or of Buddhism as professed by the Burmese, we are not prepared to accept him as a critic of Christianity. Had he known as much about this as he does about Buddhism, he would have known that among its fundamental principles are the truths that God is the Infinite and Eternal Charity, that with Him 'there is no variableness nor shadow of turning,' and that though 'clouds of darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne'—in other words, that though it may, and often does, pass the wit of man to explain them, the laws by which He governs the world, are nevertheless absolutely righteous and unchanging. Similarly with the other assertions in the passages quoted above. There is scarcely one of them which is not purely figurative, and which, before it can be accepted as containing Christian doctrine, does not require to be translated into the precise language of Science, or which if literally interpreted, does not require to be rejected as contrary to the genuine teaching of the Christian Faith.

Doubtless there is some colour for Mr. Fielding's belief that according to Christian ideas God is changeable, or, at least, subject to alternations of mood or temper, or in His attitude towards the world. Such phrases as the 'anger,' 'wrath,' 'mercy' and 'justice of God' are scattered up and down on almost every page of the Christian and Hebrew Scriptures, and are often used; but he is a poor student either of the Bible or of Christian Theology who has not learned that according to the Christian doctrine God is 'not altogether such an one as himself,' or who does not know that the attributes these phrases are used to describe are manifestations of the one Eternal Charity, and that the phrases themselves are indicative not of changes in the Eternal Mind, but of the

different impressions which these several manifestations make upon the mind of man. Mr. Fielding may tell us that 'we believe in a changeable and continually changing God, and that it is our duty to persuade Him to make the world better,' or that 'we believe that we know what is good for ourselves better than He does,' or that the object of prayer is to effect a change in the mind of God; but who are the *we*? They are certainly not those who have an intelligent acquaintance with the doctrines of the Christian Faith as at first delivered, nor are they those who are entitled to speak with authority as to present beliefs. It is doubtful whether the most ignorant street preacher believes what Mr. Fielding says 'we believe;' and certainly no devout intelligent Christian will, we will venture to say, be found who will not readily confess, or who does not thoroughly believe, that God knows what is good either for him or for others infinitely better than he does himself. As for the object of prayer, the common teaching of Christianity is that it is not, as Mr. Fielding puts it, to change the will of God, but to bring the will of man into harmony with the Eternal Will.

Equally crude are Mr. Fielding's conceptions of the teaching of Christianity respecting repentance and punishment. His ideas respecting the first he nowhere, so far as we remember, explicitly states. But in his chapter on 'Death the Deliverer,' he treats of the Buddhist doctrine, and his ideas of the Christian doctrine may be inferred from his antithetical statements.

'There is no need,' he says, 'for me to recall the last hours of those of our faith, to bring up again the fading eye and waning breath, the messages of hope we search for in our Scriptures to give hope to him who is going, the assurances of religion, the cross held before the dying eyes. Many men, we are told, turn to religion at last after a life of wickedness, and a man may do so at the eleventh hour and be saved. That is part of our belief; that is the strongest part of our belief, and that is the hope that all present Christians have, that those they love may be saved in the end. I think it may be truly said that our Western creeds are all directed at the hour of death as the great and final test of that creed. And

now think of Buddhism; it is a creed of life. In life you must win your way to salvation by urgent effort, by suffering, by endurance. On your death-bed you can do nothing. . . . A life is not washed, a soul is not made fit for the dwelling of eternity, in a moment. Repentance to a Buddhist is but the opening of the eyes to see the path of righteousness; it has no virtue in itself. To have seen that we are sinners is but the first step to cleansing our sin; in itself it cannot purify. As well ask a robber of the poor to repent, and suppose thereby that those who have suffered from his guilt are compensated for the evil done to them by his repentance, as to ask a Buddhist to believe that a sinner can at the last moment make good to his own soul the injuries caused to that soul by the wickedness of his life. Or suppose a man who has destroyed his constitution by excess to be by the very fact of acknowledging that excess restored to health. The Buddhist will not have that at all.'

Nor will Christianity, though the implication and suggestion of Mr. Fielding's words plainly is that it will. 'That a life is washed, or a soul made fit for the dwelling of eternity, in a moment,' is a dictum to which no theologian of any weight would for a moment think of subscribing, except in a very modified sense. In one of his sermons Cardinal Newman emphasises the fact that as it has taken a long time to acquire evil habits so it will take a long time and much patience to eradicate them, and that though one act of repentance may change the character of a man's life, many other similar acts are required to perfect it. Theologians of all schools, in fact, are in the habit of taking a view of the effects of sin which as compared with the Buddhist view is still more terrible. Dr. Pusey in one of his sermons maintains 'Every day in which some line of God's image is not traced on your souls is a loss for eternity.' A theologian of a very different school writes, 'Sin can disappear and the stain be washed away, but all the time and power spent in simply undoing the past might have been used to lift the soul into higher heavenly communion. . . . Every act in this way has its everlasting consequences, every bad act its own un-

ending effect.' And Mr. Ruskin, who tells us that he was brought up on the Bible, writes, 'The falsest of all cries of peace, where there is no peace, is that of the pardon of sin, as the mob expect it. Wisdom can "put away sin," but she cannot pardon it, and she is apt, in her haste, to put away the sinner as well, when the black ægis is on her breast.' Christianity in fact goes a good deal further in its doctrines as to sin and repentance than Buddhism does and than Mr. Fielding imagines. While with the Buddhist repentance is 'but the opening of the eyes to see the path of righteousness,' according to Christianity it is not less than the actual adoption of the path of righteousness as the way of life. As a matter of fact, indeed, Christianity demands from its followers exactly that which Mr. Fielding says it has never been possible for any religion to make the test of belief in it, that is, acts and deeds — 'fruits meet for repentance.'

His conception of the Christian doctrine of punishment Mr. Fielding sets down explicitly in his eighth chapter. He prefaces it with a pretty story of a Burman, an English officer's servant who stole some of his master's property, was punished for the theft, and then after his release from prison returned expecting to resume his old post and was unable to understand the officer's refusal to reinstate him, notwithstanding that he had expiated his offence. The story has some curious features, but these are not exactly what we want to be after at present. Here are Mr. Fielding's comments as to crime and punishment—

'To the Englishman punishment was a degradation. It seemed to him far more disgraceful that his servant should have been in gaol than that he should have committed theft. The theft he was ready to forgive, the punishment he could not. Punishment to him meant revenge. It is the revenge of an outraged and injured morality. The sinner had insulted the law, and therefore the law was to make him suffer. He was to be frightened into not doing it again. That is the idea. He was to be afraid of receiving punishment. And again his punishment was to be useful as a warning to others. . . . The idea of punishment being an atonement hardly

enters our minds at all. To us it is practically revenge. We do not expect people to be the better for it. We are sure they are worse. It is a deterrent for others, not a healing process for the man himself. . . . We do not wish or intend to improve him, but simply and purely to make him suffer. After we have dealt with him, he is never fit again for human society.'

It is not at all unlikely that here and there one or two may be found to whom these views or opinions are gospel; but to set them down as doctrines authoritatively taught in the Christian Churches or as generally current in the more enlightened part of Western civilisation argues an ignorance of what is really taught and practised in Christendom, much greater than we should willingly have laid to the credit of Mr. Fielding. A hundred years ago some such ideas undoubtedly did prevail. A hundred years ago the punishment of the offender was doubtless deemed requisite in order to vindicate 'an outraged and offended morality,' and his punishment was looked upon as a sort of revenge for the wrong he had done; but all that has now changed. In the present the object of punishment, whether human or divine, is generally, if not universally, regarded as in the main at least, if not exclusively, remedial; while as for penal laws, it will be difficult to find a legislator who does not recognise that their aim is not only the prevention of crime, but the reformation of the criminal as well. That punishment is looked upon as deterrent is unquestionable. But what then? The fact that it is coupled with the idea that anything which is deterrent is also disciplinary, simply confirms the view that punishment is in the main remedial.

We have dwelt on these points at considerable length and with reluctance. But it was necessary. Mr. Fielding's views of Christianity are so often used as a contrast to Buddhism, and have so much to do with his eulogy of it, that it is impossible to understand his attitude either to the one or the other religion without a clear understanding as to what his conceptions of Christian doctrine are.

But to turn now to his ideas on Buddhism. Some of

them we have already noted, but it may be as well to recapitulate them. The fundamental doctrine is that the world is governed by laws which are absolutely righteous and unchangeable. 'The only sin is ignorance of these laws.* Such at least is what Mr. Fielding says, but from other parts of his volume we gather that the only sin is their violation. Every violation of them may be atoned for. 'Punishment is an atonement, a purifying of the soul from the stain of sin. That is the only justification for and meaning of suffering. If a man breaks the everlasting laws of righteousness, and stains his soul with the stain of sin, he must be purified, and the only method of purification is by sufferings proportioned to the sin.'†

A man's salvation depends upon himself. No one can help him. Buddhism has no God, and the Buddhist is taught that he has no need of prayer, for the reason that it is useless.

Religion is obedience to the laws, and obedience is the way to the Great Peace. The Great Peace is the end; obedience is the means. To the question—How shall a man so think and so act that he shall come at length to the Great Peace? Mr. Fielding answers: 'Good deeds and good thoughts—wherein alone you may enter into the way. Be honourable and just, be kind and compassionate, truth-loving, and averse to wrong, this is the beginning of the road that leads unto happiness. Do good to others, not in order that they may do good to you, but because by doing so you do good to your own soul. . .

. . . Above all, learn love and sympathy. . . Man's life is not apart from other life, but of it, and if a man would make his heart perfect, he must learn to sympathize with and understand all the great world about him. But he must always remember that he himself comes first.'‡ In other words, the essence of religion is self-culture. With that nothing is to be allowed to interfere.

With the relationship of men and women, religion has nothing to do. § Buddhism is a religion of free men and free women. Each man is responsible for himself, and for himself

* P. 162.

† P. 107.

‡ Pp. 52-53.

§ P. 185.

alone, and there is no need for him to try and be guardian also to his fellows.*

Life, again, is change and change in death, or, to put it differently, life suffers from a disease called misery, from all which the Great Peace, to which obedience leads, is a mighty deliverance. 'The end of misery,' says Mr. Fielding, in his exposition of Buddhism,† 'lies in the Great Peace. A man must estrange himself from the world, which is sorrow. Hating struggle and fight, he will learn to love peace, and so discipline his soul that the world shall appear to him clearly to be the unrest which it is. Then, when his heart is fixed upon the Great Peace, shall his soul come to it at last. Weary of the earth, it shall come into the haven where there are no more storms, where there is no more struggle, but where reigns unutterable peace—

"Ever pure, and mirror bright and even,
Life among the immortals glides away;
Moons are waning, generations changing,
Their celestial life flows everlasting,
Changeless 'midst a ruined world's decay."

This is Nirvana, the end to which we must all strive, the only end there can be to the trouble of the world.'

Such are the principal doctrines of Buddhism, which we have preferred to give in Mr. Fielding's words rather than in any of our own.

Buddhism as here expounded, however, is not the whole of the Burmese religion. Here, as elsewhere, women have been the chief trouble in Buddhism. Not contented with Buddhism pure and simple, in Burma they have added to it belief in a Being above the everlasting laws of righteousness, and the practice of praying to Him. Men, on the other hand, have joined them in adding to it a belief in the existence of supernatural beings, inhabiting trees and mountains and other localities, who can be pleased or displeased, helpful or destructive.

What, then, is the hold which this religion has upon the

* P. 249.

† P. 54.

people? There can be no doubt that, to all appearance, and as Mr. Fielding would have us believe, it is great. As its fruits, Mr. Fielding points to the peaceableness of the people, to their contentment, their happiness, the way in which they celebrate their religious festivals, the orderliness which prevails among them, their good fellowship, their abstention from meddling with each other, and their patience. But how much of this is due to natural causes or to causes other than religious or Buddhism, and may be ascribed to their natural temperament and to the physical conditions among which they live, and for generations have lived, he does not, as we have already remarked, tell us or even inquire.

No doubt their religion has had some effect upon them, but for our own part we are disposed to think, notwithstanding all that Mr. Fielding has advanced, that he has greatly overrated it. On one point, even on his own showing, his theory completely breaks down. Perfect self-control is one of its principal rules, but when placed under trying conditions, the Burmese break the rule just as readily as an European. They break it, too, under ordinary conditions. The men are trained up in the monasteries, but they are no sooner let loose from them than they violate what one would imagine is the first rule of conduct inculcated upon them, that is, to abstain from mingling in the stream of the world and increasing and perpetuating its misery. If Buddhism were thoroughly believed in among the Burmans, if it were really the soul of the people, as Mr. Fielding says it is, the whole race would be celibates. But they are not celibates. There are monasteries in abundance, but there are few nunneries—a fact which seems to us to tell heavily against Mr. Fielding's theory.

Of religion in the general or outward sense the male part of the population in Burma has none; no worship, no prayer, no sacrifice. It is the women who believe in a Being who hears and answers prayer. It is the women, too, who frequent what Mr. Fielding calls the Sunday readings of the Scriptures. The men are conspicuous at these meetings by their fewness, and more generally by their absence. It is difficult to tell, therefore, what hold their religion has upon them. We are

not told that they are much given to meditation or to soul-culture, whether living as celibates in the monasteries or as men living in the world. They are peaceable, happy, and contented; courteous, and mind their own business; they attend the festivals, which is no part of Buddhism, and are kind to all living creatures, never on any account destroying life. But all this, with the exception of the last, proves nothing as to their religion; no more, for instance, than the adoption of European dress and forms of government proves that the Japanese are animated by the ideas and motives of Western Christendom. As likely as not it is to a large extent a matter of temperament. They like to live in the neighbourhood of a pagoda or a monastery, and one can understand why. The neighbourhood of one confers a sort of respectability upon their village, and provides them with the means of educating their children. Rich men will sometimes build a pagoda, but one knows what that may mean. Their horror at the taking away of life looks like a rooted and active belief in the doctrine of transmigration, and in this respect Buddhism may be said to have some hold upon them. One point on which Mr. Fielding lays stress seems to us of no value. He tells how children may be heard relating their reminiscences of a previous life, but one would scarcely like to take this as a proof that Buddhism or Platonism is the soul of a people. One knows how pretty stories may be handed down from mother to child, and how children will repeat them and identify themselves with the incidents they relate.

Some one has called Buddhism a natural religion. And such we suspect it is. It is the life and aspirations of certain Oriental peoples interpreted by a philosopher; for Gautama was certainly a philosopher, and the system he laid down is one of the master strokes of the human mind. His idea of the Great Peace is one that jumps exactly with the natural man of the Burmese. There is nothing they dislike so much as pain, sorrow and labour; there is nothing they desire more than an absolute quiet, the calm and placid enjoyment of the beautiful world around them. That is their Nirvana, their heaven, not extinction, but the pure and passionless joy

of the natural man, still, placid and serene, undisturbed by any storm without or any storm of emotion within, every sense an avenue of soft and sweet delight, no vicissitude of nature and no call to active existence ever breaking in upon the eternal silence or ruffling the smooth and even flow of their sensuous joy. No wonder that Buddhism has some hold upon them. It sets before them their ideal of existence—not a very high one—just as the paradise of Mahomet sets before the Turk the ideal of his.

Gautama's great contribution to Indian and Burman knowledge was the discovery of the absolute and unchangeable righteousness of the laws by which the world is governed. And just in proportion as these have taken hold of the minds of the Burmese and are observed by them, just in proportion as their minds are bent upon following the Noble Path for the attainment of Nirvana, Buddhism may be said to be the 'soul' of their nation. But so far, Mr. Fielding notwithstanding, the soul of the people is the soul of the people still, and not Buddhism. They are children of nature and, except as their nature has been modified to a certain extent by the institutions among which they live, their life is that of the natural man as affected by the physical conditions in which they have been born and bred—conditions, which, as Mr. Fielding's pages bear witness, are reflected in their character, upon which Buddhism has had an effect neither deep nor great, but somewhat difficult to estimate. Mr. Fielding has written sympathetically and poetically about them, but he has not proved that Buddhism has given them a new soul or profoundly modified the natural current of their existence. That it has not inspired them with the spirit of enterprise and progress is certain. If it has done anything in this connection it has repressed rather than inspired. The most enterprising among them are women, and these have other faiths than those of Buddha.

It is not in our intention to follow Mr. Fielding further, but before concluding we may add one or two remarks which are necessary to complete what we have said.

Any one who will compare what Mr. Fielding has praised in

the Burman's religion with the conceptions he sets forth of Christian doctrine, will not find it difficult to understand either his attitude towards the Christian Faith or his eulogy of Buddhism. Had he looked further into Christianity, he would have found not only all that he finds admirable in the teaching of Buddha, but a great deal more equally deserving to be admired, if not more so. It is strange that, while dwelling so much upon the absolute and unchanging righteousness of the laws by which the world is governed, Gautama did not hit upon the idea of an absolutely righteous and unchangeable Lawgiver. It may be, as some have said, that he felt the shadow of the Almighty, and had some dim discernment of His existence and character, but refrained from attempting to define what he saw and felt. But whether such was the case or not, there is no certain knowledge. Strange, too, it is that he failed to see that when a man strives to keep the laws of the everlasting morality, all that is pure and strong and lasting in the universe co-operates with him. Had he seen this, it would have supplied his religion, which is barren of all motives save one of the lowest, with a motive which, besides being at once invincible and elevating, would have brought the faith he inculcated much nearer to the purest and noblest the world has known.

ART. VI.—IN DORSET AND DEVON DALES.

IN these modern days, when we are told everyone lives in public, it is scarce possible to find along or anigh the southern shores of England a really sequestered nook out of earshot of railway whistle. One such spot there is, however, in a remote corner of old Wessex, where you may wander along the cliffed sea-verge five or six leagues, and thence half that distance inland, without striking the iron track. For, till now, the railway projector has been successfully barred from thrusting out his railed tentacle through its heart, though how

long this may last seems doubtful. It is thus a region of singularly sequestered unspoiled landscape and seascape beauty, even for England. And, this domain being out of touch with the bustling traffic of steamboat and locomotive, and far from any great hive of business industry, so the spell that is woven over it is idyllic, archaic, calling up lilts of the sweet olden-time, charged with some remanent savour of an elvan underworld. A region of pastoral dales, of grassy mead, 'combe,' dell, dingle, of labyrinthine undercliffs where the land is perpetually sliding down into the sea, and has assumed the most fantastic shapes, yet all softened under Nature's mellowing hand into velvety verdure, and clad in sylvan vesture. No genuine lover of the pastoral campagne of Albion, no true possessor of its secret, could make a week's sojourn here and not realise the abiding charm of this sunny southland—

' Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.'

A region full of bird life; and, as for wild-flower life, one may gather along the lanes and 'bottoms,' even in quite early spring, the 'harvest of a quiet eye.'

Readers of these pages may be surprised to learn of the wild flora I noted in a country walk hereaway early in the month of February. The sloping side of a Dorset dale or combe is usually a sort of emerald checker-work, the cross stripes being the hedgerows. (In West-country dialect 'Combe' = bottom = dingle = hollow between two hills). Along the green banks I found primroses, hart's-tongue fern in profusion, wild geranium flowering in considerable quantity; an occasional campion; clusters of orange-cupped coltsfoot clinging to the soft lias clay, and the gorse well out—here and there in golden brilliance such as April or May might be expected to exhibit. Two or three weeks later the wild strawberry was in flower, and, along with abundance of purple-hued violets, I chanced upon a bank of scented white ones. In some of the copses and spinneys, too, were quantities of daffodils in bloom, and even wild snowdrops.

The undercliff wilderness stretches for miles, and is of its

kind, I believe, unique in this country. Looking down over it from the edge of the cliffs, it brought to my mind the bush-dotted spaces one sees in some of the valleys near the Natal-Zululand frontier—as the ‘Umquaqua,’ for instance—only there the bossy clumps are mainly of mimosa and euphorbia, and here we have no reed-buck, wild hog, or guinea-fowl suddenly breaking cover. Certainly the scenes along this extraordinary tract, where Dorset and Devon join hands, is one of singular beauty and variety. In the devastation wrought by successive slips of the limestone crags above, the fallen soil has come to cover a width of half a mile or more between the present cliff-line and the sea-beach. And here it lies puckered up into an alternation of folds and hollows, after the manner of a sheet of corrugated hardware. Never have I seen its like in my wanderings in many foreign parts.

When you descend into this picturesque waste, it is found to be a nether-world of surprises. Humps, ridges, fairy dells, open woodland scattered about of ash, larch, and Scotch fir, dwarf-elder, wild cherry, thorn, hazel; a large proportion of the young trees in the deadly embrace of the serpentine ‘hedera’ stem, and plumed with its sombre foliage. Here and there are isolated rock-columns of limestone embroidered with ivy and lichens. Gorsy and ferny brakes, catkins hanging in tassels from many a bough, the white fluff of the clematis overspreading many a thicket. Round about a luxuriant carpeting of mossy turf and rush-grasses, threaded now and again with a foot-track, which, it may be—

‘Winds like a grassy streamlet
Twixt hollies and hazels old.’

But the culmination of this spectacle of Nature’s convulsions is at the westernmost portion of the under cliff range, and is known as the great Landslide. Few would imagine that such a tremendous exhibition of natural forces is to be seen on the border of the English Channel.

The local account of this phenomenal landslip is as follows. On the 24th December, 1839, in the small and dark hours of the morning, the inmates of Dowlands farmhouse, which is

distant near a mile from the locale of the disturbance, were alarmed by hearing a violent, crashing noise. On the night following, Christmas Eve, the occupants of two cottages built upon the border of the debris below the adjacent undercliff, noticed fissures opening out in the ground there, and afterwards the walls of their dwellings began to rend and sink. On the morrow, Christmas Day, a huge belt of the land slipped, or rather sank, away to the position it now occupies. From Mr. R——, who has lived all his days hard by the spot, I had some interesting supplementary details. He is a farmer, far advanced in years, though still hale and active, and remembers the catastrophe very distinctly. The crashing noise of the subsiding ground in the dead of the night was loud enough to be heard for many miles round in the towns and villages. On the subsided tract was a lime-kiln, which disappeared bodily. Just at the eastern edge of the area of disturbance stood the two cottages already mentioned. The inmates were asleep when the coastguardsmen came to arouse them, and by the time they were up, the doorways had sunk some feet, insomuch that the folk inside were unable to get out through them, and had to escape by the windows. The cottages were afterwards renovated, and are still standing and tenanted. Mr. R——, then a youth, visited the scene of the great ruin next day, and says it was an extraordinary spectacle.

Let me now describe the spot as it is seen from the best point of view, that is, a point on the edge of the principal cliff-line. From here the full scene of havoc and chaos is before you. On the left a large elevated tract of land stands up isolated and separated from the mainland by a great gulf or chasm broken up into a confused medley of bare rock-stacks, cones, and pinnacles. Interspersed with these are roof-like ridges and hollows, green with herbage. It is as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed up the fields above, as it did of old the company of Korah. Crossing the chasm, and getting upon the insulated tableland, one finds it half a mile or so long, by a quarter mile in width, sloping to seaward—a grassy down, with some hedgerows and the remnant of an orchard upon it. These are really the fields,

hedges, and trees as they stood before the area, now detached, sank down from the parent land. One notices that two of the hedges on the island prolong the lines of corresponding ones seen, end-on, at the verge of the mainland cliff. The chasm, I should judge, at a rough estimate, to measure from one to two hundred yards in width, and the depth from 100 to 150 feet. 'This phenomenal convulsion of nature,' says Buckland, 'far exceeded the ravages of the earthquakes of Calabria.'

One or two rough pathways lead down into the tangled bossy wilderness below. Here are accentuated all the wilder features of this region—knotted ridges, deep tortuous furrows, trees, some of them literally springing out of the rocks and boulders strewn about; while above, a long line of sheer crags towers up, glittering white or yellow in the sunshine.

In this singular nether-zone of shoreland, which stretches for miles—sylvan, verdant, flowery—the wild-bird life is not its least attractive feature. Many days I spent there, roaming about in the ope-tide season, alive to the music of the wood-notes. Leaving out of count the smaller birds, I chanced across partridge, pheasant, herons, hawks, magpies, parliaments of jackdaws, ringdoves, 'bluerock' pigeons. Twice I surprised the shy woodpecker, obvious in his greenish-yellow plumage, and scared into uttering his sharp, shrill, four-or-five-note monotone, 'chir, chir, chir, chir,' as he flew off to a neighbouring tree-trunk. One afternoon a pair of hawks sallied out from the cliffs, and, after a preliminary reconnoitre, one of them made straight for a dense covert of tall trees, whence came the coo of a cushat. I watched the bird suddenly soar and hover, and then, shutting his wings, drop like a stone nearly to ground, recover, re-ascend, hover again, and then, with a final swift swoop down, disappear. The partridges were of course pairing, and many a brace did I put up in the undercliff, usually in the same spots day by day. After getting up ahead of me two or three times, and taking short flights over the next ferny brow, the twain would generally head round and hark back to where they were first disturbed.

Another feature of this undercliff weald is that it is one

enormous rabbit-warren. The soft cliff-slopes of greensand, chalk, and limestone, lend themselves to Bunny's burrowings, and the whole region is honeycombed with his tunnels. Standing still in the comparative noiselessness of its sheltered solitudes, and looking up the steep hillside from the bottom, one is aware of an incessant evanescent passage to and fro of dun-grey furs. Nor is this alone from sight of them, for now and again can be distinctly heard the light pattering dumps or thuds of little feet scampering across the crumbling gravel and debris, and the sound of an occasional falling pebble dislodged in their flight.

Badgers are plentiful. Foxes, too, used to abound in these cliffs, for where the coney is, there commonly will the vulpine tribe be gathered together. The coverts in the neighbouring combs for miles round are a pretty sure find for hounds. I was told of a curious incident of a certain run of a Dorset pack near here in a recent hunting season. A stout old fox, who it was thought had saved his brush from more than one previous chase, was very hard pressed by the hounds, when at a double-hedged fence near a farm-house they ran out of scent. All efforts to lay on again were baffled, though the check was a very mysterious one. When the hounds had gone home and the field dispersed, a farm-hand working about the spot where the scent had failed spied Reynard crouched atop of a tree-stump between the two hedgerows of the fence. Up upon this ready-made lair the fox had evidently leaped and lain close, hid from view of whips and huntsman, and out of scent of the pack. There the wily old campaigner had bided till Hodge disturbed him, when off he trots, to race for his brush another day. Such was the account I had from a local resident, who pointed out the place to me.

Behind the Devon-Dorset under-cliffs, four or five miles back from the sea, stretches a long irregular ridged plateau rising to an altitude ranging between 600 and 900 feet. From this plateau a marvellous extent of view is commanded over the Wessex hinterland, and, as might have been expected, it is dotted with the ramparted strongholds of the old Dorset

Celts, the Durotriges; earthworks probably erected for tribal defence long ere Roman or Saxon set foot in the country. This upland is a wind-swept wold, whereon every boreal and easterly blast plumes its piercing wings. In wintertide or even early spring, fierce snowstorms surge up over it, beleaguer the ancient fortresses, hurtle up against the banks and hedgerows, and obliterate the roadways in huge snowdrifts ten to a dozen feet in depth, something after the manner we have read of in *Lorna Doone*, when 'girt Jan Ridd' had to cut out his snow-buried sheep. It is this dorsal summit-ridge that serves as so effectual a barrier, shutting in and screening from the keener winds the whole configuration of vales, dells, and combes, which radiate from it, and which, facing toward the sunny south, slope downward to the seashore, with all their varied store of running brooks, woodlands, orchards, homesteads, gardens, and meadowlands.

Such then is the beautiful diversified tract of rural and austral England I have desired to make the reader realise in its vivid landscape aspects, before entering upon the singular charm which invests the history of the locality, and other memorials of its past. That history is legibly imprinted, those memorials are thick-strewn, upon the visible face of the surrounding country, and are marked out in their successive groups or stages so as to be clearly distinguishable.

There is, first of all and immeasurably the earliest record, the testimony of the rocks along the seashore, where the leaves of the geologic book are exposed to view. It so happens that the series of rock-measures known as the blue Lias, traceable over in France, reappear in the bend of the English coast we are considering, and thence strike across England in a north-easterly direction to Lincoln and Whitby in Yorkshire. Now, in other varieties of strata associated with the lias—*e.g.*, the chalk, chert, greensand, red marl, etc.—fossil remains are found. But it is in the lias beds only of this little reach of coast where have been dug out skeletons of some of the strangest and weirdest-shaped creatures that ever drew breath on our earth's surface. And the odd thing is that the virtual discovery of the fossilised carcasses of these long

extinct saurian monsters was only made in the first half of the present century. Mary Anning, a lady of Lyme Regis, was the finder of the earliest scientifically identified specimens of the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, and the Pterodactyl. This ichthyosaurus or fish-reptile is described by the great naturalist Cuvier as having the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, a crocodile's teeth, the paddles of a cetacean (it had four), and the vertebrae of a fish. The creature's jaws were of great strength and capacity, and it must have been a kind of autocrat of the waters among the other saurians. Mary Anning was but a girl scarce into her teens when one day in 1811 she ran down to the beach near Lyme Regis, and saw among the rock-shelves of the lias marl a projecting bone of an animal. With the help of some men she traced out and laid bare the embedded 'crocodile,' as it was then thought to be, which was dug out, sold to the lord of the manor for £23, and ultimately found its way to one of the great London museums. It measured some four and twenty feet in length. A few years later more bones of the same creature were found near the same spot, and afterwards an entire skeleton was extricated. With these remains Professor Frank Buckland, Sir Everard Home, Conybeare, De la Beche—names now all well known in geological annals—set to work, and, with the constant aid of the energetic young lady as local collector, evolved and formulated for the scientific world the structure and characteristics of this long extinct reptile.

The plesiosaurus was differently built from its more formidable neighbour. It had four propelling paddles, a small lizard-like head, and a prodigiously elongated neck resembling the body of a serpent. And whereas all existing mammalia—as man, whale, giraffe—are invariably provided with but seven cervical joints, while the reptilia have from three to eight; this fantastic lizard had over forty vertebrae in its long neck. A fine specimen was found here, which was purchased in the earlier years of the century for 120 guineas.

These two long-vanished denizens of a dead world represent a condition of climate and environment absolutely different from anything which has obtained in or near the British

Isles during the human epoch, and are separated from it by an enormous interval of time. From other fossilised organic remains they are associated with in the lias measures we can gather that these wondrous saurians were wont to swim or crawl about in shallow seas and inlets among gigantic reeds, seaweeds, and rank grasses: with nought to be seen but a dreary expanse of low marshy flats in a state of perpetual ooze, and a tropical atmosphere more dense and vaporous than the steamy exhalations of the most noisome African lagoon.

But the most marvellous and weird-looking of the creatures found buried in the Dorset lias is the winged and claw-fingered reptile named the pterodactyl, a skeleton of which Miss Anning brought to light in 1828, the first specimen discovered of a previously unknown species of its kind. Cuvier, writing of two perfect examples he had studied of this ghoulish creature, characterises it as the strangest of aspect of all the extinct animals, and the most unlike to anything now existent. 'Ceux qui si on les voyait vivans, paraîtraient les plus étrangers à toute la nature actuelle.'* Something akin to a prodigious vampire-bat, with a long beak like a woodcock's, but bristling with crocodilean teeth; vertebrae, legs, and feet, resembling those of a lizard; its three anterior fingers tipped with long hooked claws; its body encased with scaly armour. Such was this grotesque bird-reptile; and it had, besides, a powerful paw which enabled it to creep, climb, or suspend itself from trees; so that with the addition of its bat-wings it had ample power of locomotion. Verily, to see one of these fossil prodigies reanimate would be to us 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream:—a shape one might conjure up in a Djinn-tale, or imagine to be a grisly familiar of some demon-enchantment.

Among other animal remains some immense molar teeth of the elephant and rhinoceros have been found in the rock-measures of Lyme and Charmouth.

* Roberts' *History of Lyme Regis*; London, 1834.

The Lyme lias is also full of fossilised mollusca of inordinate size compared with those of the human period. One sees about the houses and gardens here specimens from the adjoining seashore, particularly of the ammonites, which run to two and three feet in diameter:—beautifully-patterned spirals, the huge dead shells of a gigantic organic life aeons back from our own. At Whitby in Yorkshire, where the Dorset lias reappears, these immense ammonites were once thought to be petrified headless serpents, and there was a legend that St. Hilda of the great abbey there had miraculously driven them over the cliffs.

‘ And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed.’ *

John Hutchins too, the great historian of Dorset, writing in 1774, speaks of the ‘petrified shells or serpent-stones found in Lyme.’

Then there were huge nautilites; belemnites by the million, long tapering shells which got the various names of ladies’ fingers, finger-stones, arrow-heads, and thunderbolts; rhyncholites; and the five-angled lily-shaped fossil named ‘pentacrinite.’ Among extinct piscatorial species are found several kinds of ichthy-odorulites, and a beautiful ganoid fish with rectangular or tessellated scales of a lustrous jet-black hue, named the dapedium. Moreover, besides the myriad rock-prints of all these once living and moving creatures, there are vestiges though far less abundant of the variant flora and plant life of this immeasurably remote period.

Having then just dipped into the leaves of the geologic volume, it is time to turn to the beginnings of the human period and feel our way about in the dawn of British history.

The region I am describing is rich in reliques of the days of yore. There are the ancient British or aboriginal ‘camps’ (so-called) of which I have already spoken; fine specimens of their kind some of them, encircled with double or triple earth-work ramparts, and deep formidable fosses. Congeners of the

* ‘Marmion,’ Canto II., 13.

Irish 'raths,' of the Scottish 'duns' or 'douns,' of the 'dinas' of the Cymry, these archaic fenced fortresses are for the most part to be traced on the high downs and hill-summits of the country, or on the ridges of their spurs. Their names are tell-tale, frequently with 'don,' 'down,' or 'ton' suffixed, as in Pilsdon, Hawkesdown, Dumpdon, Eggardun; or, again, with the well known termination 'bury' sometimes implying association with ancient 'tumuli' ('burg,' 'barrow'), as in Musbury. Membury, Woodbury, Blackbury, etc.; or with 'castle' tacked on, as Lambert's Castle, Conig Castle, and so on. The probabilities are that these hill-forts were the head quarters of the tribal chieftains and their lieutenants, where in war-time the clansfolk could drive their cattle and take shelter themselves with their families and the best of their household stuff. From one elevated spot no less than a dozen of these entrenched strongholds can be counted on a clear day. Roman and Saxon alike availed themselves of these fenced posts of the folk they had dispossessed.

Then there are the ancient highways memorising early British and Latin times. The Col-way is a branch of the Roman Iter, that connected Silchester with Dorchester, Exeter, and the Land's End, one part of which is still known as the 'Ackling' or 'Ickling' Dyke, and was a sort of continuation of Ickneild (Hikenilde) Strete leading from the *Iceni* country, one of the four great Roman roads of Britain. Along the valley of the Axe are traces of a 'Fosse-way' * (so-called) which exactly prolongs the line of the magnificent Roman road or 'causey' so named, that started from Lincoln and passed through Cirencester, Bath, and Ilchester, to the head of Axe Vale. Where the Col-way struck off from the main Iter was at a spot now covered by a dwelling-house and farmland named *Hogchester*. One can generally track out these Roman ways by aid of the *castra* ('chesters' or 'cesters') in the local place-names, which serve as guide posts along their course. A feature well known to all who have walked and studied

* Not the 'Foss' Guest mentions as being in Dorsetshire. *Origines Celticae*. Macmillan, 1883.

these archaic British Roman tracks is their uncompromising steepness, driven as they were straight up and down across hills and valleys. This was to save cutting into slopes, to hug the harder and drier ground, and avoid morasses: seeing the traffic was chiefly on pack animals.

Finds of antique coins of various periods were frequent in these Dorset dales; and among them hoards of Roman treasure-trove. In one field were dug up early in this century two and twenty coins of Antoninus Pius, Trajan, Lucilla, wife of the debauchee Emperor Lucius Verus, and one of Marcia Octacilia Severa, wife of Julius Philippus.*

Nor must I omit mention of a Roman villa—a '*rara avis*' in these parts—brought to light in the sheltered little vale of Holcombe. From the present occupier of the farm on which it stands, I learned something about it. Some years ago his father, then farm tenant, lighted in a field upon the debris of some buildings which he was about to remove and use up as old stone, when it got wind that here was something of antiquity out of the common, and worth exploration. Excavations were made, and the walls of some five or six chambers laid bare to a height of several feet, along with a wide-bordered circular bath. The floor of this bath and of one of the chambers was a fine tessellated pavement or mosaic work in minute squares of white and blue ware, arranged in double parallel lines so that two lines of blue tint alternated with two lines of white. The bath outlet was also found, laid in a course of chalk stones guttered out and carried away to discharge down the hill. A votive or memorial tablet and some utensils as chisels, tongs, etc., were likewise unearthed. Unfortunately for visitors, the whole of these most interesting remains of Roman mason work are now covered in two or three feet underground (for their preservation I was told), and nothing can be seen on the site; but an architect's plan of the buildings was taken when the villa residence was exposed.

Furthermore, in these Dorset dales there lack not echoes of battle-clang from the far times of the Heptarchy. To the

* Roberts' *History*, p. 9.

strong ramparted 'camp' already named, Conig or Cyning (the King's) Castle, Egbert, prince of West Seaxnaland, is held to have once betaken himself and the remnant of his fighting men under cover of night, sore smitten from fierce conflict with many thousands of filibustering Northmen disgorged from a fleet of ships at the valley-mouth anear. And thereafter, but a few years, it fell out that these terrible vikings reappeared, with a like tale of vessels, on the same sea-shore; and this time were confronted by Aethelwulf and his Englishmen, who hard bestead scarce held their own. Whereupon the Danish marauders fared no further inland, but sailed away elsewhere, taking no spoil. The bare recital of these two events in the Saxon Chronicle is characteristic.

'Anno DCCCXXXIII. This year Cyning (King) Eggbryht fought the men of thirty-five ships at Carrum (Charmouth), and there was great slaughter made, and the Danish men kept grip of the field. And Herefurth and Wigthen, two bishops, died. And Dudda and Osmod, two ealdormen, died.' . . . 'Anno DCCCXL. This year King Aethelwulf fought at Carrum the crews of thirty-five ships, and the Danish men held the field.'

Now and then we get glimpses of this West Dorset country from old charters, and from the laconic record of Domesday. Here in the Lym valley the great religious house of the Benedictines at Glastonbury already in Norman William's time held lordship of the soil. 'The church,' we read, 'holds *Lym*. In King Edward's time it paid geld for three hides. Ulviet held it, and still holds it of the abbot, having two ploughs, nine villeins, six bordars, four acres of meadowland . . . ten acres of forest.' Another Domesday note of a Lym manor specifies among its possessions (besides villeins and bordars) four thralls and so many swine, sheep, goats, and oxen, with the greatest precision. One house in the valley yielded a rental of sixpence. Fifteen shillings were paid the monks for rights of fishing:—'*piscatores tenent et reddunt xv solidos monachis ad pisces*.' The mill here brought thirty-nine pence. Thirteen salt-boilers (*salinarii*) paid the Abbey as dues a shilling apiece. And so on. But then, when the victor of Hastings had his minute survey and valuation made, shillings

and pence were of enormous value in compare with our modern copper and silver money!

Space forbids more than a brief excursion into the later history of this interesting Wessex borderland. The little old-world town situated in its midst, where the beautiful vale of Lym dips its foot in the sea, is a picture to delight any artist's eye, seen from the brow of the western uplands in the aureate glow of the declining sun. The grey massive weather-cocked church tower, low and square, in its setting of dwelling-houses and gardens, is then gilded into flame; and the long line of alternating vale and cliff dominated by 'Golden Cap' dims away into the far distance, a wonderland of dreams and gleams, with its face for ever toward the blue and emerald waste of waters. It is here

' At Lyme, sweet Devon takes the hand
Of Dorset's fairest spot of land.'

Already, in Henry III.'s reign, Lyme was a flourishing little seaport; and soon after the middle of the thirteenth century it had its fair and market. Under Edward I. the Lyme manors passed to the Crown, and thus, becoming the King's own demesne, the townlet acquired the added designation 'Regis.' In the same reign it was made by charter a free borough, with all burgess liberties as enjoyed by the citizens of London, a great concession. When Edward was in sore straits for money to wage his wars in Wales and Scotland, he summoned a Parliament, and served writs on the boroughs for their representatives to attend it. Lyme's first two delegates were Geoffry le Keu and William Tuluse, and they went off to Canterbury where this Parliament was sitting. On their return to Lyme, the two deputies presented their bill of travelling costs to the mayor and bailiffs, and were allowed two shillings each per diem. This was in 1295, so that it is more than six centuries since we had the modern Radical's desideratum—paid members of Parliament!

Another interesting souvenir of our ancient Dorset port is derived from the collection of early State documents known as 'Rymer's Foedera.' The great King, Edward I., visits the

place, and writes a private letter therefrom to the Countess of Flanders in the delightful quaint Norman-French of the period. It begins, 'Roy, à la contasse de Flandres, saluz.' It assures the lady of his good health, etc. 'E nous fesoms a savoir que nous estoions en bone sauntee quant cestre lettre fut faite. Dieu merci la quele chose nous desirons mult saver de vous.' And he subscribes the letter: 'Donnees a Lym le xiv jour de Maii,' in the year of grace 1297.

A conspicuous feature on the Lyme seashore is the little primitive harbour with its breakwater jetties, which goes by the name of 'The Cobb.' It has again and again been damaged by the sea and patched up; its shape is altered from that of the original structure; and its present masonry might from its aspect date back to the Conquest. An old print of Queen Elizabeth's time represents the harbour as a refuge built up of rows of wooden piles with great rocks and stones thrown in between. What it was like in earlier days we know not, but there is documentary evidence that the liegemen of our mediæval ville petitioned King Edward III. to let them levy customs at the port to defray the cost of rebuilding 'Le Cobbe,' which had been devastated and broken up by the sea.

Lyme equipped and furnished the King of England with four ships to take part in the siege of Calais: and in this same reign it was the scene of a landing by the French, who set fire to the town, whereafter the townsfolk forsook it for a time in fear of further raids. From the hills above the town the Dorset people saw the beginning of the engagement between the great Armada sailing eastward, and the fleet of Lord High Admiral Howard hanging close on its skirts.

The old manor-houses—and they are many in this part of the country—are some of them real gems of their kind, taking us well back into mediæval days. Yonder stands the relict of one hard by the ancient Col-way, for generations the abode of gentle-born lords of the soil, but now declined into a farmhouse. What is left of the mansion presents a beautiful frontal facade: low wide windows of Tudor type, four-mullioned and overarched with ornamental drip-stones: a handsome porch with Normanesque round-headed doorway, projecting imposts,

and side stone sedilia. Up to the house stretched a stately avenue of trees now all but obliterated.

Take another and yet more distinctive specimen, the demesne house of Bindon (fourteenth-fifteenth century), near the site of the great landslip, sheltering in the combe of a sweet little vale. Through the ancient courtyard archway is seen the twin-gabled mansion front with flanking wings, its roof-edge shaped like an inverted W: with pointed porch set centrewise, deeply recessed and stone-seated not along the sides as usually, but in the angles. The house has a wealth of enriched chasing. Mullioned windows finely chiselled as at Colway; graceful doorways with nicely wrought jambs: archways and window openings alike shaded with delicately carved weather-mouldings, some of them terminating in ornamental finial-heads of men and animals. But the architectural tit-bit here is the little domestic oratory or chapel, consecrated as such early in the fifteenth century: in an upper storey of the house, and now used as a bedchamber. The room has one large window, recessed in which is a wide stone sedilium or platform, perhaps used as altar. Within the side wall of this window-recess is a richly decorated and canopied shrine now void of its saintly effigy. At the base of the shrine are two human half-figures and a boss of foliage. Underneath is another small two-cusped niche; probably an almary or credence, with ornamented pinnacles and more embossed leafage. The ceiling of the chapel is a sort of flat panelwork, divided into six equal squares by oaken beams. The house, indeed, is full of elaborately carved oak panelling. The handsomest specimen is downstairs in the side wall of the main passage: a row or running pattern of narrow boldly-relieved spaces, each panel delicately wrought into trefoiled heads, and with smaller trefoils pierced through the spandrels.

I have been somewhat minute in describing these details, inasmuch as this old manor-house is a rich and rare example of its kind, full of sweet surprises to the lover of the antique.

Interesting old churches there are, too, in plenty, but I have no space to linger over these. Suffice it to mention but two. The fine old mother-church in Marshwood Vale, which to its

name proper (a variant of *Candida Casa*) takes on the adjunct '*Canonicorum*,' is a delightful study in architecture. Its composite styles range from late Norman of the twelfth century, on through most beautiful Early English work—arcades, shafting, and enriched capitals—to fifteenth century and Perpendicular details. And the church has, besides, some uncommon features that want careful looking for. In the south doorway, itself a very fine example of transitional Norman work, there are cut deep into one jamb two small crosses and two (apparently) mason-marks. Upon a stone in one of the external walls is embossed the two-handed chalice or 'grail,' and outside the north bay of the tower is a trefoiled panel with a crucifix in it very much weatherworn. A sacring-bell cot, an elaborately ornamented altar-tomb of the church's tutelary saint, and a Holy Well in the neighbourhood, famed for its healing virtues, add to the interest and reputation of this ancient Christian site.

The other church we will note is an antique little fane, nestling in a green orchard-fringed dell, scented with wild flowers. Besides its odd-shaped tower, it has a curious skew window (probably for lepers to sight the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament during Mass), and some other early mediæval details. Adjoining it are the domestic buildings of an old-world nunnery, almost intact as when the sisters were in residence. A charming little three-light pointed window, thatched roof, venerable oak beams, small refectory, and huge, capacious hearths, tell of the long ago. Outside, enclosed with an archaic wall of flint rubble, is a garden, and a long embanked alley within it, still dubbed '*The Nuns' Walk*.' But the most precious relics of this church of *Combe Pyne*, are its sacramental plate. The chalice ($6\frac{1}{2}$ inches high) has a hexagonal pedestal with concave sides tapering upwards, and ornamental cusps at the angles. The stem is slender, and the bowl bell-shaped. Upon one of the pedestal faces is graven the monogram, *I.H.S.* The paten is a shallow, circular plate, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, of hammered silver, and with a wide rim. The hollow or concavity is figured out into a six-foil pattern, with an inner disc containing an enchased thorn-

crowned visage of the Saviour. Both pieces of silver are exquisitely gilt, the gilding still in beautiful tint and preservation. The peculiarity of this gilding is that it is only partial. In the paten it covers about half the width of the rim, the points of the hexafoil and four stars projecting from the inner disc. In the chalice, again, the pedestal face with monogram is wholly overgilt, while the other five faces are only partially so along their edge.

Neither paten nor chalice bear silversmith's hall-mark of any kind, but that both are antiques of rare value, handed down in this church through centuries, seems unquestionable. The ascertainment of their exact date is probably impossible, as there are no parish or other known records thereof, as far as I could ascertain. It has been held by some that the approximate age of this plate may be inferred from the absence of any hall-mark. I think it was in A.D. 1300 that an ordinance was passed requiring all sterling articles of gold and silver in England to be stamped with the Leopard's head. From this point of view, one might ascribe these Communion vessels of Combe Pyne to as far back as the thirteenth century. Moreover, there are certain points of resemblance in style between the paten here and a silvern one recently found within the stone-coffin of Walter de Cantelupe, bishop of Worcester in 1296,* which seem rather to fit in with that view.

Three historic incidents stand out in strong local colour from the wonted neutral tints of the annals of our secluded out-of-the-world corner of Dorset. These are the besieging of Lyme town in the first civil war of the Stuart dynasty, the attempt of Charles II. when a fugitive to escape over-sea from Charmouth, and the landing of James, Duke of Monmouth.

The siege of Lyme Regis was, of course, only one among many tragedies of like kind enacted north and south, east and west, over our English land during the decade which terminated in the execution of the King-martyr. It presents the

* See account and illustration of the 'Cantelupe paten' in *The Sketch* of 20th April, 1898.

usual features of resolution and heroic fortitude, not unmingled with fanaticism, but it became especially memorable from the extraordinary stubbornness of the defence, which, after two months' duration, was crowned with success. A MS. diary of the occurrences of the siege, written by someone within the town (quoted by Roberts) gives many graphic particulars, but the estimates given of losses and prowess must be accepted *cum grano salis*, as coming from a partisan. On the 20th April, 1644, Prince Maurice, brother of Rupert the Fiery, appeared with his Royalist troops on the hillslopes of the pretty Lyme valley just above the townlet. They numbered under five thousand, and the defenders of Lyme some five hundred—near about ten to one. The town at this time was girt with a wall and small bastioned forts at intervals, but most of these structures have disappeared. The besiegers raised breastworks and counter-batteries; these last they armed with culverins and other pieces of ordnance. The assailants discharged into the town grenades, fireballs, 'fire-arrows,' and other missiles, to which the besieged replied with case-shot. The Prince's force appears to have been partly made up of impressed English, Irish, and Cornishmen, some of whom had no great stomach for fighting. With the Royalist army were a number of Erse women (presumably camp-followers), and on 30th April two or three of these were killed in a sally of the garrison. Money and supplies were voted by the Parliament to assist the townsfolk. On the 11th May, six ships from the Roundheads came into Lyme with a reinforcement of 240 soldiers. The same day three men were slain in Captain Davy's fort as they were singing a psalm! Four days later, 'a pious Captain' arrived with 120 more Parliamentarians, and in another week appeared on the scene the Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral, with nine vessels. A Royalist boy managed to capture the town's colours hoisted on the Cobb, and on 22nd May the 'malignants' set fire to most of the shipping lying there. One day Prince Maurice sent word to the town 'to have his prisoners well dealt withal about their victuals,' as he had heard 'they were scantled thereof.' Another day, during a brisk fire from outside, a

townswoman had both hands shot off as she was carrying water. One account declares that during the siege the town-water was tinged with blood. On 15th June Essex was at Dorchester with 13,000 horse and foot; the siege of Lyme was raised, and Prince Maurice, with the remnant of his force, retired to Exeter. Already, indeed, the King had written well-greeting to his 'most dear and entirely beloved nephew' to draw off from Lyme if the place could not be taken.

So ended an eventful episode in the history of our little Dorset port. On the morrow (16th) being Sunday, there was a thanksgiving for the town's deliverance, whereat the Reverend Hugh Peters preached with much unction concerning 'that dead dog,' King Charles, and how it behoved them all 'to pull him down, tread and trample upon him, that he be no farther cause of the abominations of that idolatrous people' (the malignants).

More of dramatic personal interest attaches to Monmouth's landing at Lyme on 21st June, 1685. A document (No. 6845) among the Harleian Collection of MSS. gives an animated account of it by an eyewitness. The narrator is one Mr. Samuel Dassell, then Deputy-Searcher of the Lyme Custom House.* The following is a very brief *résumé* of the details given.

On June 11 (O.S.) or 21st by our modern computation, 1685, at daybreak, three vessels were espied by the Lyme men some two or three leagues out in the offing, which the seamen, watching from the bowling-green, judged to be either of Dutch or French build. By five p.m., after many cogitations and consultations, the mayor and Council had become alarmed, though as yet nothing had disembarked save one boat carrying three persons of some quality, and these had gone aboard again. The five o'clock London post brought down to the townspeople a copy of the weekly newsletter, which, *inter alia*, mentioned that our ambassador had reported from the Netherlands suspicions of the destination of three

* See *The Life of James, Duke of Monmouth*, by George Roberts. Longman, 1844.

ships laden with arms and doubly manned, about to sail thence for *somewhere*. By this hour of the day, the three strange crafts were under way again standing for inshore. The Mayor, Dassell, and some others, were now in a quandary as to what action should be taken, and repaired to a tavern to discuss the situation. It was found impracticable to fire a challenge by gun, as there was no powder handy. At 8.15 p.m. some boats were seen to be rowing shoreward from the unknown vessels, and the mayor gave orders to cause beat the town drums. Meantime seven boats landed hard by the Cobb with eighty-three men.

'When Duke James was come ashore,' says another who was present, 'he called for silence, and then desired we would joyn with him in returning God thanks for that wonderful preservation we had met with at sea, and accordingly fell on his knees on the sand, and was the mouth of us all in a short ejaculation.' Of the borough militia who should have turned out on the occasion, *one* man in arms presented himself—John Halloway by name—but his captain having kept away, and there being no one present to support him, the man transferred himself to Duke Monmouth's party, and was afterwards hanged. All things were now in confusion. The townsfolk, as befitted Non-Conformists and descendants of staunch Parliamentarians, were mostly for the Pretender, and made acclamation as the Duke's force marched up the town. 'A Monmouth, a Monmouth; the Protestant religion' were the rallying cries. Dassell, after joining the crowd and protesting his stout loyalty to King James, nearly came to trouble, but succeeded in getting away with Thorold, the pair riding double on one of the mayor's coach-horses. He then bied him off to London top-speed, along with Sir Winston Churchill and his son (afterwards the great Marlborough), to tell their tale to the King. These attended at the Bar of the House of Commons, and gave evidence, and His Majesty was pleased to grant them each £20 for their loyal services.

In the green field at Lyme, by the church cliff, which has since slipped away into the sea, Monmouth set up his standard and proceeded to enlist the Dorset men. The Duke took one

Bernard Brown by the hand, and asked him, 'Art thou for me?' 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Thou art an honest fellow. I'll take care to provide for thee; thou deservest encouragement.' Lord Grey of Wark had a musket on his shoulder, and a pair of pistols at his girdle. Duke James was habited in purple, with a star on his breast, and wearing only a sword.

The next thing was to proclaim Monmouth's Declaration 'For the Defence and Vindication of the Protestant Religion . . . and for delivering the Kingdom from the tyranny and usurpation of James Duke of York.' This was done at the market-place of Lyme, where a blue banner was hoisted.

Many of the townspeople at this time buried their money and valuables, some of which were not unearthed till a century or more later.

Fletcher of Saltoun was with the Duke's following. There is a long list of quasi-military commissions conferred on ship-board by Monmouth upon sundry adherents, among whom certain are appointed to the 'White Regiment,' the 'Green Regiment,' and the 'Yellow Regiment.' A paymaster, chaplain, and surgeons were also nominated for the force. Four pieces of ordnance, mounted on field-carriages, were landed from the Duke's vessels, 1500 foot arms, 1500 cuirasses, 200 barrels of gunpowder, and other sundries. The Mayor of Lyme, Gregory Alford, decamped, and despatched a letter to King James, beginning, 'May it please your Sacred Majesty,' wherein he blows his own loyalty trumpet with discreet fervour.

Monmouth took up his quarters at the old George Inn in Lyme, burnt down in 1844. Large numbers of the peasantry flocked in to join his force, and soon he was able to muster about 1000 foot and 150 horse, indifferently armed.

Such was the landing in England of the ill-fated aspirant to his uncle's crown, who was destined after so brief an interval to expiate his temerity on the scaffold, and bring down upon the western country the horrors of Jeffrey's 'Bloody Assize!'

I have reserved to the last the attempted escape from Charmouth, in 1651, of King Charles II., as it is the raciest

tit-bit among the episodes connecting our Wessex nook with the history of England. The particulars are to be gleaned from a narrative by Mistress Anne Wyndham, whose brother, Colonel Francis Wyndham,* a Dorset Royalist gentleman, concealed the King for some time in his mansion-house at Trent, near Sherborne. The narrative is entitled 'Boscobel: or the complete History of the most miraculous preservation of King Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester,'† and was utilised, I believe, by Harrison Ainsworth, in his romance of the same name.

The King, it will be remembered, after the disastrous battle of Worcester (3rd September, 1651), and his flight therefrom, was in dire straits and peril of his life. A price was set upon his head, and Cromwell's patrols were out scouring the country in all parts for his capture. Notwithstanding, Charles contrived to convey himself safe to Dorsetshire, and was lodged with Colonel Wyndham as his guest at Trent when the local interest of our story begins.

Some of the Parliamentary soldiers being come to Trent, gave out that the King was dead, which 'Welcome news,' says Mistress Anne, 'so tickled the sectaries that they could not hold from expressing their joy by making bonfires, firing of guns, drinking, and other jollities; and for a close of all, to the church they must, and there ring the king's knell. These rude extravagancies moved not His Majesty at all.' Charles himself says of this:—'A maid of the house came up and told me there was a rogue of a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on; upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells and making a bonfire for joy of it.'

The manner in which Wyndham set about planning the King's escape from England was on this wise. Resident at

* In the King's own account, dedicated to Samuel Pepys, he calls the Colonel 'Frank Windham.'

† Quoted in Robert's *History of Lyme Regis and Charmouth*. London, 1834.

Lyme was one Captain William Ellesden or Ellesdon, an old acquaintance, who had already been instrumental in transporting a noted Royalist over to France, and could be trusted in this business. To this captain comes the colonel, representing that my Lord Wilmot was lying hid near Trent, earnestly solicitous to get passage across the sea. Ellesden cordially assenting to the project, rides over with Wyndham to Charmouth (two miles distant from Lyme), and at an inn there one Stephen Limbry, a tenant of Ellesden's, 'a right honest man and a perfect Royalist,' is brought into the concert. 'With this Limbry, Colonel Wyndham treated, under the name of Captain Norris, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four friends into France.' Limbry is to bring his vessel into Charmouth Road, and on the 'two and twentieth' day of September, in the night time, is to receive the colonel and his company into the longboat from Charmouth beach, from thence carry them to his ship, and so land them safe on French soil. It is to be done with all secrecy, and the guerdon to be so many pounds sterling, payable by Ellesden on Limbry's return with a certificate under the passengers' hands of their arrival in France.

The next thing was a consultation of the royalists at Trent how best to manage the business of the embarkation.

'Necessary it was,' writes Mistress Wyndham, 'that His Majesty and all his attendants (contrary to the use of travellers), should sit up all the night in the inn at Charmouth, that they ought to have the command of the house, to go in and out at pleasure, the tide not serving till twelve at night. To remove, therefore, all suspicion and inconvenience, this expedient was found out. Henry Peters, Colonel Windham's servant, was sent to Charmouth Inn, who, inviting the hostess to drink a glass of wine, told her that he served a very gallant master, who had long most affectionately loved a lady in Devon, and had the happiness to be well beloved by her; and though her equal by birth and fortune, yet so unequal was his fate, that by no means could he obtain her friends' consent; and therefore it was agreed between them that he should carry her thence and marry her among his own allies. And for this purpose his master had sent him to desire her to keep the best chamber for him, intending to be at her house upon the two and twentieth day of that month in the evening, where he resolved not to lodge, but only to refresh himself and friends; and so travel on either that night or very early next morning.'

With this love tale and a present of a crown-piece, mine hostess was well pleased and promised compliance, 'which she very justly performed.'

'When the day appointed for His Majesty's journey to Charmouth was come, he was pleased to ride before Mistress Julia Coningsby, the Lady Windham's niece, as formerly before Mistress Lane.' The King himself says:—'To cover the matter better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Judith Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.' 'The colonel,' continues Anne Wyndham, 'was His Majesty's guide, whilst the Lord Wilmot with Peters kept at a convenient distance, that they might not seem to be all of one company. In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain Ellesden, and by him conducted to a private house of his brother's, among the hills near Charmouth.'

From another version of the same incidents given in a letter from Captain (afterwards Colonel) Ellesdon to the Earl of Clarendon, among the Clarendon State Papers,* we get the following further details of this risky adventure. It was arranged that 'Lord Wilmot was to be Mr. Payne, the King his "servant"—passing as William Jackson.' 'I immediately,' writes Ellesdon, 'sent one to the (Lyme) Custom House to make enquiry who had entered his vessel as bound to France. News was brought me that one Stephen Limbry of Charmouth had lately entered his bark, and intended a speedy voyage for St. Malo.' But now trouble ensues. Limbry, the ship's master, had forborne to let his wife into the dangerous secret. So when the hour came for his departure, and he wanted his sea chest, straightway she 'asked him why he would go to sea having no goods aboard.' To this the skipper made answer that Mr. Ellesdon had found him a good freight, more worth than a ship 'full laden with goods.' Now it so chanced that Limbry's wife had been at Lyme Fair that day and had read the Parliament's proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for discovery of the King, and rehearsing the perils

* See *The Boscobel Tracts*, edited by J. Hughes, A.M. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1830.

incurred by those who should harbour Charles or any of his refugee adherents. Wherefore, shrewdly judging that this passenger gentle might be of the King's party, the good wife forthwith locked the door upon her man, and aided by her two daughters kept him within by force, threatening withal that if he offered to stir out of doors she would instantly go to Lyme and inform the captain of the foot company there. Limbry wisely submitted, 'for,' says Colonel Ellesdon, 'had he striven in the least, it is more than probable His Majesty and his attendants had been suddenly seized upon in the inn.'

Meanwhile, Charles and his retinue had arrived at the Charmouth Inn as bargained for. At the appointed time, Colonel Wyndham with his man Peters, went down to the beach to look out for the landing of the expected boat. The seashore here is a pebbly shingle, and to-day the river Char, after long windings through the beautiful vale of Marshwood, is seen blocked at its mouth by a high bank of driven stones, and discharges its waters underground. Here is the landing place, whence a lane and footpath conduct to the old hostelry, beach and inn being but a few minutes walk apart. On the shore Wyndham waited some hours, but, no boat coming and the tide being spent, he reluctantly returns to the inn to bring his royal master the unwelcome tidings. On his way thither he meets Limbry making for the seaside to announce his failure, and 'dogged at a small distance' by his womankind who would not let him out of their sight. The colonel made no sign and passed on.

But the cream of the story is yet to come. My Lord Wilmot's horse, writes Ellesdon, wanted a shoe. The hostler had been one of Captain Macy's roundhead soldiers and a notorious knave. One Hammet, the smith, a shrewd artisan, said the horse had but three shoes on, which had been set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire. The hostler hints his suspicions to the puritan parish minister, Bartholomew Wesley (great-grand sire, by the way, of the famed preacher). Wesley makes all speed to the inn, cogitating the while how to entrap our old friend the hostess into a confession. 'Why, how now, Margaret,' quoth he, 'you are

a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson,' rejoined Margaret tartly. 'Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman then began to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those shall kick you out.' Clearly Margaret was a staunch Royalist. The minister took the hostler before a justice, who made light of the matter, 'notwithstanding all the parson's brawling!' The hostler let some time slip before telling his Captain (Macy) at Lyme, who, directly he knew what had happened, spurred off in full career along the London Road to Dorchester in pursuit of the fugitives. But the royal party had meanwhile passed through Bridport and, luckily taking a byroad, got to Broadwinsor some ten miles away, where they had another narrow escape from capture.

Such was one of the many exciting and perilous adventures the 'mutton-eating King' underwent before finally, after six weeks wanderings, getting clear of the clutches of his fanatical foes.

The little hostelry at Charmouth still remains, though long disused as an inn. The house now has a modern domicile attached to it, but in its interior aspect the old building is probably little changed since the night when Charles Stuart made his sojourn there. It is two-storied—roof, small low windows, walls of great thickness, oak beams and a flat Tudor-arched doorway, all of antique type. The kitchen is a curiosity. The hearth-recess is huge and very deep, with spaces in it for side seats. In the wall on one side is a dwarf door admitting to a small square compartment, which forms one end of an immense chimney aperture behind the fire-place, and big enough to conceal one or two persons. The chambered space has neither light nor opening, except the flue inlet, and its outlet atop, up to which latter the walls converge. In this dark hole, where, if he got any air, a stowaway must

have been half suffocated with smoke, the King, so says the local tradition, lay hidden part of the time of his stay at the inn.

The reader will now, I hope, be convinced that, in the secluded region of Dorset and Devon dales we have been exploring, there is good store of attractive material alike for the lover of landscape beauty, the naturalist, the researcher among the rocks, and the student of the storied days of yore.

T. PILKINGTON WHITE.

ART. VII.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American Revolution. Part I. 1766-1776. By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Bart. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

THIS volume is practically a continuation of the distinguished author's *Early History of Charles James Fox*, which, as need now hardly be said, is much more of a political history of England during the years 1749-1774 than a biography. There is, of course, much of a biographical nature in it, but in writing the political biography of one who played so large a part in the politics of his time as Mr. Fox, it was impossible, if the work was to be thoroughly done and his attitude and actings distinctly set out, not to take into view the general affairs of the nation, and to write more than a merely personal narrative. This was abundantly evident in the earlier volume, and in resuming his studies, to the great gain of literature, whatever may be the loss to politics, Sir George Trevelyan, in order to avoid the many and insurmountable difficulties which were gathering around his task 'of writing a political biography as distinguished from a political history,' has chosen what on all sides will be regarded as the better course, namely, that of writing the history of the American Revolution, a subject which from 1774 to 1782 is,

as he observes, inextricably interwoven with the story of Fox's life.

The two volumes partly overlap each other. The *Early History* comes down to the year 1774, when Fox was summarily dismissed from office, and, repenting the follies of his political youth, began to turn towards the Whigs. The one before us goes back to 1766, when the American colonies were rejoicing over the repeal of the Stamp Act. The arrangement is convenient for the purpose which the author originally had in view, but a little embarrassing to the reader who cares less about the biography of Fox and is anxious to obtain a connected account of the American Revolution. The narrative has a tendency to go backwards and forwards, and many of the earlier events—those which led up to the Revolution—are told more by implication than as successive stages in the evolution of a deep and wide-spread movement. At the same time the volume is one of exceptional value. The reader may not be able to agree entirely in some of the generalisations, and may be disposed to put a different interpretation on some of the incidents recorded; but the work is the result of a wide and effective study of a great subject, and is distinguished by all those charms and literary excellences which have contributed to make the *Early History* a piece of popular reading.

Sir George Trevelyan begins with the repeal of the Stamp Act in the spring of 1766; but when that Act was passed on 10th March, 1765, the American colonies had already a long-standing and genuine grievance. The commercial policy pursued by the mother-country towards them was intended to secure for England a monopoly of the colonial trade, and to crush out in the colonies every manufacture which could in any way compete with English industry. For the most part it was based upon a mercantile theory, since discarded but then universally accepted, denying the possibility of a commerce mutually beneficial to the parties engaged in it. In some few instances colonial produce was encouraged. To Virginia and Bermuda was given the sole right of supplying the English market with tobacco; the cultivation of indigo

was encouraged, and by a couple of Acts passed in 1703 and 1711, importers of tar, pitch, hemp, flax, and timber for ship-building were encouraged to draw their supplies from the American colonies by a system of bounties. But with these few exceptions the laws were almost wholly restrictive. The American plantations came under the operation of the famous Navigation Acts of Charles II. and William III., and all trade with the West Indies, with Great Britain and with foreign countries was illegal unless carried in ships built in Great Britain or in the English plantations, and manned chiefly by British subjects. By an Act which came into operation after 31st December, 1699, one colony could not export fabrics made of wool or partly of wool to another, and still less to England or elsewhere. In 1719 the House of Commons resolved that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependence upon Great Britain, and passed a measure prohibiting the American colonies from manufacturing iron of any kind, and so rigid were its provisions that no smith in the American plantations could make so much as a nail without violating the law. To this measure the House of Lords added a clause to the effect that no forge should be erected in any of the colonies for making 'sows, pigs, or cast-iron into bar or rod-iron.' By another Act the American colonists were forbidden to export hats, though admirably situated, in consequence of their plentiful supply of furs, for their production. The same Act forbade any American who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years to it to follow the trade of a hatter. It forbade him also to employ more than two apprentices at a time, or to teach the industry to negroes. The New England colonists were in the habit of sending large quantities of provisions and lumber to the French West Indies, and of receiving in return rum, sugar, and molasses; but on the complaint of the English sugar-producing colonies, heavy penalties were imposed by Parliament on all rum, sugar and molasses imported into America except from British colonies. Before 1763, when the law was somewhat relaxed, no European goods could be imported into America unless they came straight from Britain.

Strange as it may seem, however, England was not treating her colonies any worse than other European colonial powers were treating theirs. To represent her treatment of them as exceptionally tyrannical is to entirely misrepresent it; for, in the words of Adam Smith: 'Every European nation had endeavoured more or less to monopolise to itself the commerce of its colonies, and upon that account had prohibited the ships of foreign nations from trading to them, and had prohibited them from importing European goods from any foreign nation.' If the policy of Great Britain was in any way exceptional towards her colonies, it was on the side of liberality. 'Even France,' as Mr. Lecky observes, 'which was by far the most liberal of Continental nations in her dealings with her colonies, imposed commercial restrictions more severe than those of England. Not only was the trade of French Canada, like that of British America, a monopoly of the mother-country: it was not even open without restrictions to Frenchmen and to Canadians, for the important trade in beavers belonged exclusively to a company in France, and could only be exercised under its authorisation.' *

There can be no doubt, however, that whatever its immediate effects upon the trade of the mother-country, this policy of restriction and suppression was to the colonists extremely burdensome and irritating. Down to the Peace of Paris they were not in a position to oppose it, for the simple reason that they were unable to defend themselves, and were in this respect entirely dependent upon the mother-country. All they could do was to attempt to evade the restrictions. And this they did. Smuggling was extensive and extremely lucrative, and was often carried on to extraordinary lengths. Especially was this the case during the war, when the colonists, though fighting the French on land, made no scruple of supplying them with provisions by sea. With the signature of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, however, the position of the colonists was altered. The expulsion of the French from Canada and of the Spanish from Florida delivered them from the fear of

* *England in the Eighteenth Century*, III., 301-2.

their most formidable enemies, and gave them leisure to turn their attention to their grievances. The consequence was a development in their relations with the mother-country which, though not generally anticipated, some of the wiser heads in Great Britain and elsewhere both foresaw and predicted.

After the signature of the Treaty of Paris the position of the mother-country also was changed. As Mr. Lecky briefly puts it: 'Her empire had been raised by Pitt to an unprecedented height of greatness, but she was reeling under a national debt of nearly 140 millions. Taxation was greatly increased. Poverty and distress were very general, and it had become necessary to introduce a spirit of economy into all parts of the administration, to foster every form of revenue, and if possible, to diffuse over the gigantic empire a military burden which was too great for one small island.' Lord Bute's ministry had contemplated, it is believed, several large and important measures in connection with the colonies, but was too short lived to do anything. Grenville, however, had no sooner assumed the direction of affairs on the fall of Lord Bute, in April, 1763, than he took up the design attributed to Charles Townshend, and resolved to enforce the trade laws, to establish permanently in America a portion of the British army, and to raise by Parliamentary taxation of America a part at least of the money requisite for its support.

No time was lost in carrying out these measures. Commissioners of Customs were ordered to their posts; new revenue officers were appointed with more rigid rules for their guidance, and ships of war were stationed off the American coast for the purpose of intercepting smugglers. In 1764 measures of still greater stringency were taken. The old law of 1733, which imposed on molasses a prohibitory duty of sixpence a gallon, and on sugar a duty of five shillings a hundredweight, if they were imported into the British plantations from any foreign colonies, was with some important modifications renewed and enforced with the utmost stringency. The jurisdiction of the Courts of Admiralty which tried cases of smuggling without juries was strengthened and enlarged, the officers of ships of war stationed along the American coast were made to take the Custom House oaths and to act as revenue officers. The

effect of all this on the trade of New England was little short of ruinous. To the systematic evasion of the trade laws most of their prosperity was due, and as renewed and administered under Grenville the old law of 1733 threatened the already waning prosperity of Boston with extinction. It was the more obnoxious on account of its preamble, which declared as a reason for imposing additional duties that it was just and necessary that a revenue should be raised in the plantations for defraying the expense of their defence and protection—a declaration which the colonists strenuously maintained was illegal.

The scheme of placing over 10,000 troops in the colonies was objected to on other grounds. The colonists still retained their hereditary dread of a standing army, and were of opinion that for all purposes of defence their local militia was sufficient. The expulsion of the French from Canada, they argued, had rendered the presence of any portion of the regular army among them unnecessary, and the conviction was everywhere prevalent that the object of the Government was not to protect but to overawe them. That the Government had any such intention there is no reason to believe. The measure was simply precautionary. In the event of a fresh outbreak of hostilities in Europe there was every reason to believe that the French would attempt to regain Canada, and even if they did not, the recent war with the Indians, which had lasted fourteen months, and in which the hard fighting had been mainly done by the English troops, though a considerable body of the militia of the southern colonies had been in the field, together with the want of cohesion among the colonists and their unwillingness to assist each other, when their own interests were not directly or apparently threatened, had proved the necessity for having a force in the country strong enough to prevent the repetition of the scenes in which every British fort between the Ohio and Lake Erie had been surprised and captured, and a long line of country twenty miles broad had been desolated and its inhabitants tortured and massacred. The colonists, however, were not to be persuaded that the scheme meant anything else than the suppression of

their liberties, and the carrying out of this part of Grenville's plan, like his enforcement of the trade laws, was one of the three measures by which the Revolution was brought on. The Stamp Act was the other.

In March, 1764, Grenville carried a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect that 'for further defraying the expense of protecting the colonies it may be proper to charge certain stamp duties in the said colonies.' Further steps were postponed for a year, in order to learn the sentiments of the colonists and to give them an opportunity of raising the sum themselves or of making suggestions. At the close of the session, Grenville was waited upon by the agents of the colonies, and when asked, if it was still his intention to bring in the threatened Bill, replied positively in the affirmative; and then, according to the reports of those who were present, went on to urge

'That the late war had found us 70 millions and had left us more than 140 millions in debt. He knew that all men wished not to be taxed, but in these unhappy circumstances, it was his duty as a steward for the public to make use of every just means of improving the public revenue. He never meant, however, to charge the colonies with any part of the interest of the national debt. But, besides that public debt, the nation had incurred a great annual expense in the maintaining of the several new conquests which we had made during the war and by which the colonies were so much benefitted. The American civil and military establishment, after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was 70,000 *l.* per annum. It was now 350,000 *l.* This was a great additional expense incurred upon American account, and he thought therefore that America ought to contribute towards it. He did not expect that the Colonies should raise the whole, but some part of it he thought they ought to raise, and a stamp duty was intended for that purpose.'

After defending the tax he had selected, he continued, 'I am not, however, set upon this tax. If the Americans dislike it, and prefer any other method of raising the money themselves, I shall be content. Write therefore to your several colonies, and if they choose any other mode I shall be satisfied, provided the money be but raised.'

The proposed tax was soon under discussion in all the provincial Assemblies of America. With a single exception, it was everywhere opposed, and a long series of resolutions and

addresses was voted denying in emphatic terms the right of Parliament to tax the colonies. Pennsylvania alone made some advances towards a compromise, but no steps were taken towards an agreement. In New England the doctrine that Parliament had no right to legislate for the colonies was loudly maintained. In February, 1765, the Colonial Agents had another interview with Grenville, and made a last effort to prevent the introduction of the measure, but, having nothing better to suggest, the Bill was passed in both Houses with but one division and very little debate, and on the 22nd of the following month received the royal assent.

In America the Act was everywhere received with surprise and indignation. Resolutions were passed against it, and furious outbursts of popular violence ensued. When the 1st of November, the day on which the Act was to come into operation, arrived, 'The bells,' we are told, 'were tolled as for the funeral of a nation. The flags were hung half-mast high. The shops were shut, and the Stamp Act was hawked about with the inscription, "The folly of England and the ruin of America."' The newspapers, which were obliged by the new law to bear the stamp, probably contributed much to the extreme virulence of the opposition, many of them appearing with a death's head in the place where the stamp should have been. It was found impossible not only to distribute stamps, but even to keep them, for the mob seized on every box which arrived from England, and committed it to the flames.* The Act soon began to make itself felt in Britain as well, by the almost entire suspension of the American trade. Petitions were presented by the traders of London, Bristol, Liverpool, and other towns, praying for its repeal. Glasgow, the trade of which was chiefly with America, complained that the Stamp Act was threatening it with absolute ruin. Elsewhere thousands of artisans were by its action thrown out of employment, and the great majority of the nation ardently desired its repeal. Parliament met on the 17th December, 1765, and on the 21st of the following February the obnoxious

* *Ibid.*, III., 331-32.

Act, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of Grenville, whose Ministry had in the meantime been succeeded by Lord Rockingham's, was repealed. An Act had previously been passed embodying the assertion of the right of Parliament to make laws binding on the colonies in all cases whatsoever, but the Act which was threatening war, and which could not have been enforced without one, was gone.

The news of its repeal was received in America with rapturous applause :—

'No citizen of America,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'who recollected anything, forgot how and when he heard the glad tidings. Her history, for a year to come, reads like the Golden Age. Philadelphia waited for the fourth of June in order to celebrate the King's Birthday and the repeal of the Stamp Act together. Toasts were drunk to the Royal Family, to Parliament, and to our worthy and faithful agent, Dr. Franklin. Franklin, determined that his family should rejoice in real earnest, sent his wife and daughter a handsome present of satins and brocades, to replace the clothes of their own spinning which they had worn while the crisis lasted, and while all good patriots refused to buy anything that had come from British ports. John Adams kept the occasion sadly. "A duller day than last Monday, when the Province was in rapture for the repeal of the Stamp Act, I do not remember to have passed. My wife, who had long depended upon going to Boston, and my little babe, were both very ill of an whooping-cough." But, in his view, the great concession had done its work thoroughly and finally. In November, 1766, after six months' observation of its effects, he wrote : "The people are as quiet and submissive to Government as any people under the sun ; as little inclined to tumults, riots, seditions, as they were ever known to be since the first foundation of the Government. The repeal of the Stamp Act has composed every wave of popular disorder into a smooth and peaceful calm."'

Unfortunately, the calm was destined to be of short duration. No one, not even Grenville, was so bitterly opposed to the repeal of the Stamp Act as George III. The wise and faithful Ministers who advised and carried it, he never forgave, and, as soon as he was sure of Pitt, got rid of them. Under the name of Pitt, but when Pitt was no longer able for affairs, in obedience to the King, the House of Commons, under the leadership of Townshend, passed a series of resolutions, on the 2nd of June, 1767, imposing duties upon a number of commodities admitted into the British Colonies and plantations of

America. The seventeenth of the resolutions provided 'That a duty of 3d. per pound-weight avoirdupois be laid upon all tea imported into the said colonies and plantations,' and thus reversed the policy which Pitt had most at heart, and undid the work by which Rockingham and his colleagues had given peace to America.

'From that fatal escapade,' as Sir George Trevelyan puts it, 'the Boston massacre; the horrors of the Indian warfare; the mutual cruelties of partisans in the Carolinas; Saratoga and Yorktown; the French War; the Spanish War; the wholesale ruin of the American loyalists; the animosity towards Great Britain which for so long afterwards coloured the foreign policy of the United States;—all flowed in direct and inevitable sequence.'

To the colonists this revival of the old policy—the policy which they believed had gone for ever—was a rude awakening, and a situation was created which was far more ominous than if the Stamp Act had never been repealed. The colonial leaders, however, acted with circumspection and rare self-control. They abstained themselves, and succeeded in restraining their followers from the more violent courses which had marked the campaign against the Stamp Act, and undertook the task of appealing to the good sense and the friendliness of the British people. The case against the Revenue Acts was put by John Dickinson in his 'Farmer's Letters,' which, when they had done their work at home, were published by Dr. Franklin in London, translated into French, and 'read by everybody in the two capitals of civilisation who read anything more serious than a play-bill.' The members of the Massachusetts Assembly explained their contention in a letter which their agent in England was instructed to lay before the British Cabinet; a petition was transmitted to the King, in which they recounted the early struggles of their colony, its services to the empire, the rights and privileges which had been granted to it, and its recent intolerable wrongs; and a circular letter, asking for assistance in the emergency, was addressed to the other colonies. Their petition, however, was unanswered, and the Governor of Massachusetts was informed by Lord Hillsborough that the members of the Assembly must either rescind the resolutions on which their circular letter was

based, or be sent home there and then. The circular letter simply asked the sister colonies to take such steps as they could within the lines of the Constitution to assist in obtaining what was desired by all, a peaceful settlement of the difficulties which had so suddenly arisen, but the Assemblies of the twelve other colonies were told in so many words by Lord Hillsborough to take no notice of the appeal under pain of an immediate prorogation or dissolution.

'Such a message,' Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'could bring only one answer from men who had our blood in their veins, and in whose village schools our history was taught as their own. Junius, no blind partisan of the Americans, wrote of them with force and truth: "They have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the Throne; and the continuance of one of the principal Assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with." At Boston, in the fullest House that had ever met, ninety-two members, as against seventeen, flatly declined to withdraw the letter. The Assemblies of the other colonies stood stoutly by their fugleman, and faced, and in some cases paid, the threatened penalty.'

During the agitation in connection with the Stamp Act there had been much talk among certain of the colonists about separation and the language then heard among a few, now began to be used from one end of the plantations to the other. The Sons of Liberty revived. Banquets and processions were held in honour of the 'glorious majority' of ninety-two. British manufactures were again boycotted and the young ladies again took to their spinning-wheels. Strangely enough, however, Boston, which was looked upon as the centre of disaffection, 'was tranquil almost to tameness itself.' But it was not long to remain so. The Bedfords eagerly represented to the King that his authority had been trifled with long enough, and that all that was required to bring not only Massachusetts but all the rest of the colonies to reason, was five or six frigates and a single strong brigade; and in spite of the opposition of Lord Shelburne and the warning of Franklin, that if troops were sent to America they might not find a rebellion, but would be only too likely to make one, the King acted

upon this advice, and resolved to send a naval and military force to Boston. Accordingly,

'Early in October, 1768, eight ships of war lay in Boston harbour. Their loaded broadsides commanded a line of wharves a great deal more tranquil than was the quay of North Shields during one of the periodical disputes between the keelmen and coal-skippers. Cannon and infantry were landed and marched to the Common, with drums beating and colours flying, and sixteen rounds of ball-cartridge in their pouches. The first contingent consisted of two battalions, and the wing of another; and subsequent reinforcements increased the garrison until Boston contained at least one red-coat for every five of the men, women, and children who made up the total of her seventeen thousand inhabitants.'

'So,' remarks Sir George Trevelyan, 'was reached the second stage in the downward course.'

In estimating the causes which led to these steps, Sir George lays stress on the ignorance which then prevailed among the governing classes on this side of the Atlantic. 'We understand the Massachusetts of 1768,' he pithily remarks, 'better than it was understood by most Englishmen who wrote that date at the head of their letters.' And Franklin in one of his letters tells us some of the reasons. 'The great defect here,' he wrote from London in July, 1773, 'is in all sorts of people a want of attention to what passes in such remote countries as America, an unwillingness to read anything about them if it appears a little lengthy, and a disposition to postpone the consideration even of the things they know they must at last consider, so that they may have time for what more immediately concerns them, and withal enjoy their amusements, and be undisturbed in the universal dissipation.'

'They read,' adds Sir George Trevelyan, 'as little as they could help, and, when they did read, they were informed by the debates in Parliament that the farmers and backwoodsmen of the West, if they were permitted to manufacture in iron, in cotton, and in wool, and to export the produce of their labour all over the world, would speedily kill the industries of Leeds and Manchester and Sheffield. And they learned from the newspapers, for whom Niagara and the Rapids did not exist, that the interests of Newfoundland were threatened by a scheme for the establishment of a cod and whale fishery in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This was the sort of stuff, said Franklin, which was produced for the amusement

of coffee-house students in politics, and was the material for "all future Livys, Rapins, Robertsons, Humes, and Macaulays" who may be inclined to furnish the world with that *rara avis*, a true history.'

Ministers not only shared the ignorance of their countrymen, they were habitually misinformed by their agents. Many of their correspondents were men of whom a country is glad to be rid. 'Among them were needy politicians and broken stock-jobbers, who in better days had done a good turn to a Minister, and for whom a post had to be found at times when the English public departments were too full, or England itself was too hot to hold them. There remained the resource of shipping them across the Atlantic to chaffer for an increase of salary with the Assembly of their Colony, and to pester their friends at home with claims for a pension which would enable them to re-visit London without fear of the Marshalsea.' Others among them were respectable enough in personal conduct, but men of narrow minds, proud, and insolent, taking the merest trifles as offences to their official dignity, punctilious, but judicious in nothing, plodding but perverse and malicious, always pouring out, in their correspondence with their chiefs, their prejudices, jealousies, and mistaken views about things they were incapable of understanding or discerning. In times of unrest such men are a source of public danger, and in the period referred to their correspondence did immense mischief. 'It is the bare truth,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'that his own Governors and Lieutenant-Governors wrote King George out of America.' 'The stages of their process,' he goes on to add, 'are minutely recorded by an analytic philosopher who enjoyed every facility for conducting his observations.'

'Their office,' wrote Franklin, 'makes them insolent; their insolence makes them odious; and being conscious that they are hated, they become malicious. Their malice urges them to continual abuse of the inhabitants in their letters to administration, representing them as disaffected and rebellious, and (to encourage the use of severity) as weak, divided, timid, and cowardly. Government believes all; thinks it necessary to support

* Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, author of a *History of England* then in vogue among the Whigs.

and countenance its officers. Their quarrelling with the people is deemed a mark and consequence of their fidelity. They are therefore more highly rewarded, and this makes their conduct still more insolent and provoking.'

One of the worst officials of this type was Bernard, who at the time was unfortunately Governor of Massachusetts. His portrait, which has been elaborately drawn by Sir George Trevelyan, will, in the main, also stand for the rest.

'The letters of Bernard, the Governor of Massachusetts,' he writes, 'contained the germ of all the culpable and foolish proceedings which at the long last alienated America. As far back as the year 1764 he wrote a memorandum in which he urged the Cabinet to quash the Charters of the colonies. Throughout the agitation against the stamp-duty he studiously exaggerated the turbulence of the popular party, and underrated their courage and sincerity. "The people here," he wrote in January, 1766, "talk very high of their power to resist Great Britain; but it is all talk. New York and Boston would both be defenceless to a royal fleet. I hope that New York will have the honour of being subdued first." When, to his chagrin, the obnoxious tax was abolished, Bernard set himself persistently to the work of again troubling the quieted waters. He proposed, in cold blood, during the interval between the repeal of the Stamp Act and the imposition of the Tea Duty, that Massachusetts should be deprived of her Assembly. When the new quarrel arose he lost no chance of stimulating the fears of the Court, and flattering its prejudices. He sent over lists of royalists who might be nominated to sit as councillors in the place of the ejected representatives; and lists of patriots who should be deported to England, and there tried for their lives. He called on the Bedfords for troops as often and as importunately as ever the Bedfords themselves had called for trumps when a great stake was on the card-table. He advised that the judges and the civil servants of Massachusetts should be paid by the Crown with money levied from the colony. He pleaded in secret that the obnoxious taxes should never, and on no account, be repealed or mitigated; while in a public despatch he recommended that a petition from the Assembly, praying for relief from these very taxes, should be favourably considered. For this plot against the liberties of America was carried on out of the view of her people. Amidst the surprise and dismay inspired by each successive stroke of severity with which they were visited, the colonists did not recognise, and in some cases did not even suspect, the hand of their own paid servants, who were for ever professing to mediate between them and their angry sovereign. Since Machiavelli undertook to teach the Medici how principalities might be governed and maintained, no such body of literature was put on paper as that in which Sir Francis Bernard (for his services secured him a baronetcy) instructed George the Third and his ministers in the art of throwing away a choice portion of a mighty Empire.'

Of the Ministers with whom Bernard and his like corresponded, and who held the fate of the American colonies in their hands, Sir George Trevelyan has given a series of vivid sketches in the third chapter of his volume on the Early History of Mr. Fox, and to that we must refer the reader. Here it is enough to say that their nominal chief was Grafton, that one of the most active among them was Digby, 'Master of the Rolls in Ireland, or rather out of Ireland,' and that their chief concern was not to govern the Empire well, but to draw their salaries and to obtain the means of living out of the public funds. In this respect they were only in the fashion, though happily they were not in it as to the way in which they spent their salaries and pensions, nor yet in the services they rendered to the country in return.

'The domestic history of the epoch,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'clearly shows that every noble, and even gentle, household in the kingdom claimed as a birthright of its members that they should live by salary. The eldest son succeeded to the estate, the most valuable part of which, more productive than a coal-mine or a slate-quarry, was some dirty village which returned a member for each half-score of its twenty cottages. The next son was in the Guards. The third took a family living, and looked forward to at least a Canonry as well. The fourth entered the Royal Navy; and those that came after (for fathers of all ranks did their duty by the State, whose need of men was then at the greatest) joined a marching regiment as soon as they were strong enough to carry the colours. And as soldiers or sailors, whatever might be the case in other departments, our ancestors gave full value for their wages. From the day when Rodney broke the line off Dominica, back to the day when de Grammont did not break the line at Dettingen, a commission in the British army or navy was no sinecure. Our aristocracy took the lion's share, but they played the lion's part. The sons and grandsons of the houses of Manners and Keppel did not do their work in the field or on the quarter-deck by proxy. Killed in Germany, killed in America, killed in the Carnatic with Laurence, killed on the high seas in an action of frigates, drowned in a transport, died of wounds on his way home from the West Indies—such entries, coming thick and fast over a period of forty years, during which we were fighting for five and twenty, make the baldest record of our great families a true roll of honour.'

One thing which the King and his Ministers, or at anyrate the latter, forgot or ignored was that the colonists were of the same race as themselves, and belonged to the same stock as

those who had carried their arms triumphantly in every quarter of the globe, and raised the empire to a pitch of glory it had never before attained. Their leaders, or those whom they had appointed their leaders, for they were not all desirous of taking a leading part, were the choicest spirits among them, men of simple ways and spotless integrity, full of love towards the mother-country and of loyalty to the King, yet tenacious of their rights and privileges, and while desirous of peace in order that they might attend to their private affairs, fully resolved to make any sacrifice rather than submit to be governed by unjust and tyrannical laws.

'Some of them,' Sir George Trevelyan writes, 'were bred in poverty, and all of them lived in modest and tranquil homes. They made small gains by their private occupations, and did much public service for very little or for nothing, and in many cases out of their own charges. They knew of pensions and sinecures only by hearsay; and ribands and titles were so much outside their scope that they had not even to ask themselves what those distinctions were worth. Their antecedents and their type of character were very different from those of any leading Minister in the British Cabinet; and they were likely to prove dangerous customers when the one class of men and of ideas was brought into collision with the other. While Washington and the Adamses led laborious days, the English statesmen who moulded the destinies of America into such an unlooked for shape, were coming to the front by very different methods. They had for the most part trod an easier, though a more tortuous path, to place and power, or rather to the power of doing as their monarch bade them.'

With the representatives of these men most of the Ministers were acquainted, and Franklin was always at hand in London to give them reliable information. All their correspondents, too, were not Bernards. There were among them men of high character, clear vision, and unquestionable loyalty. Had Ministers cared to be well informed and rightly advised, information and counsel of the best might have been had in abundance. But the abler part of them cared only to obey the King and draw their salaries—or to use Sir George Trevelyan's words: 'To the worse, and unfortunately the abler, section of the Ministry, the right or wrong of the question mattered not one of the straws in which their champagne bottles were packed; while the better of them, knowing perfectly well that the undertaking on which they had embarked

was a crime and a folly, with sad hearts and sore consciences went into the business, and some of them through the business, because the King wished it.

The troops landed at Boston found, as Franklin had predicted, no rebellion. Their presence was disliked, but was borne with. The women of Boston remained at their spinning wheels, and the men continued their studies in Blackstone's Commentaries, waiting to see what would happen. They were anxious for conciliation; but the Ministers of the Crown were not. And, as if they had not perpetrated enough follies already, they began to perpetrate others. As soon as the news of the landing of the troops reached London, an address to the King was carried, evidently with the approval of the Treasury Bench, praying that all persons whom the Governor of Massachusetts might regard as having committed, or neglected to disclose, acts of treason, might be sent for trial to England. The address with its accompanying resolutions was carried, though not without strong protests on the part of Thomas Pownall, who had governed Massachusetts 'strongly and discreetly in the days of Pitt,' and by Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; and from that day every public man whom the people of Massachusetts followed, 'lived with a halter round his neck.'

It was not long, too, before the presence of the military began to bear fruit. From the day they landed all chance of a quiet life for those who valued it was over and done with. 'Every class,' as our author remarks, 'without prompting from above or below, had its own reasons for disliking the military occupation of their city.' There were men of refinement and of good education among the officers, but the men, and the women quite as rigidly, set their faces as flint against any show of civility or the most remote approach to familiarity with them; and refusing to intrude where they were not welcome, they retired into the background and 'left the field clear for the operations of certain black sheep of the mess-room,' who soon managed to make themselves offensive. The private soldier was boycotted in the same way by the citizens of his own class, who were also not slow to ridicule and to jeer

at him. As the winter came on the troops were brought into the town. Billets were refused to them, and they were obliged to be lodged in private houses hired at exorbitant rates, while their rations had to be supplied through the agency of the commissariat, and at the expense of the Treasury. Disputes soon led to blows, and on the evening of 5th March, 1770, a 'short and sharp collision occurred between a handful of soldiers and a small crowd voluble in abuse and too free with snowballs. There was a sputter of musketry, and five or six civilians dropped down dead or dying. That was the Boston massacre.'

Fortunately the affair was not allowed to spread. The soldiers were hurried out of the town, and all danger to the public peace was averted, though all through the night drums were rolling and bells clanging. Next day multitudes flocked into the town from the surrounding country, and all day long the leaders of the popular party were closeted with the Lieutenant-Governor and his Council discussing the affair. At last it was arranged that the troops should be removed to the Castle, and three miles of salt water put between them and the townspeople. The soldiers who had pulled the triggers, and Captain Preston, who had ordered them, were placed upon their trial. 'Moved by a happy inspiration, Preston applied to John Adams and Josiah Quincey to defend him.' Adams and Quincey knew the cost, and that the 'watchful and jealous eyes of an exasperated people were fixed upon them with concentrated intensity,' but they nobly undertook the duty, and 'by the exercise of an enormous industry and the display of splendid ability,' secured a verdict of acquittal.

'A trial so conducted,' as Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'and with such a result, was a graceful and loyal act on the part of the colony; and the mother-country should not have been behind-hand to meet it in the same spirit.' 'The moment,' as he adds, 'was eminently favourable for a complete and permanent reconciliation.' But, unfortunately, in the whole of this unhappy affair the Ministers seem to have been unable to do anything right. On the same day that the shots were

fired in Boston Lord North rose in the House of Commons to move the repeal of the duties levied in America under Charles Townshend's Act, with the solitary exception of the duty upon tea. The retention of that impost had been carried in the Cabinet only by the casting vote of North, who voted against his sense of duty, and only out of deference to the King. In Parliament it was carried by the King's supporters or 'friends' as they were called, in spite of the protests of Conway, Barrie, Meredith and Burke. The result is well known. The hope of reconciliation died out of the minds of the colonists. Attempts towards a compromise were made; but Parliament, under the guidance of the King and his Ministers, notwithstanding all that had happened, and in spite of the plainest warnings, stuck tenaciously and blindly to its supposed right to tax the colonies without their consent, and the opportunity of effecting a peaceful settlement was soon lost for ever.

Step by step the downward course of the King and his Ministers is traced with a masterly hand in the volume before us. The activity of the naval forces on the American sea-boards, the resolute attitude of the colonists, the embitterment of their feelings, the growth of sympathy with them in England, the steady but ineffectual opposition of Burke and Fox, Shelburne and Selwyn, and the untiring efforts of Franklin, are also described as reflected in the records of the time. At last, in March 1774, the plan which the King had long entertained began to be developed. On the fourteenth of that month a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord North for closing the harbour of Boston * and transferring the business of the Custom-house to the port of Salem. Fourteen days later he explained a measure by which he proposed to extinguish self-government in Massachusetts. This was followed by another empowering the Governor if any magistrate, revenue officer or military man were indicted for murder, to send him to England for trial in the King's Bench; and this by another which removed the legal difficulties which had hitherto preserved the American householders from having

* The Tea-riots had occurred in the preceding December.

soldiers billeted upon them. All these measures were passed, and—

‘On the first of June the blockade of the harbour was proclaimed, and the ruin and starvation of Boston at once began, the industry of a place which lived by building, sailing, freighting and unloading ships was annihilated in a single moment. The population, which had fed itself from the sea, would now have to subsist on the bounty of others, conveyed across great distances by a hastily devised system of land-carriage in a district where the means of locomotion were unequal to such a burden. A city which conducted its internal communications by boat almost as much as Venice, and quite as much as Stockholm, was henceforward divided into as many isolated quarters as there were suburbs with salt or brackish water lying between them. “The law,” Mr. Bancroft writes in his History, “was executed with a rigour that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, of bricks, or lime, was forbidden. The boats that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles river. The fishermen of Marblehead, when they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were obliged to transport their offerings in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles.” Lord North, when he pledged himself to place Boston at a distance of seventeen miles from the sea, had been almost twice as good as his word.’

A fortnight later the troops came back into the town, and a standing camp for two battalions was formed on Boston Common. In July, the Assembly met at Salem behind locked doors, and was dissolved by the Governor's Secretary reading the message on the wrong side of the key-hole. The constitution was abolished and the new Courts of Justice set up. But Massachusetts stood by Boston and all the other colonies stood by Massachusetts. Subscriptions were raised and provisions sent for the relief of the oppressed city. On the tenth of August the delegates from Boston set out to attend the Congress which was summoned to meet in Philadelphia on the fifth of September, and ‘everywhere on their passage bells were ringing, cannons firing, and men, women, and children crowding “as if to a coronation.”’ Congress dissolved on 26th October, and two days later the delegates returned to Boston assured of the unanimous support of all the colonies.

It was not long before this support was required and rendered. Late in November Parliament met. On the 2nd

of February, Lord North moved an address to the King praying his Majesty to adopt effectual measures for suppressing rebellion in the colonies. Fox met it with an amendment deploring that the papers laid upon the table had served only to convince the House that the measures taken by his Majesty's servants tended rather to widen than to heal the unhappy differences between Great Britain and America, but all in vain. The address was carried, though with a reduced majority. A Bill was then brought in to exclude the New England colonies from the fishing grounds within their reach, and especially from the banks of Newfoundland, and Fox and Burke were supported in their opposition to it by petitions and deputations and evidence proffered at the bar of the House of Lords, but without success. The King was immovable, and already far advanced with those 'effectual measures' which the address he had himself inspired, desired him to take. Dissatisfied with Gage, he offered the command-in-chief in America to Amherst. Along with the command he offered him a peerage, but Amherst was popular among the Americans and plainly told the King that he could not bring himself to serve against those 'to whom he had been so much obliged.' Gage therefore was allowed to retain the command, and William Howe, brother to Admiral and to Lord Howe, John Burgoyne, and Henry Clinton, were sent out to act as his Major-Generals with reinforcements sufficient to bring up the garrison at Boston to ten thousand men. Gage entertained the pleasant theory that the military side of the difficulty would be a very small matter; but the ten thousand men whom he was to command, while quite sufficient to inspire all the colonies with alarm for their independence, were, as Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'utterly inadequate to the task of holding down New England, and ludicrously insufficient for the enterprise of conquering and afterwards controlling America.'

Before the reinforcements could arrive, however, as early, indeed, as October, 1774, the people in Massachusetts had begun to prepare for the worst. A Committee of Public Safety had been formed, munitions of war purchased, and

stores of provisions laid in. By April, 1775, there was an organised Massachusetts army. Some of the stores had been collected at Concord, and in an evil moment, Gage, 'rather because he was expected to take some forward step than because he saw clearly where to go,' conceived the idea of destroying them. A small detachment of troops, gathered from several regiments, and under the command of an incompetent officer, set off before midnight. At four in the morning, just as an April day was breaking, they reached the village of Lexington. Some sixty or seventy of the local militia were waiting for them on the common, and the first shots of the revolution were fired. 'Pages and pages have been written about the history of that day,' as Sir George Trevelyan observes, 'and the name of every colonist who played a part in it is a household word in America.' His own description is vividly graphic. Smith, who was in command of the British force, made the mistake of remaining in Concord long after he had found there was nothing there for him to do, and did not set out on his return till noon. 'Those two hours were his ruin.' The colonists collected from all sides carrying guns and headed by drums.

'They covered the hillsides and swarmed among the enclosures and coppices in such numbers that it seemed to their adversaries "as if men had dropped from the clouds." It was a calamity for the British that the first encounter of the war took place under circumstances which made their success a military impossibility. When a force, no larger than the rear-guard of an army, is obliged to retreat and to continue retreating, the extent of the disaster is only a question of the amount of ground that has to be traversed, and of the activity and audacity which the enemy display. The colonists knew the distance at which their fire was effective, and were determined, at any personal risk, to get and to remain within that range. The English regimental officers, whenever one of them could collect a few privates of his own corps, made a good fight during the earlier stage of the retreat. But, before they emerged from the woods which lined most of the six miles between Concord and Lexington, ammunition began to fail; the steadier men were largely employed in helping the wounded along; many of the soldiers rather ran than marched in order; and the column passed through Lexington a beaten and, unless speedy help should come, a doomed force.

'They had still before them twice as much road as they had travelled already. But the very worst was over; because, a few furlongs beyond

the town, they were met by the reserves from Boston. The supporting body was better composed than their own, for it was made up of whole regiments; and it was much better commanded. Lord Percy, owing to stupid blunders which were no fault of his, should have been at Concord by eleven in the morning instead of being near Lexington at two in the afternoon; but, now that he was on the ground, he proved that he knew his business. He disposed the field pieces which he had brought with him in such a manner as to check the provincials, and gave a welcome respite to Colonel Smith's exhausted soldiers. When the homeward march was recommenced, he fought strongly and skilfully from point to point. The hottest work of the whole day was as far along the line of retreat as West Cambridge. It was there that an example was made of some minute-men who had covered sixteen miles in four hours in order to occupy a post of vantage; and who were too busy towards their front to notice that there was danger behind them in the shape of a British flanking party. But the Americans were in great heart, and they were briskly and gallantly led. The senior officer present was General Heath, a brave and honest man, who had learned war from books, but who did well enough on a day when the most essential quality in a commander was indifference to bullets. And Warren had hurried up from Boston, eager to show that his oration of the month before was not a string of empty words. "They have begun it," he said, as he was waiting to cross the Ferry. "That either party could do. And we will end it. That only one can do." From the moment that he came under fire at Lexington, he was as conspicuous on the one side as Lord Percy on the other; and there was not much to choose between the narrowness of their escapes, for the New Englander had the hair-pin shot out of a curl, and the Northumbrian had a button shot off his waistcoat.

'No courage or generalship on the part of the British commander could turn a rearward march into a winning battle. As the afternoon wore on, his men had expended nearly all their cartridges; and they had nothing to eat, for the waggons containing their supplies had been captured by the exertions of a parish minister. "I never broke my fast," so a soldier related, "for forty-eight hours, for we carried no provisions. I had my hat shot off my head three times. Two balls went through my coat, and carried away my bayonet from my side." The provincials had surmounted their respect for the cannon, and kept at closer quarters than ever. As the tumult rolled eastwards into the thickly inhabited districts near the coast, the militia came up in more numerous and stronger companies, fresh and with full pouches. When the sun was setting, the retiring troops, half-starved and almost mad with thirst, came to a halt on the English side of the causeway over which the Cambridge highways entered the peninsula of Charlestown. They were only just in time.'

Five weeks later the Major-Generals arrived. But in the meantime the New England army had gathered, and Boston

was in a state of siege. According to Burgoyne, who kept up an extensive correspondence with the Ministers at home, in which he set himself to point out the weakness and incapacity of Gage, the British troops were dispirited, and destitute alike of military stores and provisions. With the arrival of the Major-Generals their spirit revived, and they were eager to be led against the investing army. But it was not until the 17th of June that any further encounter took place. On the morning of that day it was found that during the night the colonists had entrenched themselves on Bunker's Hill, which overlooked Charlestown. The ships and the guns on shore at once concentrated their fire upon them, and by one o'clock in the afternoon four entire regiments, and twenty companies of grenadiers and light infantry had landed on the extreme east of the peninsula to the north of Charlestown, under the command of Howe. Reinforcements continued to arrive, until the assaulting force was between two thousand and twenty-five hundred strong. The colonists numbered fifteen hundred men and six cannon. Howe led his men to the assault twice, and twice he was compelled to retire with heavy loss. At last the dogged courage and splendid discipline of the regulars prevailed. But the victory had been dearly purchased. The British loss was given at a thousand and forty, of whom ninety-two bore the King's commission. The 'battle' of Bunker's Hill, however, was, after all, only a sortie. Boston was still in a state of siege, and after Washington took the command of the colonists, the position of its defenders became more serious still. If there was no exultation in the camp of the besiegers, there was none in the beleaguered city. There absolute depression prevailed. Good eating was a thing of the past. The soldiers lost their health and spirits. Scurvy showed itself, and smallpox was soon raging in the streets and in the cantonments. Under Washington the forces of the colonists were more thoroughly organised, supplies for the besieged men were intercepted, and the lines of investment drawn nearer. When the news of Bunker's Hill reached London, Gage was at once recalled, and the command transferred to Howe, upon whom the famous sortie had left a deep impression. It had deprived him, too, of 'that

joyous confidence and eagerness to bring matters to an immediate issue, which had been his most valuable endowment.' Henceforth he was not the same. His energy and buoyancy of spirit left him. Washington, on the other hand, was continually on the alert, and before Howe was aware, succeeded in establishing his batteries on several points which completely commanded the harbour and city. But bad as Howe's position was, it was made still worse when, acting under express orders from home, Clinton reduced the already inadequate garrison by two thousand men, and started for the Carolinas in company with Lord Cornwallis, by whom he was joined off Charlestown. At last, on the second of March, the American batteries began to play, and on the 17th Howe was compelled to embark his army, and to take with him eleven hundred people, who, by virtue of their official rank, formed the aristocracy of the province, and dared not stay behind.

The surrender of Boston closed the first stage of the war. It left both parties in positions very different from those they occupied at its beginning, and very different from those either of them had anticipated. The responsibility both for the war and its results were with the King and his Ministers, of whom the chief were North and Sandwich, who had charge of the Admiralty. The policy, if it can be so called, was the King's, and the responsibility lay first and chiefly with him. His Ministers were simply his tools. And the strictures which Sir George Trevelyan passes upon both in the following passages with which he closes his volumes, are as just as they are eloquently put :—

' North and Sandwich resembled Frederick as War-Ministers even less than Gage resembled him as a general, or George the Third as a monarch. Bunker's Hill had been a soldier's battle ; but the responsibility for the campaign of which it formed an episode lay with the placemen and their Royal master. They had contrived among them to bring about the discomfiture of a valiant army, responsive to discipline, and containing more than a due proportion of distinguished or promising officers. They had involved it in almost every calamity which could befall a military force, except disgrace. They had so managed matters that, in a region overflowing with plenty, their troops had been fed from Leadenhall Market, as an

orator of the Opposition cleverly and not untruly put it. Burke was reported to have said that, though two hundred pounds a man had been spent on salt beef and sour crout, our garrison could not have remained ten days longer in Boston—unless the heavens had rained down quails and manna. And yet, much as the English had suffered during the course of the siege from the scarcity and badness of their food, in the last resort they were refused the comparative satisfaction of having yielded to famine, and not to force. The Government deprived Howe of two thousand infantry, at the moment when he most needed to be strong. The reinforcements which were sent from home to fill the void arrived two months too late; and so it came to pass that the ill-used General was in the end not starved but manœuvred out of his positions. The acts of aggressive warfare sanctioned or condoned by the Ministers were as futile as their defensive arrangements, and had consequences most disastrous to the national interests. They had not occupied a single square furlong of soil, fortified or open, in any of the colonies; but they had shelled three towns, had sent into the *Gazette* a score of loyal merchants, and had rendered a few hundred families homeless. They had alienated all the neutral opinion in America, and had lighted a flame of resentment against Great Britain which they continued to feed with fresh fuel until it grew so hot that it did not burn itself out for a couple of lifetimes.

‘No long interval had elapsed since Warburg and Plassey—since the defeat of Montcalm, the conquest of Havanna, and Hawke’s victory off the coast of Brittany. But during that interval a process had been going forward, the effects of which were now manifest. George the Third had at length accomplished his purpose. He had rooted out frankness, courage, and independence from the councils of the State; but he had pulled up along with them other qualities which his policy, when brought to a trial, could not afford to dispense with. His Cabinet was now exclusively composed of men willing to pursue ends which he dictated, but incapable of discerning, or rightly directing, the means by which alone those ends could be attained.’

ART. VIII.—THE ORIGINS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE name of Thales, with whom Greek philosophy arose, like the Mosaic world, out of water, is the first that meets us in inquiring into the origins of Political Economy. Being taunted on account of his poverty with the uselessness of philosophy, he resolved to show how easy it was for the sage

to become rich, if that were his object. Having got command therefore of a little capital, he paid small sums as earnest-money for all the olive-presses in Miletus and Chios, no one caring to bid against him. It was then winter, but Thales suspected from his knowledge of astronomy, that there would be a great yield of olives next season. The event justified the forecast of the philosopher, and he was enabled to realise a large fortune by letting out the presses on his own terms. This device for money-making, Aristotle tells us, is ascribed to Thales on account of his wisdom, but is one of universal application. The interest to us of this mythical anecdote is that we have in connection with it the first use of the term 'monopoly,' which has played so conspicuous a part in economic science.

Passing on now to Socrates, we find that that thinker's intense interest in man has led him into the discussion of the material means of welfare, however little stress he may have been inclined to lay upon external goods in his own case.

The *Economicus* of Xenophon, which, like his *Apologia*, may be considered part and parcel of the *Memorabilia*, purports to represent the views of Socrates upon the subject of household management. Economy is recognised as a distinct art or practical science, and is declared to consist in the good management of a household, whether one's own or another's. 'A household' is a wider term than 'house,' and includes all that a man possesses, even beyond the limits of the state in which he lives. Possessions or property, however, are limited to the things that are useful to a man; all else that he may nominally possess is either *ζημία* or *ὀ-χρήματα*, which Mr. Ruskin would have us call 'illth.'

Money itself is not property to a man who makes a bad use of it. On the other hand friends come under the definition of *χρήματα*, and enemies, if one knows how to profit by them. By this time it is clear that we have wandered well away from any conceptions which scientific precision can be expected to accept. The end is edification, not enlightenment. But it is interesting to note the coincidence of Socrates' notion of *χρήματα* with Mr. Ruskin's definition of wealth as 'the possession

of the valuable by the valiant,' where by 'the valiant' is meant those who are able and willing to make a right use of the valuable.

After this Socrates proceeds to knock the conceit of wealth out of Critobulus, for whose instruction the whole discourse is delivered. To this end he points out to him how, since wealth must be measured by the satisfaction of desire, he, the philosopher, with his five minas' worth of goods, is in reality a richer man than Critobulus, though he has not a tithe of a tithe of his possessions.

Critobulus having thus been brought into the frame of mind in which he can receive instruction, is presented with a picture of a pattern householder in the person of one Ischomachus.

A great part of the dialogue is occupied with the praise of agriculture. Agriculture, it is declared, is the mother and nurse of the rest of the arts. According as it is attended to or not, other arts will flourish or decay. While the sedentary and mechanic arts are prejudicial to war, agriculture affords the fittest training for it. It is the easiest of all arts to acquire, and allows the most abundant leisure for attention to higher things. It furnishes the necessities and the luxuries of life, and—highest praise of all—it conduces to the simplest and noblest type of character. Cato de Re Rustica, and after him Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, Bk. IV., ch. 2), not to mention a host of other writers, echo this last sentiment. Man, it has been said, is like Antæus, and degenerates at every remove from his mother-earth.

Before leaving the *Æconomicus* we may notice a characteristic piece of Socratic teleology. The function of the man in the household is to get, the function of the woman is to keep, and *this is why* God made her of a timorous nature, and assigned her more of fear, while He reserved the greater share of boldness for her partner, whose work lay outside the house, and who would therefore be the one called upon to face the foe.

One of the main objects of the *Æconomicus*, as we have already had occasion to notice, is the praise of agriculture, and this is perhaps the reason why the Socrates of the

Memorabilia proper is so much more liberal in his views of industrial labour than the Socrates of the *Æconomicus*. For it is a well-known artifice of rhetoric, if you wish to extol one thing, to begin by depressing what lies next to it: since thus the belauded object will look higher than it would otherwise have done. When Socrates quoted with approbation the line of Hesiod—

Ἔργον δ' οὐδὲν θνείδος, ἀεργίη δὲ τ' θνείδος,

he certainly did not wish, as his enemies wanted to make out, to recommend *παρουργία*, or rascality. His real meaning could not be better illustrated than by the story of his advice to Aristarchus.

In the bad days of civil discord the household of Aristarchus was oppressed by an incursion of sisters and nieces and cousins—relics of their several families who had fled to the Peiræus. Socrates found him looking very rueful, and inquired the cause. There was nothing, Aristarchus told him, to be had from the land, for the enemy were in possession of it, and nothing from rents in the city, for there were not enough people to occupy the houses; it was impossible to sell furniture, and almost hopeless to attempt to borrow: he must see his relations starve before his eyes. 'How is it,' said Socrates, 'that Keramon supports a large household, and is still in affluent circumstances?' 'Because his household consists of slaves, but mine of freemen.' 'Then is it not a disgraceful thing that you should be worse off than he?' 'Why, his people are craftsmen, but mine have received a liberal education.' 'Are "craftsmen" those who can make something useful?' 'Yes.' 'Well, is flour useful? Bread? Clothes for men and women? Shirts? Cloaks? Waistcoats?' Aristarchus admitted that they were. 'And don't your people know how to make any of them? Look at Nausikydes—he makes flour, and he's one of the rich men of the city. Look at Kyrebos—he makes bread. Look at Demeas and Menon—cloaks of different make. Look at the Megarians—waistcoats.' 'Yes: but they purchase barbarian slaves, and make them work: whereas those I have to do with are free persons and relations.' Socrates doubted whether that was a good reason

for their living in sloth and idleness, a prey to despondency themselves, and a source of anxiety to their patron. He pressed his point so well that Aristarchus was persuaded to take his advice. He got command of a little capital by means of a loan, which he had now the heart to make, as there was some hope of repaying it. With this he bought wool, and set the women working. Next time he came to Socrates he was able to tell him that all was changed. The women snatched their breakfasts while they worked, and, when their work was over, they had their dinner; they no longer felt that they were a burden, or felt that the master felt it. In fact they taxed him with being the only person in the house who didn't earn his dinner. 'Then why don't you tell them the story of the dog?' says Socrates. 'For they say that, when animals could talk, the sheep said to its master—"We supply you with wool and lambs and cheese, and yet you give us nothing but what we get from the ground; whereas you give a share of your own food to the dog, who renders you no such service." When the dog heard this, he said: "Yes, by Zeus, I do, for it is I who keep you from being stolen by men or torn by wolves: if it were not for my guardianship, you would not be able even to graze, for fear of destruction." So the sheep themselves acknowledged that it was just that the dog should be honoured before them. Do you, therefore, tell the women that, like the dog, you are their guardian and caretaker, and that it is owing to you that no one injures them, and that they are all enabled to work for their living in safety and contentment.'

Plato's chief contribution to economic science is his clear statement of the advantages attending the division of labour. Adam Smith, it will be remembered, throws these advantages under three heads, namely—

- (1). The increase of dexterity in every particular workman.
- (2). The saving of time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another.
- (3). The invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

It has been doubted whether the division of labour really tends much to the invention of labour-saving machinery, since a monotonous confinement to a single employment, while it confers increased mechanical dexterity, has a tendency at the same time to deaden the intellectual faculties. Babbage pointed out a more indisputable advantage of the division of labour, which was omitted by Adam Smith, namely, that it saves the skill of the superior workers from being wasted on inferior employments. If we discard Adam Smith's third head and substitute this, we shall have exactly the list of reasons for the division of labour which was laid down by Plato in his *Republic* (370 B), namely—

- (1.) Difference of natural bent (Babbage's reason).
- (2.) Increase of dexterity.
- (3.) Saving of time.

The most remarkable application which Plato makes of this principle is in his advocacy of a standing army. In this he is running counter to the tone of feeling among his countrymen, who thought it to be the sacred duty of every citizen to be ready to defend his country in war, whatever might be the nature of his employment in peace. But Plato vigorously carries out the principle, declaring that, if petty employments cannot be successfully pursued unless they are made the business of a life, much more must the same thing hold true of an art which is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the state, and demands the highest degree of technical skill.

As Plato is so strongly in favour of the division of labour, it seems a little odd that we should have in him the first great champion of 'woman's rights.' He is aware himself that there is an appearance of contradiction here, but he assures us that it is only an appearance, as the specialisation of function between man and woman does not extend beyond sex (*Rep.*, 453, 454). Apart from this, woman, according to Plato, is merely 'the weaker man.'

As it is the division of labour which gives occasion for exchange, and exchange is effected by money, the former topic naturally leads on to the nature of money. Here also Plato has made a right step towards the formation of a science of

wealth, when he speaks of current coin as 'a ticket of exchange.' Further, he recognises the function of the middle-man as being to save the time of the producer. He draws attention to the distinction between the merchant and the retail-dealer. The one visits foreign states, the other sits in the market exchanging commodities for money, and money for commodities. This latter function, he declares, would in any well-regulated state be fulfilled by those who were physically weakest and unfit for any other employment. Lastly, he recognises as a necessary complement of a state a class whose strength is in their muscles not in their mind, and who live by the sale of their services. These he calls *μυθωτοί*; we call them unskilled labourers. Thus quietly does Plato dismiss slavery from his ideal state.

It would be out of place here to enter upon a discussion of the *Republic* of Plato. We will merely briefly indicate the economic theory, such as it is, which underlies it. Being a city in the heavens, its foundations did not require to be planted very deep in the soil of reality. Society was to be split into the productive and unproductive classes. To the latter were to belong all power and dignity; to the former all wealth and comfort. The productive classes, consisting of farmers and mechanics, were to be allowed to possess land and accumulate riches, subject to the payment of a fixed amount of produce for the support of their rulers and guardians. Among the upper, or unproductive classes, there was to be established a rigid communism. No man was to have a hole or corner, much less a wife or child, that he could call his own. They were to have their meals together at common tables, like soldiers at a mess; it was to be unlawful for them to possess the precious metals or wear them or drink from them, or even to enter under the same roof with them, for that would sully the purity of the divine gold and silver which went to form their own natures. In short, the governing class in Plato's Republic were to be an order of military monks, male and female, interdicted from connubial life, but not from the begetting of children under strict supervision by

the state. A more whimsical conception surely never emanated from the mind of man!

We now come to Aristotle, in whom we have the high-water mark of Greek philosophic thought. By his time, finance had become a recognised department of statesmanship, and there were politicians who made it their sole study.

Owing to his turn for induction, he is the first to insist upon the value of the historical study of economic science. Thus, in the *Politics* he says that we ought to collect scattered notices of expedients whereby divers persons have succeeded in making money (*Pol.*, I., 11, § 7). This suggestion has been carried out by the writer of the treatise known as *Oikonomikῶν Β*, who has presented us with a fine collection of rascalities. In the *Rhetoric* (I., 4, §§ 7, 8), Aristotle is still more emphatic on the subject. After summing up the topics of political debate under the five main heads of (1) supply, (2) war and peace, (3) the defence of the country, (4) exports and imports, (5) legislation, he proceeds to say—'So that if one is to give advice about supply, he will require to know the nature and extent of the revenues of the state in order that if anything is omitted it may be supplied, and if anything is deficient it may be increased. He must know also all the items of public expenditure, with a view to the abolition of superfluities and the retrenchment of excess. For there are two ways in which men become richer—one is by increasing their substance, the other is by decreasing their expense. Nor is it enough to form views on these matters from personal experience; one must engage in an historical inquiry into the discoveries of others, if one is to give advice on these subjects.'

Now that we have propitiated the so-called German school of Political Economy, let us examine what steps Aristotle has made on the *a priori* road. About the most fundamental point in any deductive science is the definition of that with which the science deals. Now no better definition of wealth has ever been given than that of Aristotle, who declares it to be 'an abundance of instruments for use in a household or a state' (*Pol.*, I., 8, § 15). It would be but slender praise of Aristotle to say that he has avoided the vulgar confusion of

wealth with money, though the world has outgrown that fallacy by scarcely a century. But he has perhaps done better than modern thinkers in not encumbering his definition of wealth with the idea of exchange value.*

There may be wealth where there is no exchange, nor any desire for it, or possibility of it, so that the subject of exchange is rightly relegated to a single department of political economy. Neither has Aristotle made labour essential to value, as some have done in recent times. According to him, that household or state which possess an abundance of all kinds of instruments for the purposes of life is wealthy, no matter whether these instruments were acquired by labour or without, nor whether anyone is ready to give an equivalent for them or not. But in order to grasp the full meaning of Aristotle's definition of wealth, we must understand clearly what he means by instruments.

Instruments are living as well as lifeless. A rudder is a lifeless instrument, but the man who keeps a look-out in the bows is a living instrument; and, in the arts generally, subordinates may be described as the living instruments of the master-workman. A number of servants then are wealth to the man who uses them. But there is a further distinction to be observed with regard to instruments. For under that term come not only what are commonly known as tools, but all things which have the power of satisfying the needs of life. Instruments, therefore, are divided again under two heads—

- (1.) Instruments of production.
- (2.) Instruments of action.

A shuttle, for instance, is an instrument of production; a coat or bed or house, and generally any piece of property, is an instrument of action. It is under the latter head that slaves come when they are not employed in productive labour, that is to say, when they are only ministering to the master's comfort in life. In the *Rhetoric* (I, 5, § 7)—a treatise which does not aim at scientific precision—the parts of wealth are

* Take, for instance, Mill's definition of wealth as 'all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value.'

enumerated as money, landed estates, movable furniture, cattle, and slaves.

The distinction between productive and unproductive employment is conveyed, in Aristotelian phraseology, by the two terms *ποίησις* and *πράξις*, which we may render 'making' and 'doing,' or 'production' and 'action.'

The former of these two modes of activity is distinguished by its leaving behind it a visible and tangible result; but *πράξις* is necessarily the higher, since it uses what *ποίησις* makes. Life, Aristotle is careful to point out, consists in doing, not in making.

In the light of these simple and clear conceptions, the muddle-headed notion that production is somehow an end in itself, which the race for wealth has generated in the British mind, stands condemned as absurd.

The end of life, it is plain, cannot be the heaping together of the material means to happiness, but is to be found rather in the right use of them. If Mr. Ruskin is to be mistrusted on other points, he is admirably sound on this. 'Economists usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute. So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production, and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. This is entirely Aristotelian in tone. It is not production or possession that counts for anything with the Peripatetics, but use. Everywhere with them we have the deep-lying distinction between *ἐνέργεια* or *χρῆσις*, actuality or use, on the one hand, and *εἶς* or *κτῆσις*, state or possession, on the other. Thus in the *Ethics* we are told that it is not merely being virtuous, but acting virtuously, that constitutes happiness; in the *Politics* that a man is a master not in so far as he acquires, but in so far as he uses slaves; in the *Rhetoric* that to be wealthy consists in the use rather than in the possession of material goods.

The next point of importance that must engage our attention is Aristotle's doctrine of money. But before passing on to it, we may notice that he has expressly divided hired labour into skilled and unskilled (Pol. I., 11., § 4); also that the distinction between materials on the one hand, and tools or

implements on the other, which Mill has so laboriously obscured, is clear enough to the reader of Aristotle. Briefly we may say that a 'tool' is that with which something is made, while a 'material' is that out of which something is made. Thus wool is the material to the weaver, and marble or bronze to the sculptor. Judged by this standard the coal which is used to cook one's dinner is plainly a tool or implement, whereas, according to Mill it is the material of one's food! For he defines as a material 'every instrument of production which can only be used once, being destroyed (at least as an instrument for the purpose in hand) by a single employment' (Book I., ch. 2, § 4). Mill, it should be remarked, uses 'instrument' as a genus, embracing 'material' and 'implement.' Mill's 'able and friendly reviewer' in the *Edinburgh Review* sets him right on this point, but in a sadly cumbrous way, proposing to consider as materials 'all the things which, having undergone the change implied in production, are themselves matters of exchange,' and as implements (or instruments) 'the things which are employed in producing that change, but do not themselves become part of the exchangeable result.' Beyond the reference to exchange, which is not wanted, there is nothing more here than the simple distinction with which we started.

The subject of money is approached by Aristotle from two sides, from the philosophical side in the *Ethics*, and from the historical in the *Politics*.

In the *Ethics* he points out that proportional reciprocity is what lies at the base of commercial relations. But this implies that the values of different commodities must in some way be equalised before exchange takes place. Therefore they must be commensurable. What then is the common measure of the values of all commodities? 'In reality,' says Aristotle, 'it is demand (*ἡ χρεία*) which is the true bond of union.' And in so saying he has gone to the very root of the matter; for neither labour nor scarcity can confer value, where there is no demand. Of this demand, he tells us, 'money has become, as it were, the conventional representative.' The name, *νόμισμα*, which is given to it, shows that it is not a creation of nature, but an institu-

tion of man; and accordingly it is in our power, if we will, to alter a currency and render it useless. But as long as men agree to use a given kind of money, it will serve as a legal tender for any required commodity, being a pledge to the receiver empowering him to complete an exchange at such a time as is most convenient to himself. Aristotle recognises the fact that the value of money itself is liable to fluctuate, but declares that its tendency is to be more permanent than that of other things. He admits also that to find a common measure of value is in reality an impossibility, since things are so disparate that their values cannot be equalised: nevertheless, for all practical purposes, this object, he tells us, may be attained. We thus see that Aristotle has laid as much stress as any modern political economist could desire on what are universally recognised as the two functions of money, namely, to serve

- (1.) As a measure of value,
- (2.) As a medium of exchange—

or rather we should reverse the order, since, as Walker rightly insists, whatever is adopted as the medium of exchange must necessarily become the measure of value.

In the *Politics* Aristotle exercises his historical imagination in tracing the growth of the village out of the family, and of the state out of the village.

In the family he supposes all things to have been held in common, so that there would be no occasion for exchange. But the different families which formed a village would require to exchange commodities with one another; and this exchange would be effected by barter. As exchange however extended itself over a wider area, the inconvenience of barter would begin to be felt, and men would agree to give and receive some one commodity already possessing a value in use, which had the advantage of being portable and of having its quantity easily determinable.

These conditions were best satisfied by metals, which, he tells us, at first had their value determined by size and weight, but afterwards a stamp was impressed upon them as a sign of quantity, to save men from the trouble of measuring them.

In all this Aristotle is quite up to the latest modern light, and his doctrine of money might figure with credit in a treatise of to-day. Compare, for instance, what we have just been quoting with the words of the latest Oxford compendium of political economy—'A good medium of exchange must be durable, portable and cognisable, as well as useful for other purposes besides that of being a medium of exchange. . . . The experience of the world appears to show that pieces of certain metals, stamped by persons possessing the public confidence, best fulfil the conditions necessary to make a good medium of exchange.'*

But is not Aristotle, it may be asked, hopelessly benighted in his views upon the subject of trade and commerce? Let us set his views plainly before us, and then see, if we can, where he is at variance with modern ideas, and whether he is at variance with sound philosophy.

Having analysed the state back into its origin in the household, Aristotle finds it necessary to begin his political inquiries with the subject of household management. The question soon arises whether χρηματιστική, which, with Bishop Welldon, we may translate 'finance,' is a part of household management or not. People in Aristotle's day were apt to confound 'economy' with the art of getting wealth; we have come somehow to confine it in popular parlance to the art of keeping wealth. But in the mouth of a Greek philosopher it must be understood to mean the right management of a household under the monarchical sway of the householder. Now does finance belong to this art or not? Aristotle's answer to this question is that there is a kind of finance which is in accordance with nature, and which is a part of household management, or rather an art subsidiary to it, but that there is another kind of finance which is contrary to nature and is no part of household management. The kind of finance which nature sanctions, and which is a necessary condition of economy, is the adequate supply of the means of subsistence; the kind of finance which is no concern of the householder, and which nature eschews, is that which aims at heaping wealth together, beyond what

* *Elementary Political Economy*, by Edwin Cannan, M.A., pp. 32, 34.

the needs of life require. Both kinds of finance deal with the same thing, namely, wealth, whence they are liable to be confused with one another: but they do not deal with it in the same way. The one regards wealth rightly as an instrument of happiness, and therefore does not seek to amass it beyond the point at which its purpose is served; and such a point there must be, for no instrument is ever required without limit as to number and size. The other form of finance, which aims at procuring wealth by means of exchange, regards money as an end in itself, and as every art is concerned with its end to an indefinite extent, it seeks to heap money together without limit. Thus people come to regard wealth as identical with a quantity of coin: for coin is the Alpha and Omega of exchange.

In all this there is nothing that anyone can dispute. But when Aristotle asserts that 'trade is unnatural, because exchange ought to have ceased with the supply of needs,' it is permissible to ask why on his own principles it should be called so. The state is pronounced to be a natural product, because the primary forms of association out of which it is developed are prompted by nature. Ought not trade, therefore, to be regarded as natural, since, as Aristotle himself admits, it is a logical development of barter. The object of trade, regarded from the standpoint of society, is to facilitate the supply of needs. If an individual makes money his end in trading, he is spiritually the worse for it, but he none the less performs a social service. And this brings us to the very pith and core of the question. For what lies at the root of Aristotle's objection to trade is the idea that the gain which a man makes by it is necessarily at the expense of his fellows. If this were so, commerce would be on a level with gambling, in which what is made by one must be lost by another, and where the joyful accession to unmerited riches on the one side has its counterpoise in despair and ruin on the other. But the defence of trade is that, rightly conducted, it is a source of gain to both parties, and is therefore, like mercy, 'twice blessed,' in that

'It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes.'

Mr. Ruskin indeed tells us that 'profit, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or discovery, not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.' But as he admits that both parties 'are the better for the exchange,' and that 'there is much advantage in the transaction,' though 'there is no profit,' his juggling with words does not seem to touch the question. The position still remains that exchange creates wealth by conferring upon commodities the utility of being where they are wanted.

It is probably the same feeling of the meanness of making gain at the expense of one's fellow-man that makes Aristotle reserve his heaviest censure for usury. But the grounds on which he himself rests his objection to the practice are somewhat *bizarre*. 'Usury,' he says, 'is of all forms of money-getting the most justly detestable, for the gain is made out of the money itself, and not out of that for which it was provided, to wit, exchange.' It is therefore further removed from nature than trade. The 'barren breed of metal' ought, in his opinion, to remain barren for ever, whereas usury is the begetting of money by money, the infant *τόκος*, or interest, being a miniature likeness of its parent. But a couple of coins will not breed, if you happen to leave them together, so that we may fairly rest Aristotle's objection to usury on other grounds than he has done himself. The interest is wrung not from the coin, but from the necessities of the borrower. A philosophic defence of interest might still avail itself of an etymological argument in connection with the word *τόκος* by saying, as Mr. George does, that interest represents the reproductive powers of nature, of the benefit of which a man might avail himself, if he chose to employ his capital himself.

The idea of the lawfulness, and indeed, merit, of availing oneself of Nature's increase, accounts for the prerogative assigned, rightly or wrongly, by the ancients to farming*

* See *Ec. A.*, 2, § 3. The same idea is strongly marked in the Roman preference for *fructus*, the profits of agriculture, over *quæstus*, the gains of trade.

above all other modes of increasing one's substance. To be a good judge of horse-flesh and of cattle generally, to be versed in husbandry, whether in the form of tillage or planting, to be skilled in keeping bees, and to know how to extract profit from other creatures that swim or fly—all these are parts of that finance of which Aristotle approves. He will not indeed enter into details, for that would be unworthy of the dignity of philosophy, but he refers his readers to technical treatises on these subjects, such as the works on agriculture of Chares of Paros and Apollodorus of Lemnos. The same principle serves to explain the lower grade assigned to mining and timber-felling. There man avails himself of Nature's bounty, but he does not avail himself of Nature's growth, so that these modes of industry are ranked above trade but below farming.

Aristotle's ideal state, unlike Plato's, rests upon a basis of slave labour. There are six functions which, according to Aristotle, are necessary to the existence of a state. These six functions are performed by six classes, namely—

- (1.) Husbandmen.
- (2.) Artizans.
- (3.) Warriors.
- (4.) A monied class.
- (5.) Priests.
- (6.) A deliberative and judicial body.

But it is one thing to be a necessary condition of a state and another to be an integral part of it. The first two classes are mere conditions, but not parts of the state; for, whatever else they may produce, they do not succeed in producing virtue.

The remaining four classes are composed of the same members, who are to possess all the land and wealth, to serve in their physical prime as warriors, in their intellectual prime as senators and judges, while the leisure and dignity of the service of the gods is to be reserved for their declining years.

Aristotle rejects the communism of Plato, and criticises his predecessor's views on that subject, but he retains the institution of 'syssitia,' or public messes, for the fighting and governing body.

His ideal state will be maritime, for this is advantageous both for the supply of necessities and for defence. But it will limit its commerce to the supply of its own needs, and will not throw itself open as a market to all the world. States that act thus are aiming at increasing their revenue, whereas the ideal state will be engrossed with the manufacture of virtue and happiness for its members, the 'toiling millions' not to count. Such is the economic theory of the *Politics*. It will hardly recommend itself to modern thought any more than that of the *Republic*. Indeed, some people may like it less.

It now only remains to mention the two short treatises included among the Aristotelian writings, which are known respectively as *Οἰκονομικῶν* A and B. The first of these presents the same general characteristics of style which we are accustomed to in the works which go under the name of Aristotle. The teaching on the subject of household management is much the same as that which is given in the *Politics*. Some touches in it recall the *Economicus* of Xenophon. Thus in both works a household wherein wealth is well got but ill kept is compared to a leaky cask, and in both we have the story of the Persian who asked what was the best thing for fattening a horse, and was told 'the master's eye.' The second of these treatises is of a different character altogether. In the main it is an attempt, as we have had occasion to observe already, to put into effect the suggestions thrown out in the *Rhetoric* and *Politics* with regard to the historical study of economics. But the introduction is, so far as it goes, the nearest approach which antiquity has left us to a set treatise on the wealth of nations. It is also interesting to notice that the term 'political economy' occurs here as a name of one branch of economy generally, namely, that which deals with the revenue of independent states. Had Whately known this, he would not have complained of the novelty of the name 'political economy,' or of the verbal contradiction which, as it did not offend the Greeks, need not greatly distress us.

The writer begins with a statement of the qualities which he considers necessary for the successful practice of economy

as an art. These are—local knowledge, a natural turn for administration, and lastly industry and uprightness of character. He divides economy into four chief branches—that of the king, the satrap, the state, and the individual, while admitting that the species must inevitably overlap.

Royal economy comprises four departments—coinage, exports, imports, expenditure.

To the first it belongs to settle the character and value of the currency; to the second and third the kinds of tribute that should be received from the satraps, the times of receiving them, and the means of disposing of them to the greatest advantage; to the fourth the times and manner in which retrenchments may be effected, and whether payments should be made by the king in money or in kind.

The economy of the satrap is occupied with the question of revenues. These are derivable from six sources—from the land, from peculiar products of the country, from merchants, from tolls, from cattle, and from sundries. The order of the list represents the order of merit in the writer's estimation, the land tax or tithe being the best mode of obtaining revenue, and next to it such products as gold and silver, then taxes upon merchants, then tolls taken by land and from markets, then the tax upon cattle (*ἐπικαρπία*), while the last and worst are the poll-tax (*ἐπικεφάλαιον*), and tax upon industry (*χειρωναξίον*), which fall under the residual head. Adam Smith is at one with this author in his view of the objectionable nature of a tax upon labour, though he regards the poll-tax with more favour.

With regard to political economy proper, our author remarks that the best source of revenue for a state is the peculiar products of the country, next commerce and transit duties, and lastly, the taxes upon common things, which Boeckh understands to mean indirect taxes upon commodities.

When the free state is in question, the land tax, the tax upon cattle, and the poll-tax are omitted. These were the resources of tyrants, or, if a free state had recourse to them, it was only in emergencies.

As regards private economy, the best source of income is pronounced to be land, next industry, and lastly money. The

author concludes his division of the subject with a caution, applying, as he says, equally to all forms of economy, namely, that we should take the utmost pains to see that expenses do not exceed income.

ART. IX.—ODIN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

MANY will, no doubt, have been astonished when reading, a short time ago, in a London paper, an article entitled *Dei Gratiâ*, which began in this way :—

‘In his speech at the Mansion House, the other day, the Bishop of London reminded us that her Majesty is a descendant, by blood as well as by office, of Alfred the Great. It was not superfluous, for one might venture to say that even in that assembly there were some who had forgotten this interesting detail or had never heard it. There was no occasion to go further back, or his Lordship might have traced the Royal line up to Cerdic, almost contemporary with Hengest, and, through him, only four generations removed, to Odin. *Dei Gratiâ* is no mere formula with the reigning house of England. *Our Queen is a daughter of the Gods*, for it is not to be supposed that divine blood could lose its virtue through any number of dilutions. I am not aware that any other Sovereign of Europe shares this parentage.’

In this account, there are several errors. Partly, they are errors very widely spread, but still errors for all that.

First, it can be clearly shown that the Odin in question is not the God of that name, but a human personage of the dim Scandinavian eld. Secondly, not only Norse and Anglo-Saxon, but also other German kingly houses (all of them belonging to the Teutonic stock) are known to have been described, of old, as hailing from Woden or Odin. Thirdly, there are even noblemen’s families in this country, who, through intermarriages with

the old royal race of Norway and Scotland, might lay claim to Odin as their forebear.

'God-descended families,'—to use an expression of the author of the article quoted—not any of the houses mentioned could be called. For, the Odin spoken of was simply a warrior chieftain, who, after the course of his life had run, hoped to enter the welkin Paradise, and for that purpose *ordered his body to be cremated*, in accordance with a law he had issued during his reign.

Before entering more fully into the subject, I may incidentally remark that this country is very rich in place-names referring to the ancient German and Norse deities. Even as the days of the week are primed with the mythology of our common forefathers, so it is the case also with the names of many towns, and villages, and hills, all over Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, and Scotland. When we travel to Athens, we easily think of the Greek goddess Athenê. When we go to Rome, we are reminded of Romulus, its mythic founder. But when we go to Dewsbury, in Yorkshire; to Dewerstone, in Devonshire; to Tewesley, in Surrey; to Great Tew, in Oxfordshire; to Tewin, in Hertfordshire—have a great many even an inkling that these are places once sacred to Diu, or Tiu, the Saxon Mars?

When we go to Wednesbury, to Wanborough, to Woodnesborough, to Wansbury, to Wanstrow, to Wansdike, to Woden Hill, we visit localities where the Great Spirit, Wodan, was once worshipped. So also we meet with the name of the God of Thunder in Thundersfield, Thundersleigh, Thorley, Thursley, Thurscross, Thursby, and Thurso. The German Venus, Freia, is traceable in Fridaythorpe and Frathorpe, in Fraisthorpe and Freasley. Her son Balder, the sweet God of Peace and Light, comes out in Baldersby and Balderton.

Loki, one of whose *aliases*, according to Grimm, was Saetere, is probably hidden in Satterleigh and Satterthwaite. Ostara, or Eostre, the Easter Goddess of Spring, appears in two Essex parishes, Good Easter and High Easter, in Easterford, Easterlake, and Eastermere. Again, Hel, the gloomy mistress of the Under-world, has given her name to Hellifield, Hellathyrne, Helwith, Healeys, and Helagh—all places in Yorkshire, where

people seem to have had a particular fancy for that dark and grimy deity. Then, we have even Asgardby and Aysgarth, places reminding us of Asgard, the celestial garden, or Cloud Castle, of the Aesir—in other words, the Germanic Olympus.

The instances just given might be increased by the hundred: so full is England, to this day, of the vestiges of Germanic mythology.

I hasten, however, to add that, in some cases at least, what are apparently the names of Gods in these designations of old Saxon, Anglian, Frisian, Jute, or Norse homesteads, may in reality have been the names of chieftains among Teutonic and Scandinavian settlers. It was not an unusual thing for the heads of Germanic sibs to assume such divine names. Nay, the very Odin, to whom kingly and aristocratic families traced their origin, is, as already stated, provable to have been not the All-father of the heathen Teutonic creed, but a semi-historical, semi-mythical army-leader of that name.

The fact of more than one Teutonic dynasty—besides the one now reigning in England—being, in some way or other, heraldically referable to Odin, is to be found in the Norse Genealogy of Kings (*Langfedgatal*), in which mere myth, and more or less obscure historical traditions, are strangely interwoven. There, mention is made of 'Woden, whom we call Oden,' as the common ancestor of Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, and German princely families. This pedigree fabulously begins, in the well-known mediæval and monkish style, with Japhet, the son of Noah. It then goes through a confused list of names from the Greek, Persian, and Trojan legendary cycle. But finally it gives a list of purely Germanic names, from Thor to Finn, Frealaf, and 'Woden or Oden.'

Here, then, a *Thor precedes an Odin*, whereas in mythology Thor is Odin's son. This shows at once that Odin, in this connection—that is, in his quality as the founder of dynasties—is a *man's name*, not a God's.

The Norse sources are perfectly clear on that point. The *Langfedgatal* and that semi-historical work, the *Heimskringla* ('World-Circle') contain full evidence of the human nature of the Odin in question. He is described as the governor of a

people originally settled near the river Don, who later migrated as conquering warriors to the North, settling in Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. This older realm is asserted to have lain east of the Tanais (Don) or Tanaquisl, which formerly was called Wanaquisl, and flows into the Black Sea. That kingdom bore the name of Asa-land or Asa-heim. Its capital was As-gard. Between the arms of the Tanais lay Wana-land or Wana-heim, the country of a race with which Odin's people were often warring. Odin had possessions also in Tyrk-land, further east. In other words, he had subjected some Turanian tribes.

In Asgard, near the Black Sea, he ruled in company with twelve temple priests, of whom he was the foremost. These priests were called *diar* (that is, Gods, or divines) or *drottnar*, meaning masters. A powerful captain in war this Odin was. His sword proved almost invariably victorious, except in the struggle with the Wana people, when the issues of battle were of a checkered kind, and the contest had to be made up by the exchange of hostages. Thus the Wanic Niörd, his son Freyr, and his daughter Freyja—who were 'not of Asian origin'—came as hostages to Asa-land.

Whatever we may think of this record—in which, as usual, myth, religious creed, and history are confusedly mixed—it is a noteworthy fact that Strabon, the Greek geographer, speaks already of a people called *Aspurgians* (*Ἀσποργίανες*) as dwelling in the very region where the Norse accounts place Odin's capital, Asgard. 'Aspurgians' has been long ago explained by Ritter* as As-Burghers. Now, Asgard has the very same meaning—Burg or Castle of the Asas.

This Asiatic name occurs in the works of ancient Greek geographers, in various forms, as that of a number of tribes connected with the vast Thrakian and Skythian stock which, in the main, was composed of populations kindred to the Scandinavians and Germans. Thus there were Asiotēs or As-Jotēs (*Ἀσιῶται*), which in some versions is read 'Jotēs' (*Ἰῶται*), and the hypothesis has been started by scholars of the first rank that this may mean

* *Vorhalle europäischer Völker-Geschichten vor Herodot.*

'As-Goths.' Again, the ancients speak of a people in that same neighbourhood, called 'Asmanoi.' It, no doubt, signifies As-Men. The very name of Asia—which of old was at first restricted to Asia Minor and thereabouts—was said by the Thrakian Lydians to have arisen from As, the son of Kotys, who was the son of Man(es). Now, the Odinic race which conquered the Scandinavian North, called themselves an Asic people, and the name of Kotys has been identified, in accordance with the law of letter-change, with that of the Norse Hödur. The name of Manes, or Man, speaks for itself.

I only mention these details to show that the Norse tradition about an Asgard having of yore existed near the Black Sea is greatly strengthened by the statements of classic authors about the Aspurgians and other Asic tribes in the same locality.

In a fabulous, anachronistic way, the *Heimskringla* goes on to say that the Asic migration to the North, under Odin's leadership, was occasioned by the fact of the Roman leaders having at that time made expeditions all over the world, subjecting many nations to their rule. Odin—the Norse saga continues—scanning the future, set his brothers over Asgard. He himself, with his trusty men, first went out from the East, in a western direction, to Gardariki (Russia); then southwards into Saxon-land (Germany); from there by sea to Fünen, where Odin's Oe (Odense) still bears his name. Then he sent Gefion northwards over the Sound to seek after new lands. After his conquests in the North, he gave homesteads to Niörd, Freyr, Heimdall, Thor, and Baldur. The names of the homesteads so conferred upon his staff or chief warriors, tally in the *Heimskringla* with the names of the seats or halls occupied by the corresponding gods in the *Edda*.

However fable and folk-tradition may be hopelessly blended in these accounts, a historical kernel is discernible in them. As to the clearly human nature of this conquering Odin, it is brought out in the *Langfedgatal* by a second noteworthy fact. After a number of his successors have been named, another Odin is mentioned, as a later ruler, in this same genealogical table. Odin, at one time, was consequently a not unfrequent name of kings.

We know that various names of Gods and Goddesses were once in use for men and women among the Teutonic populations. Even so, to this day, in Spain and in the Catholic countries of South America, the name of Jesus—which, after all, is tantamount to that of the Deity—is often given to boys at baptism. So also among the Spaniards, the Italians, the French, and some of the Roman Catholics of Germany, it is a frequent custom to give the name of the Virgin Mary, the 'Mother of God,' even to a boy. Odin as a human name is, therefore, by no means startling.

The author of the article I have quoted in the beginning of this essay is mistaken when saying that 'in none of the genealogies, English or foreign, does the name of any god or goddess appear, except Odin himself.' As I have shown before, the name of Thor also occurs in the Norse genealogical table, *preceding even that of Odin*. The writer is right, however, in his further statement that 'no genealogy opens with Odin's name,' and that 'Odin does not appear until the fifth or sixth generation.' Coupled with the fact of another Odin following afterwards as a king, it is patent enough that we have to do, in this case, with human beings.

Correct is also the writer's further remark that Odin 'has nothing to do with the creation of the world; in fact, it was necessary for him to call upon venerable sages, male and female, and question them minutely, before he could get any information about the state of things previous to his birth.' But it is a mistake to think—as the writer of the article '*Dei Gratia*' does—that the Odin who made these inquiries is the same as the founder of the various kingly families.

The Odin, who thrones as Allfather in the celestial Cloud Castle, certainly had to go to the Water-Giant Mimir to learn something about the origin of the Universe. And this ignorance of the Supreme Deity of the Teutons is by no means surprising. All ancient cosmogonies let the world arise from an aboriginal Chaos, when the Gods are nowhere yet. Out of the Chaos, a Titanic race is first evolved. Then only the Deities are shaped. This notion of gradual evolution is common to many a people of antiquity; and it is also to be found in the Icelandic Edda. The

Chaos represents primary Matter that has existed from an Eternity incomprehensible to Man, but which yet has to be assumed; seeing that an abrupt Beginning out of Nothing was still more unthinkable even, to those ancient races. The Giants, who are the first semi-divine circle that rises from the Chaos, typify the gradual, but still crude, fashioning of the Forces of Nature. Then only, the Gods appear at last. In them, the finer shaping of Nature is symbolised.

Odin himself—that is, the great God—and his two brothers, Wili and We, who constituted a kind of Trimurti in the Hindoo sense, was said to be the son of a Giant's daughter and of a man who traced his origin to the cow Audhumbla. That cow represents the all-nourishing principle. It is the Gaia of Hesiod, the Ancestral Mother of All. Being a later comer in the Universe, Odin and his divine retinue, when desirous of information, naturally went to Mimir—whose name is of the same word-root as Memory—to make inquiries from that representative of the older Titanic race.

Mimir dwelt at a bourne near the vast ash-tree Yggdrasil. Under the image of this all-comprehending Tree of Existence the Northmen conceived the Universe—even as other ancient nations did. The well of Mimir reminds us that already in olden times the origin of all things—hence also the source of all wisdom—was sought in the aboriginal fluid as well as in primary, protoplasmic matter.

So we cannot wonder that Odin, who certainly was not present at any 'creation of the world,' should have gone to Mimir's, or Memory's, Aboriginal Well or Primeval Water for the sake of learning something. He was, however, not allowed to have a draught of wisdom from that ancient source before he gave one of his eyes as a pledge. The explanation of this is, that the two eyes of the great God are the Sun and the Moon. When the one rises, the other goes down, or is extinguished. Hence Odin's one-eyedness. It may be seen on the stage in Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung.'

I had to go into these details to make it clear that the Odin who called upon the 'venerable sage'—or rather, primordial, pre-divine Water-Giant Mimir—as to a source of knowledge, is

not the Odin who founded a kingly race from which many princely families were said to have branched off. The thoroughly human character of this latter head of a warrior-clan and of a priestly order comes out also in the account of his end.

It was he who made fire-burial a religious law among the Northmen.* The same law, or custom, it need not be said, existed among the kindred great Teutonic stock in Germany. So Tacitus relates. The Thrakians who may be called Eastern Teutons, and the noblest tribe of whom were the Getes, the forefathers of the Goths, had the same cremation law.

Now, when Odin, the army-leader, who had fought his way up to Scandinavia from the East, came near his death through illness—so the *Heimskringla* says—he had himself marked with a spear, as he wished to go up to Godsheim, the dwelling of the deities. He did not want to die what was called a 'straw-death,' but a 'spear-death,' such as was thought to be befitting a warrior. Clearly enough, he was no God himself. He was burnt on the pyre, and his funeral was a most splendid one.

His successor in the kingdom was Niörd. He, too, was burnt at his death. The same was the case with the *Diar*, or Priests, that died during Niörd's reign. Then followed Freyr, who was not incinerated, but buried in a hill. But after him, the practice of fire-burial began again among the Swedish Northmen.

In full keeping with the usual character of semi-historical traditions, the Odin of the *Heimskringla*, half-soldier, half-hierarchy, appears as a great sorcerer, who was ever able to throw himself into various guises—so to say, incarnations. Still, he is a military chieftain. Towards the end of his days he, like a

* Here is the text:—'He gave his country those laws which formerly had been held valid among the Asic race. Thus he ordained that the dead should be burnt, and that everything that had been their own should be carried to the pyre. He said every one should go up to Walhalla with as many riches as would be heaped upon his pyre, and that he should enjoy in Walhalla also those things which he had hidden away in the earth. The ashes should be thrown into the sea, or be buried deep in the soil; but for illustrious men a mound should be raised as a token of remembrance. For all those who had shown great courage, a stone-fence should be raised; and thus it has been kept for a long time afterwards.'

common mortal, falls sick, and as he wishes to obtain eternal blessing, he orders himself, before expiring, to be marked with the point of a weapon. For thus only, according to the rules of the great God whose name he bore, he was supposed to be able to go up to the shield-adorned Walhalla, the heavenly abode of dead but immortal warriors.

In many religious systems, it is true, we meet with a mixture of deities that are enthroned in the welkin, and of incarnations which represent or embody them on earth. In the case before us, however, we already see a human person who, for the sake of better swaying men, and making his title of a ruler—'by the grace of God'—more valid, assumes the name of a Supreme Being, and surrounds himself with a mystical halo. So kings were wont to do down to rather modern times. I need only refer to the old French and English superstitions about the cure of some maladies by the monarch's miraculous touch.

In the Edda, we find even the Jarls, or Earls, gifted with qualities of a semi-divine witchcraft. Thus Konur, the young noble, 'knew runes of the Time and runes of the Future; he understood how to magically hide men, and to deaden sword-edges, aye, even to still the sea (*oegi laegja*).'*

To sum up: the Odin who figures in the pedigrees of many princely and even aristocratic families, is to be held separate from the Germanic All-father and world-pervading Ruler of the Storms, who led the dead into Walhalla, and who, therefore, after the introduction of the New Creed, and the gradual decay of the old one, was converted into a Wild Huntsman, with a ghostly retinue, careering, like a tempest, along the sky, in a nocturnal ride. Odin, the ancestor of kings, is simply a man, around whom many fabulous yarns were spun. No better proof of his human personality could be given than that he had a Thor for his ancestor, and another Odin as one of his successors, and that, after having fought many battles, and gone alternately through defeats and victories, he ordained his own fire-burial, in the hope of a blissful future existence.

KARL BLIND.

* *Rígsmál.*

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 2, 1899).—Professor Julius Ley discusses with minute and learned care some of the perplexing problems arising out of the passages bearing on 'the Servant of the Lord' in the second Isaiah. The title of his article is 'Die Bedeutung des "Ebed-Jahve" im zweiten Teil des Prophet Jesaia mit Berücksichtigung neuerer Forschungen.' There are, he says, three principal characteristics of the Servant of the Lord which distinguish him from the Servant, Israel, and Jacob. These appear in chs. xlii., xlix., lii. and liii. There is attributed in these prophecies to the Servant of Jahve, (1.) the calling and mission of instructing and enlightening Israel and the heathen nations—a mission not given to the Servant, Israel, or Jacob. To the latter is promised the punishment of his enemies, and freedom from his oppressors, return from exile and earthly possessions, and honours. (2.) The Servant of the Lord is represented as, in the carrying out of this mission, undergoing much labour, enduring much scorn, and suffering martyrdom—as being a sacrifice to atone for the sins of others, and, by virtue of this, becoming the means of enlightening his people and spreading the knowledge of God among the nations. On the other hand, there is promised to the Servant, Jacob, that other peoples will have to pay the price of his redemption and suffer for his sake. (3.) Again, the Servant of the Lord is represented, in the prophecies above named, as gentle, humble, valiant for truth and righteousness, etc. Our author next proceeds to justify these views as to the 'Ebed-Jahve'—views already set forth in his *Historische Erklärung des zweiten Teils des Isaiah*, and Duhm's *Isaiah*, and other works on the same prophecies.—The second article is on 'Das Hebräische Testamentum Naphtali.' It is by Herr Pfarrer G. Resch. *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* has engaged the attention of scholars for years, and until the appearance of the Hebrew text given by Dr. Gaster in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, in 1894, there was a general consensus among them that it was of Greek origin, or was originally written in that tongue. Dr. Gaster's discovery of the Hebrew version in the great *Chronicle of Jerahmeel* has quite revolutionised opinion as to this, and given impetus to, and interest in, the

study of this, and of other apocryphal writings of the two centuries prior to, and of the first century of, the Christian era. Herr Pastor Resch here translates back into Greek the Hebrew text, and in a parallel column gives the Greek text as it has come down to us, showing us in this way how the latter differs from the original, or how the writer altered it in the interests of Christian ideas. Our author brings out, too, in the course of his paper the difference that exists between the religious standpoint of the original author and the Greek translator and redactor, and deals also with other points which merit the attention of all students of that class of literature.—Herr Pfarrer Fischer gives an interesting study on 'the History of Ordination'—'Zur Geschichte der Ordination.' It is based upon a MS. found in the State Archives in Breslau, which has been translated from the Latin, and appears in the *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Geschichte und Altertum Schlesiens*, 1897, by Dr. Soffner. The MS. sheds considerable light on the history of the service accompanying the ceremony of ordination in the sixteenth century in Brieg, in Silesia.—The other articles in this number are, 'Wie sind 2 Kor. 13, 13 die drei Teile des Segenswunches inhaltlich auseinanderzuhalten und miteinander zu verbinden?' from the pen of Herr Mullensiefen; 'Zwei Lutherworte, mitgeteilt aus der Zwickaner Ratsschulbibliothek,' by Dr. Clemen, who contributes also 'Miscellen zur Reformationsgeschichte;' and 'Die Flugschrift *Sepultura Lutheri*, 1538,' by Professor Kawerau of Breslau.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (Feb.)—The story 'Adam und Eva' is completed in this number. An up-to-date article follows on the Empress Regent of China, tracing the history of the intrigues and events that followed on the death of the Emperor, Hienfeng, in 1861, and that have disturbed and distressed China ever since. The article is by Herr M. von Brandt, whose position at Peking has enabled him to penetrate below the surface of things there, and observe the hidden springs of much which has surprised and perplexed the more distant students of recent Chinese history.—Herr Ricardo Huch begins a series of studies on the Romantic movement in Germany last century and this. Here he sketches the life, character, and influence of Caroline, the brilliantly gifted daughter of Professor Michaelis, of Gotha, and who was celebrated by Schiller as 'Dame Lucifer.' Her early struggles against her depressing environment while she was the wife of a country doctor, in Klausthal, are sympathetically dwelt on, and her later triumphs when wedded to Wilhelm von Schlegel are detailed.—M. T. Fischer gives a brief sketch of the island of

Corsica and its people.—Herr H. Albrecht discusses the question of how to extend and popularise the higher teaching in the schools in Germany. He favours our University Extension movement.—Lady Blennerhasset discourses on Alfred, Lord Tennyson, taking as her text, and to some extent her guide, the recently published Memoir of him by his son, and several of the monographs which have been consecrated to him and his works.—Herr Hans Hoffmann's 'skizze' in this number is on the vagrant, 'Der Landstreicher.'—The political and literary *Rundschaun* follow, and an elaborate notice is given of Jacob Burckhardt's 'Griechische Culturegeschichte.'—(March).—'Nachbars Werner,' by Isolde Kurz, takes the place of 'Adam und Eva' here.—Herr Adolf Frey begins a biographical study of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. This section of it is devoted to his ancestry, from at least Hans Meyer, the tailor of Zurich, in 1614.—Herr Rudolf Eucken contributes 'Ein Wort zur Ehrenrettung der Moral.' The 'Apology' here is understood, of course, in the old classical sense. Our author pleads for the inclusion of all public life in the sphere of Morality, if it is to continue to merit, as a science, general esteem.—Herr A. Gercke furnishes a learned paper on 'Volkslieder und Volksglaube der Finnen.'—'Carl Schurz,' the American soldier, journalist, and statesman, is the subject of a biographical notice from the pen of Marie Fussen. Carl Schurz was born in Cologne in 1829, but made the Fatherland too hot for him by his radical and revolutionary writings, and his joining in the outbreaks of rebellion there. He escaped to the United States in 1852, where he engaged in lecturing and practised law. He joined in the Civil War and rose to be Major General. He was made Secretary of the Interior in 1877, and returned to journalism in 1884.—Herr R. Huch continues his studies on the Romantic School in Germany, dealing here with the brothers Schlegel, Wilhelm and Friedrich.—'X' contributes an article 'Die englischen Landarbeiter,' based on some recent works dealing with, or touching on, labour questions in this country, such as Joseph Arch's *Life*, and Mrs. H. Ward's *Marcella*, etc.—Herr Eugen Zabel gives an appreciative sketch of Friedrich Spielhagen.—Hans Hoffmann continues his 'skizzen' under the heading 'Tante Fritzchen,' the subject here being 'Der Kahnschiffer,' the Ferryman.—The other articles are on 'Der neue Stil,' and an 'In Memoriam' on J. von Döllinger; and a notice of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.—The usual political and literary *Rundschaun* follow.—(April).—'Gritli Brunnenmeister' is the title of the story in this number.—The first instalment of an article on 'Bismarck and the Bismarck Literature of last year,' from the pen of Herr Erich Marcks,

follows, and gives, so far as it goes, an admirable picture of the Iron Chancellor, and an excellent summary of several of the more important works that have recently appeared on him, on his life, and the influence he exercised on the politics and history of Germany.—Herr F. Paulsen discourses on J. G. Fichte, and his efforts to free philosophic thought or thinking from the trammels that weighed upon it in his day.—R. Huch continues his studies on the Romantic School. The subject of this study is 'Das Athenäum.'—Herr E. Hubner has an article on Cicero and the influence of his works on to-day.—'At the Court of the Sultan Abdul Medjid' is the title of an article which is composed of extracts from the diary of Dr. S. Spitzer, the court physician from 1845 to 1850.—Hans Hoffmann's 'skizze' in this number is on 'der Unruheufel.'—The Dreyfus Literature in Paris' forms the subject of a paper which briefly summarises said literature.—The monthly surveys, political and literary, conclude an extremely interesting and instructive number.

RUSSIA.

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—No. 44 begins with a paper on 'Reality and Self-Consciousness,' by M. B. N. Tchichérin. The author enquires what is Reality, and what is the Real in the World? He holds this to be one of the root questions of philosophical science. Its decision depends on the views on things and the more or less confirmed points of view on which the philosophical question turns. This question does not exist for immediate consciousness. Man and the lower animals count those things real which present themselves to their external senses, and with which they find themselves constantly in mutual relation. They live by means of their environment of differing kinds of matter, of which they take advantage, for their various ends. They are sometimes mastered by them; in their changes they incorporate them in part with their own bodies, and not for a moment do they actually doubt their real existence. If there be any mistake between appearance and reality, the mistake is quickly rectified. The whole of life is spent in gaining assurance of the reality of the world surrounding them. This view is confirmed by science, and it is the practical view of the animal as well as of man. Still, it is allowed that there is some room for doubt. The deductions of science may be differently interpreted, although the practical result always falls out in the same way. Doubts arise even on immediate consciousness. Man receives the phenomena presented to him as something real, and meanwhile his eyes undergo a

change. It is now something different, from what it was when last seen. Formerly ice, it is changed into water, and anon this becomes steam. I eat an apple, and of this there remains not a remnant, it is converted into a part of my own body. The philosophical consciousness posits the question, still deeper and broader. Here M. Tchichérin follows in the footsteps of Descartes with his *cogito, ergo sum*, and goes on to show that the French philosopher found his point of support in the *proper existence of the thinking subject*. Our commentator finds the foundation of the *cogito, ergo sum* fully sufficient; it is clear to every mind and cannot be shaken. No doubt, the explanation of this ground permits differing interpretations. Is the position immediately given? or is it the utterance of a syllogism concluding from Thought to Being? M. Tchichérin holds that it is the first. When any one says, 'I think, consequently I am, or exist,' he does not deduce his own existence out of thought as by the force of a syllogism but as in a personal position of which he is conscious; he sees this by a simple process of reason, for it is clear that if he deduced this position out of a syllogism, then he ought, in the first instance, to posit 'All that think, are, or exist,' while, on the contrary, he sees it from this that he himself feels that he cannot be mistaken, he thought, but he feels immediately that he exists. This is confirmed by Hegel (see *Encyclopædia*, §. 64). The author, while allowing immediate deduction, disputes that we can make use here of a movement of the body, as I walk, therefore, I am, alleging that one may walk in one's sleep. Descartes admits that the consciousness of one's own being is an immediate datum of thought, which is, indeed, practically the basis of the conclusion, I think, therefore, I am. It is known, that it is held by the empirical school that every mental presentation concerning things may be regarded as the result of imagination. They hold *that* only for real, for whose presence there is full assurance either internal or external. And the second of these is also held to be doubtful, or even deceptive. The immediate apprehension of the *ego* is held, to be open to the same doubt. In the quest after reality, one leaves the ground of reality behind, and reaches at last the palpably absurd. This is nothing new; we have the same in the Sophists of Plato. It is impossible to follow the critic further. He goes on to deal with Mill and the permanent possibility of sensations.—The article following on this is a continuation from the previous number by M. Serge, of 'Comte and his significance in Historical Science.' The immediate subject of the article is the Philosophy of History. However important in the eyes of Comte may have been his 'Static,'

M. Serge gives the preference especially to his Dynamic, which not only constitutes, as he says, the most interesting part of Sociology, but is also the more advanced in a scientific point of view, for the dynamic completes the scientific character of his Sociology, and endows it, in the words of Comte, with the most decisive form, in a philosophical sense, bringing into it the conception which marks out Sociology from simple Biology, by giving it the fundamental idea, to wit, of uninterrupted progress (*l'idée mère du progrès contenu*), or more truly, as Comte hastens to add, 'the conception concerning the gradual development of Humanity' (*Phil. Pos.*, IV., 262). Then, as the Static unfolds the laws of the co-existence of the united phenomena, constituting the ground-work of Social Order, the Dynamic ought, according to the theory of Comte, to unfold the laws of the succession of phenomena, constituting the basis of the theory of Progress. In the action of Dynamic, Comte includes only the one law of the succession of Phenomena. But what law is this? It is already known to us as that in virtue of which Humanity proceeds, like the thought of the individual man, through the three stages or conditions, the theological, metaphysical, and positive. Comte, therefore, stands in such fashion on the same ground on which his predecessors stood, the Rationalists of the 18th century, named by him the Metaphysicians. The fundamental law determining the destiny of man upon the earth is borrowed by Comte from the sphere of abstract Reason, and to this he ascribes unconditionally, absolute productive force. By carrying forward this thought, and joining it to historical facts, properly so-called, is constituted the so-called Dynamic of Comte. Speaking of intellectual development, Comte understands by this the sphere of the abstract reason. No other division of history, according to the meaning of Comte, not even in the history of the fine arts, including poetry, notwithstanding its importance, could be put in the first place in the analysis of historical phenomena without the danger of evil results and without excitements, so that according to the words of Comte all the faculties of expression stand near to the faculties of affection, which lie nearer to the brain, and at all times, even in the epochs of the greatest real influence, were under the control of the abstract faculties. On this ground Comte counted himself in the right to concentrate his attention on the history of man in his intellectual developments, and see in it the original source of all historical movement. This idea had been brought before him by St. Simon, whose own Utopia was grounded in the presentation that, during the Revolution of 1789, the mastery in society belonged to the soldier class first, and

passed over from them to the business and trading classes. This thought concerning evolution from militarism to industrialism, Comte laid hold of and fixed on, altogether mechanically, in the evolution of the three stages, theological, metaphysical, and positive, in such fashion that militarism or the warrior class corresponded to the theological period, and the business and trading to the positive. The parallelism indicated here was not originated by Comte; for it was not clear to him in its realization, the connection between the intellectual and historical evolution, the former corresponding to the metaphysical stage. The attack of Comte upon *litterateurs* and advocates who, in our time, have taken the front rank from doctors of theology and legists, does not show that he had a clear view of the general position and the comparative validity of the classes as a transition from militarism to the trading and business classes. In such strange wise did Comte fashion those remarkable theories, which, making use of 'artifice' as he termed it, following his predecessor Condorcet, he applied it to Catholic France, in drawing without hesitation, the Protestantism of Germany and England into the same categories, which it would have 'disturbed the harmony of his spirit' and 'burdened the freshness of his intellect' to grapple with, so that he could pass by the works of Vico, Kant, Herder, and Hegel, and knew their writings only indirectly and in very unsatisfactory abstracts. —This is succeeded by an article on 'Beauty and Art,' by M. P. Kalenoff, written in reference to two articles of N. A. Ivanoff, published in this *Review* in 1896, in which the first treated of the fundamental principle of Beauty in No. 33 and the second in No. 34, on the problems of Art. —Without taking up more space, we should pass on to the following article by Prince S. Trubetskoi, 'On the Religious Ideal of the Hebrews.' This opens by stating that Christian Theology includes in itself the doctrine concerning God revealed in Jesus Christ. It has been formed in the conflict between Judaism and heathenism. The religious thought of the Old Testament had its one foundation, its one point of departure, its various problems, and certainly we cannot seek in it specially Christian conceptions and presentations. The doctrine concerning the Logos as it is formulated in the fourth gospel, appears to be a specially Christian doctrine, presenting a section between former Hebrew Messianic views referred to in the preaching of the Baptist and the universal Gospel of Christ. The national expectation suffered full destruction in the death of Christ as the King of the Jews. He died on the Cross. He rose in the faith of the Apostles as a universal revelation of the Father, as the Lord, the Saviour of

the world. In the nationalism of Israel, there was also an element opposed to Christianity, hostile to it, and if Israel gave Christ His first apostles, it also gave birth to His first enemies, to the first anti-christian movement. Philo wished to expound to the cultivated Greco-Roman world a generally reasonable sense of the Old Testament, and with this view he rationalized it in the spirit of the popular eclectic philosophy of his own time. The conception of the Logos as a universal Reason was published by him as the beginning of a natural revelation and such a revelation, as showed no traces of being a special revelation to Israel. The result was that the Old Testament lost its real sense, and was turned into an allegorical fable, with a moral borrowed from the philosophers. Philo truly understood that the monotheism of the Old Testament and its moral teaching presses through to them, and had a generally universal significance, but he understood not the essential part of this monotheism and its teaching, turning the one and the other into abstractions. Striving to show the reasonableness of every letter, each form of the writing, he lost its concrete special sense. In a second part, the Prince deals with the law and the prophets, or generally with the writings of the Old Testament. In a third part he deals with the sovereignty of God over the heavens and the earth, and with His rule over the nations. Closely connected with His universal sovereignty is the fact that He rules through His Spirit and 'does according to His Will in the army of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth.' This is illustrated in another chapter by the power of His Word, and in two final chapters by the impersonation of the Divine Wisdom, such as we have it in the eighth of Proverbs. This article concludes the general contents of the journal.—The special part has an interesting article furnished by M. Ya. N. Koloboffsky on materials that he has collected for the history of philosophy in Russia.—This is followed by the usual reviews of books, journals, and the bibliography.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January 16, 1899).—Professor D'Ancona has much to say about Manzoni and Henri Beyle (Stendhal) founding his paper on 'Fragments from the Austrian Police Archives at Milan.'—Former papers are concluded and continued.—A series of poems by A. Graf, is entitled 'In the World of Dreams.'—E. Masi writes on the 'Renaissance of Italy.'—G. Negri reviews at length the recent books on 'Bismarck.'—O. Grandi contributes a sketch called 'The Laurel of

San Gaggio.'—M. Ferraris writes on 'Foreign Tourists in Italy, their presence being 'one of the most important and least studied elements of Italian Political Economy.'—Follows a review of Dantesque study at home and abroad, by M. Scherillo.—L. Luzzatti discourses on the 'Decadence and Revival of Parliaments.'—(February 1st.)—In an article on 'The Government and the Public Health,' G. Bizzozero points out that not yet has the Italian government availed itself thoroughly of all the knowledge of science in respect to hygiene, and warmly commends this subject to the attention of the authorities, for though there has been much progress during the last twenty years, there remains much that has been neglected.—A. de Bosis contributes a fine 'Hymn to the Sea.'—A. Bosdari has an appreciative article on Mr. Rudyard Kipling as 'poet and prose-writer,' quoting largely from the distinguished novelist's work. Speaking of the verses 'Blue Roses,' the critic finds that Kipling is even greater than Heine in lyric, and in prose calls him the modern *Æsop* and the modern *La Fontaine*. He is a 'giant who in a few hours acquired the celebrity of a Dickens or Thackeray.' He has also revived patriotic poetry at a time when other poets, especially those of Italy, affect to despise patriotic sentiment. The use of slang, says the Italian critic, is necessary and natural to a poet who intends scrupulously to reproduce life. From this point of view, the literature of Kipling, in spite of the slang he uses, is true art.—C. Gioda writes in favour of a Woman's College in Rome; and E. Mancini describes submarine vessels.—C. Grivellari has much to say on the 'Value of Titles in Credit Banks.'—U. Osetti writes on the works of 'Michetto' at the Berlin exhibition. The collection shone out amid the other exhibits.—(February 16.)—G. Pascoli contributes a poem 'The Dream of Odysseus.'—The present instalment of 'Notes from the Archives of the Austrian Police,' by Professor D'Ancona, treats of Gioberti and Cavour.—G. Mestica has a long and interesting paper on the 'Culture and Political Sentiments of Raphael,' who, says the writer, besides being a 'conqueror of nature' in his art, was never touched by the political corruption prevailing in the Papal Court of the period, and in the midst of which he lived. 'He passed above it all immaculate, like angel over the swamps of Styx. His goodness was so great that Leo X. on hearing of his death, remained stricken dumb for a time, and then exclaimed "Ora Pro Nobis!"'—E. A. Butti contributes eight 'Lyric Motives.'—Professor Villari reviews Signor F. Lemme's new book, *Nelson, Caracciolo, and the Neapolitan Republic in 1779*, in which, the critic says, it is clearly shown that Nelson's conduct was an explosion of ferocious ani-

mosity, excusable perhaps in a Neapolitan Bourbon, but not in a foreign officer who was only indirectly interested. 'The book,' continues Professor Villari, 'gives us a new figure of Lady Hamilton, without whose dire influence it would be impossible to understand Nelson's behaviour. It is due to her in no small part that the noble heroic figure of Nelson will for ever bear a bloody stain that no waters of the ocean on which he accomplished so many glorious enterprises can ever wash away.'—Professor Lombroso follows with a most interesting paper on 'Criminals and Lunatics in Drama, and in Modern Romance.'—D. Zanichelli writes an important article on 'The Pope at the International Conference for Disarmament,' and concludes by asking what would be the practical value of a conference at which, together with the authorised representatives of sovereigns and states, a person should be present who had no political but only a religious character? 'It seems to me,' says the writer, 'that not only the practical value but also the moral importance of the conference would be impaired, and all liberal minds would protest against it. The political mysticism which has inspired the Czar's Rescript, would acquire an aspect truly and terribly menacing, similar to that of the Holy Alliance, were the Pope to intervene. Italy, absolutely opposing the Pope's intervention, gave proof of no sectarian intolerance, but of a true understanding of her political traditions.'—A. Graf writes about the new Italian poet 'Giovanni Cena,' whose first volume of poems which appeared two years ago, has now been followed by another, entitled *In Umbra*, which has confirmed his young fame.—F. Bertolini reviews Signor Pais's *Storia di Roma*, with much appreciation, the second volume of the work is just published, and has an interesting appendix on the tomb of Romulus and the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum.—E. Vidari discusses the new law regarding the 'Autonomy of the Universities.'—Professor Revelli has taken up the birth of the sexes and has published an interesting volume entitled *The Problem of the Sexes*.—(March 1.)—After a poem by Mario Rapisardi, entitled 'Conquered,' there follows the first part of the second series of 'Pen and Word' by L. Pulle, describing a drama by Battaglia, and the famous actors who played it, and other famous dramas of the period; with an account of the Venetian actor and patriot, Gustav Modena.—XXX throws 'more light' on the Convention of the 15th September, 1864, from documents and hitherto unpublished letters by La Marmora and Marco Minghetti, and a long letter from Jerome Bonaparte, written from Paris on the 18th April, 1861.—Signor Scheibler contributes a chapter from his forthcoming book *Travels and Hunts* describing

a lion-hunt in Africa.—D. Chilovi has much to say on the 'Catalogue of Scientific Literature.'—Osetti enters into a detailed description, in a lively style of all the paintings, which show the change which took place in Michetti, when, with all his sensuous realism he became an idealist painter. Modern Italian art was often misunderstood in Germany, and, indeed in all foreign countries, until Michetti arose with his creative genius, throwing light on the subject.—M. Visconti gives an account of the great industrial establishment of Franco Tosi at Leguano, near Milan.—G. Alessio writes on 'Parliament and Reform.'—X has a long paper on 'Italian Art, and the Corporation of Artists.'—P. Fiore writes on the 'Emperor of Russia and the Conference for Disarmament,' saying that if that conference succeeds in agreeing to continue the work begun in 1896, it will be a great step in the development of civilization. To commence well anew is to be half through the work.—(March 16th.)—The most interesting article in this number is the 'Yellow Peril,' by Professor Lombroso, who sings a song of praise to the exceptional civilization, humanity and perfectibility of the Chinese! According to Lombroso the Chinese are only inferior to Europeans in war, because they despise militarism. Amongst other things the Professor says: 'Just as the Chinese pay their doctors as long as they are in health and cease to pay him when they are ill; as they reward the civil authorities as long as peace and order prevail, and punish them when disorders occur; so they have known how to prevent the greater number of the causes which render war necessary, and therefore they have good reason to manage without much police and military force. The fact that they have known how to avoid the plagues that have tormented Europe—feudalism, militarism, ecclesiastic and capitalist evils, has rendered their immense empire of more than four hundred million souls the grandest and most politically compact which exists in this world. Contrast Austria-Hungary, where four or five nations fight against each other and the government; or England, where a social and religious struggle is going on; and who cannot keep her colonies without giving them such a degree of liberty as almost equals separation; and who in India and her other colonies has indeed a source of wealth, but also a source of economical rivalry that menaces the vitality of the mother country.'—The other articles in this number are, a poem by A. Graf, 'The Song of the Cathedral.'—Another portion of the 'Notes from the Archives of the Austrian Police in Milan,' by Professor D'Ancona, treating of Pietro Giordani.—The second part of Series II. of 'Pen and Sword' by L. Pulle.—'Notes of

an Old Sportsman,' by Prince Odescalchi.—'The National Shooting Gallery,' by General De La Penne.—'Alexander Rossi,' by E. De Angeli.—'Shadow-verses,' by R. Fucini.—'A Physiologist's Journey round the World,' by Professor Fano; and 'The Bay of San Mun,' by Professor Cora.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (January 16th).—L. Vitali points out the religious principle in the life and works of Alexander Manzoni.—'Bernini in Tuscany' is a paper by U. Matini.—A. G. Tononi discusses 'Hypnotism and Spiritism.'—U. Mazzini disputes the asserted fact that Lord Byron was ever at Portovenere, or swam from that place to Lerici. He says 'Byron's muse never reigned at Portovenere. The famous grotto does not lie to the east but to the west, of the town. Byron never conceived the "Corsair" in that grotto. The inscription placed above the grotto is a fable.' He goes on to adduce proof of his assertions, concluding by asking when the municipality of Portovenere will remove the lying tablet.—Former articles and stories are continued or concluded.—R. Vacca writes on 'The Study of the Italian Language at Berlin.'—G. P. describes the future of wine production in Italy.—A. Ciaccheri discusses 'Divorce among Italians Abroad.'—G. Deati contributes a short story: 'Autumn Flowers.'—M. A. contributes some 'musical reflections' on Don Perosi's oratorio, 'The Resurrection of Lazarus.'—P. Bologna inveighs against the lazy authorities of Florence.—(February 1st).—G. Falorsi writes on 'The Modern Lyceum.'—P. M. del Rosso revives the memory of Giovanni Santi Saccati, a notary and poet of the seventeenth century.—Follows a paper on 'Leopardi and Pascal,' by Annetta Manes.—P. C. della Spina contributes a comedy in two acts, 'The Syndic of Cittapiana,' which almost predicts the riots of last May, though written long before that period.—V. A. discourses at length on the Emperor William's journey in Palestine, describing the principal events which preceded and followed the expedition. The writer combats the monopoly of protection, and says the Emperor was wise when he decided that Palestine was sufficiently large for all to have a place.—G. E. Saltini, in this number's instalment of the history of Bianca Capello and Francis de' Medici, describes the first year of the widowhood of Bianci.—M. S. Lopez contributes a story 'On a Feast Day.'—Follow some recollections of Italy, by V. Balaquer.—(February 15th).—G. Mazzoni writes an interesting paper on 'Cesare Cantu;' and 'Crito' describes the experiment of the plural vote which is being tried in Belgium, and which he believes will be of short duration.—Eufrasio writes on 'Human Ascension' and the controversy on evolution.—E. A. Foperti

discusses the judgment on General Lamarmora made by General della Rocca in his autobiography.—N. Bardelli contributes an essay on 'The Historic Evolution of the Athenian Constitution.'—L. Stirat commences an article on 'Machinery and Karl Marx,' continued in following number.—Then we have a translation of René Bazin's *La Fromentière*, to be continued.—A short paper on 'The Pope and Disarmament,' by Eleuterio; an instalment of 'Reform and the Thirty Years' War,' by L. Grottanelli; and an appreciative article on 'Don Lorenzo Perosi and his Compositions,' by F. Gallarati-Scotti, close this number.—(March 1st).—Father Grovamozi writes about the 18th May, 1895; and R. Ricci denounces parliamentary corruption.—Ugo Pesci contributes a paper on 'Costantino Perazzi,' and P. Molmenti describes the magnificent Palace Martinengo at Barbarano di Salò, now the property of Count Cesaresco.—Follows another instalment of the story of Bianco Capello.—G. Busnelli gives a short biography of Alessandro Rossi, the '*great old man*' of Schio.—A. Gherardi has more to say about Savonarola.—E. S. Kingswan reviews Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*.—(March 16th).—Senator Lampertico publishes here the speech he made at the public commemoration of Senator Alessandro Rossi.—E. de Gaetani discusses the military and naval expenses in Italy, and the means of raising the navy to the required strength while still having a due regard to economy.—R. Corniani discusses the *League of Contributors*.—A. Armanni edits some hitherto unpublished letters from Lamennais to Montalembert.—A. V. Vecchi contributes a commentary on the diary of the late British Consul at Santiago, Chili, Mr. Frederick Ramsden.—L. Grottanelli continues his study of 'The Reform and the Thirty Years' War.'—In the present and concluding instalment of 'Machinery and Karl Marx' the writer discusses machinery, population, the law of Malthus and the law of Karl Marx.—Monachus writes on *Two Americanisms*, saying that the Pope gave in his encyclical a clear apology for the political Americanism which is not, and never meant to be, a scholastic system, but is constituted by American habits, customs, laws and liberty. This Americanism is the guarantee of liberty and progress. It is notable that it is the first time that the Pope has approved of such principles.

EMPORIUM (January, 1899).—The first article in this number is 'Contemporary Artists: Leonardo Bistolfi,' by Paola Lombroso. Leonardo Bistolfi was born at Casal Monferiato in 1859. His father, who died at the early age of twenty-six, was a noted wood-carver, who left very beautiful work, showing a tendency to produce picturesque effects in plastic art, a

tendency still further developed in his son. Leonardo's mother was a schoolmistress, who, left a widow, worked hard to earn a modest livelihood for herself and her child. While still a mere boy, Leonardo showed such talent in modelling, that the municipality of his native town gave him a pension to enable him to study in Milan. There he stayed a year, and then went to Turin as a pupil of Tabacchi. The first of his works noticed by the public excited great discussion. It was his group of 'Washerwomen,' showing a reality and robustness of treatment and close observation of nature worthy of a Zola. At this time Bistolfi also exhibited his great work, 'The Lovers,' at the Turin Exhibition of 1881. This work is full of passion. Other productions rapidly followed, and Bistolfi proved himself more and more a 'symbolist' of high order. His symbolism was derived from pure and sincere founts of inspiration. He now began to execute a series of 'marble poems' on death, the first of which was a monument, 'The Angel of Death,' for the tomb of the Braida family. When he finished this work, Leonardo Bistolfi was only twenty years of age. The second of the series, the 'Sphinx,' showed enormous progress both in technical ability and in thought and imagination. It is a splendid piece of sculpture, showing the serener conception of death at which the artist had now arrived. It excites a feeling of solemnity, calm, and reverence, a sense of divine repose, in the breast of the spectator. Then came 'The Beauty of Death,' a monument for the tomb of Grandis, the engineer of the Frejus tunnel. This figure the sculptor portrayed as the dead man stretched on his bier, not disfigured, but transfigured and purified by death for a new life. A girlish figure is plucking the few flowers springing from the interstices of the stones, and the contrast between the rigid, reclining form and the delicate, living body of the maiden is perfectly marvellous. The 'Brides of Death,' a bas-relief, continues the theme of the series, showing death to be a continuation of life. The succeeding monument, also a bas-relief, 'Sorrow Comforted by Memories,' quite recently exhibited at Turin, is only another page of the philosophical idea of its author. Leonardo Bistolfi has not been treated well by his native country. His splendid model for a monument to Garibaldi was rejected by the choosing-committee for a vulgar work. The Milanese artists showed their disapproval of the refusal of Bistolfi's work by subscribing for its being carried out in bronze. Another model of his, a monument to Prince Amadeo, was rejected by one of the committee for the queer reason that it was too picturesque, and by another because it did not exclusively magnify the prince. When

asked how he explained the curious dualism between his realistic and his symbolic work, Bistolfi replied that when he had to represent real life, or make a portrait bust or statue, he copied what he saw exactly, but when he made a symbolic figure, he copied faithfully the transcendental form which he saw in his imagination, and which became to him real and evident. When he begins a work, the sculptor says, he never knows precisely how it will end. He works under a sort of guiding impulse, the form of his composition growing distinct as the work progresses. 'It is the clay itself,' he says, 'which moves under my hand, and, so to say, models itself!' One of Bistolfi's most difficult productions was his 'Via Crucis.' He was charged with the execution of a crucifixion for the small mountain-shrine at Crea, and little by little the idea in his mind developed into the whole scene of the Passion. He decorated the walls of the chapel *in fresco* with his own hand, and in it placed more than twenty tinted plastic figures and groups—Christ walking to Calvary, supported by His mother; a crowd of centurions, slaves, and children, showing all the gamut of feeling, from mere curiosity to deep sorrow. Bistolfi said later that his best reward was the effect this work had on the simple peasants of the district, an emotion and reverence that was extended to the artist himself, so that at Crea he is regarded as a sort of holy magician. The latest work of the still young sculptor, the 'Sorrow Comforted by Memories,' made a profound impression at Turin, not only on expert artists but on the general public.—The next article, 'Contemporary Artists: Henrik Ibsen,' by Dr. U. Ortensi, enters into the life and works of the celebrated Norwegian, who has been too widely discussed for it to be necessary here to repeat the present paper.—Follows 'A Trip to Greece,' by A. Galanti, well illustrated.—Signor L. Beltrami contributes a full description of the church of St. Maurizio at Milan, and of the paintings by Luini contained therein.—P. B. writes on 'The late Empress of Austria,' the article being illustrated by numerous photographs.—Sem Benelli describes the beautiful ceramics of Galileo Chini at Florence.—(February).—Tranquillo Cremona is this number's 'Contemporary Artists,' and the life of this talented artist, now dead, is here summarized by Primo Levi, who claims for him a great influence on modern art.—A paper on 'Adam Mickiewicz' is well written by P. B.—As one of Italy's 'Illustrious Women,' an account of Maria Gaetana Agnese is given by P. Nurra.—The 'Fountains of Italy' is a pleasant paper by A. Melani, and by far the greater number of the illustrations are from Florence.—Jack Labolena has a short paper on 'The Achievements of the

American Navy in the Pacific.'—An article on 'The Terra-Cottas of Tanagia and Mirina' is taken from *The Studio*.—In the 'Varieties' is an unsigned 'Story of the Umbrella,' with curious illustrations.

RIVISTA D'ITALIA (January).—'The Making of a Jacobite Poet,' by G. Carducci, is a paper on the poet Giovanni Fantoni, who began to write when inspired by the victory of Souvarow in 1790.—Professor Bonfadini reviews the memoirs of Prince Bismarck.—G. Marradi contributes a 'Garibaldian Rhapsody.'—L. Capineri commences the publication for the first time of a series of letters from Silvio Pellico to the *Donna Gentile* Quirina Majiotti, written during the years 1816 to 1820. The correspondence began when the exile Ugo Foscolo deputed his friend Pellico to sell his things. The letters show Quirina's warm and disinterested affection for Foscolo, and the fraternal love of Pellico for his friend. The last letter, which is dated 20th July, 1820, will be published in the next number of the *Rivista d'Italia*. On the following October Silvio Pellico was imprisoned at Santa Margherita, and the year after in the terrible 'leads' of Venice. In January 1822 he was removed to the prison of San Micheli at Murano; he was then condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg. The *donna gentile* was, as may be imagined, greatly afflicted at the misfortunes of her friend and correspondent, and was rejoiced when he was liberated in July 1830. The two friends never met personally till 1846, when Pellico, on his way from Rome to Turin, paid Quirini a short visit. At that time all was changed. Foscolo was dead; Pellico's health ruined by his long imprisonment, and Quirini was at the point of death. The letters in this instalment end with the date 22nd November, 1816, when Foscolo was in London, and Pellico writes to Quirina from Arluno: 'My friend, the books would have been already sent to Foscolo, if, by paying the carriage, I could have been sure that they would reach him gratis, but I am told that the custom-house dues in England are so enormous that I dare not venture to send them, as it would place Foscolo in the alternative of either spending a large sum or losing his books. His brother Giulio, who knows more people in Milan than I do, has promised to try and find some other way of sending the books, and flatters himself that he will succeed. He is an honest man, as devoted to his brother as to his God. I thought I ought to let him into our secret, so that, should I die, he might be able to help you in my place. He assures me that Foscolo does not know the story of the books. I am in the country to invoke the last rays of

autumn sunshine, but they have no longer any warmth. It seems that life is declining in all nature, as it is ceasing in me. How Ugo's letter made my heart ache! Best of women, no! it is not in vain that you have helped that unhappy man. I cannot persuade myself that the world in which *you* exist is not ruled by a paternal providence, which will dry the tears of virtue. . . . Addio. May serener days smile on you. Write to me always at Milan.'—A. Chiappelli reviews Bernard P. Grenfell's and A. S. Hunt's *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*.—The veteran romancist, Salvatore Farini, contributes a novel 'For Ever!'—L. Bossari describes at length the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum, illustrating his article with plans and photographs.—Dante's rhymes on Pargoletta are annotated by A. Zenatti.—'The Review of English Literature,' by 'Duncan,' criticises Harold Frederic's *Gloria Mundi*, C. E. Raimond's *The Open Question*, Hewlett's *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, L. Hausman's *The Field of Clover*, Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems*, J. Davidson's *The Last Ballad*, and William Watson's *Collected Poems*.

GIORNALE STORICO DELLA LITTERATURA ITALIANA (1899).—No. 1 commences with the last of the special memoirs of the Marchesa of Mantua, this special paper being entitled 'The culture and literary relations of Isabella d'Este Gonzaga.' It describes her studies, her teachers, her talent for poetry, her collections of books, both romantic and classic, and many other details of her mental and literary life. These several memoirs will be followed by a monograph describing the more intimate life of Isabella, the whole bringing into high relief the extraordinary figure of the gifted woman.—The rest of the number is filled by notes under the head of 'Varieties.' At the end of the number is a communication from Paget Toynbee concerning a misquotation of Dante.

LA CULTURA (15th January).—This number contains a review by G. Rosmini of Dr. Richard Garnett's *A History of Italian Literature*. The critic remarks, that while the intellectual glory of other nations—England, Germany, and France—consists for the most part in the works of their authors and scientific men, their artists, so to say, are isolated phenomena. Italy, on the contrary, possessed and possess, more artists than writers, and the best energies of the country are expressed in artistic production. So that a history of the literature of Italy can say but little of the most flourishing part of the vitality of the nation. In Dr. Garnett's work, Signor Rosmini continues, an Italian will find some deficiency, some inexactitude, and some confusion, especially in the opening chapters on the origin of

Italian literature; defects which, perhaps, it was not possible to avoid. The difficulty of keeping merely *au fait* as to the original works of the many authors mentioned in the present work, and as to the historic and critical productions belonging to the whole subject, was very great. That it was so, is seen in many of the poetical translations by means of which the writer tries to support his exposition. Many of these are not his own, and are infinitely superior to those which Dr. Garnett claims as his own. His version of Carducci's sonnet, 'Il bue,' is, in several places, of quite incredible inaccuracy. He would have avoided much difficulty by giving instead a prose translation. All this, however, does not deprive the work of merit, for it shows profound knowledge acquired by long and diligent study. The choice and arrangement of the vast material, the sobriety and justice of Dr. Garnett's appreciations, and the objective calm of his judgment, his affection for Italy and the Italians, are very valuable and pleasing, and of indescribable use to all Italians.—(February 1st).—The only English book reviewed here is A. Griffith's *Wellington and Waterloo*.—(March 1st).—In this number L. Gropolo warmly praises Miss Gwendolina Keats' volume of tales entitled *Life is Life*, saying that one must go back to Maupassant to find such rapid, precise, and limpid observation of men and things.—In the same number N. Tamassia notices W. Cunningham's essay on *Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects*, objecting that, though the author deserves praise for attempting a new path in the study of antiquity, his book has the fundamental defect of not responding to the reality of ancient conditions, inseparable from all analogies written by persons who have not made ancient history their special study.—There is also a notice of M. A. S. Hume's *Spain*, describing the arrangement of the work, and appreciating the author's vigorous scientific research.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 6, 1898).—There are three important articles in this number, besides a long list of book reviews and bibliographical notices. The first of the former is the first instalment of what promises to be a thoroughly critical examination of the history and nature of the Aztec god of war, as derived from the early Spanish writers, and the traditions gathered up by them. The chief source relied on here is the history by the priest, Bernardine, of Sahagun. The paper opens with a list of the deity's names and attributes from the source just mentioned. Dr. D. G. Brinton has already made us familiar with them in his *History of New Spain*. M. G. Raynaud, the author of this article, passes these names and attributes

under his critical pen, and examines the accounts that have been derived from traditions among the Aztecs as to Huitzilopochtli. His object is to determine whether the latter deity answered to what has been affirmed as to him, or if he is not after all a late invention, 'une pure invention du cerveau humain.' This is a subject with which M. Raynaud is thoroughly familiar. He has contributed several studies on it to previous numbers of this *Revue*, and he rather supplements here his earlier contentions than launches out into anything new. He proceeds then to give a brief summary of some of the myths regarding the birth of Huitzilopochtli, and describes the temple consecrated to him and the rites by which he was there worshipped.—M. N. W. Thomas follows with an interesting paper on 'La survivance du culte totémique des animaux et les rites agraires dans le pays de Galles.' It is based on, and is a criticism of, the works of Dr. J. G. Frazer, Dr. Gomme, Dr. A. Lang, and other well known folklorists, in so far at least as these writers deal with the superstitions and popular customs of the Gallic races. The race is nowhere pure. No race is. It is an amalgam of different peoples, brought together by conquest, migration, or other causes. The different races have carried with them their peculiar beliefs, rites and customs. Within a very limited area in any country we, therefore, find curious differences in the ideas and practices prevalent among the inhabitants. Animals revered in one district and regarded as lucky, are abhorred in another, and their appearance, or flight, etc., is looked upon as of bad omen. How is this fact to be accounted for? Is it due to what is called totemistic traditions? This cannot well be the explanation, for these differences are found existing among peoples that are free from, as well as among those that are under, the dominion of totemistic beliefs and ideas. Allowance must be made for the influence of time, the blending of races, the varying experiences, the imperfect interpretations of individuals, and the imperfect transmission of these in prehistoric times, and a host of other elements of uncertainty, in any attempt to unravel this mystery. M. Thomas seeks here to contribute towards the solution of it, but we are a long way yet from the goal in view.—'Bossuet et le Jansénisme, à propos d'un livre récent,' is the title of the last of the three important articles in this number. The book referred to is that by M. the Abbé Ingold, published in 1897. M. Ingold is a learned and painstaking student of the ecclesiastical life and literature of the seventeenth century. He has given proofs of his industry and critical discernment in this department of research already. He is now preparing a complete edition of the works of Bossuet, and has issued this volume as an introduc-

tion to it. He discusses in it Bossuet's attitude towards Jansenism, but modestly describes his work as 'Notes Historiques.' M. A. Rebillion, the author of the article before us, goes over the ground covered by M. Ingold's volume, and discusses the questions raised by him in a friendly yet independent spirit. Among the books reviewed here under the rubric 'Analyses et comptes rendus,' we notice Conder's *The Hittites and their Language*; W. M. Flinders Petrie's *Six Temples at Thebes*; and also his *Deshasheh*; and F. P. Badham's *St. Mark's indebtedness to St. Matthew*.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1899).—H. L. Leger continues here his 'Etudes de mythologie Slave.' In this section he still deals with the deities of the ancient Slav pantheon, bringing out from his authorities, and from traditions preserved by some of these, the characteristics of, and the forms of worship paid to, these deities. The deities here enumerated are Svarog, who appears also in the pages of some writers as Svarojitch, and as Svarasici; Stribog; Triglav, deformed by the Germans into Treglou; Julia; Radigast; Podaga; and Pripegalla.—M. C. Raymond also continues his study on the Aztec god of war, describing here the festivals observed in his honour, which seem to have been very numerous, and the forms these took. Other religious ceremonies are detailed also in addition to these feasts. A final chapter is devoted to the elucidation of the name and character of Huitzilopochtli, and in this the explanations of several of those who have made special studies of the ancient Mexican religions are examined and criticised.—M. A. Barth furnishes the first part of his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde.' In this section he reviews the works which have been issued since his last 'Bulletin' appeared in 1893, on 'Vedism and ancient Brahmanism.' The books, monographs, and articles in magazines during that interval have, of course, been very numerous, but all the most important of them are here noticed, and their value toward the furtherance of exacter knowledge of those ancient forms of faith and cult is indicated or 'proved.' M. Barth is well known as one of the foremost of Vedic scholars, and his appreciations of such works as are consecrated to the religions of India are likely to be taken as those of a competent critic.—Among the books reviewed we observe Mr. Morris Jastrow's, *The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*; Mr. Forbes Robinson's, *Coptic Apocryphal Gospels*; and Miss Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa*. This work receives a very full and appreciative notice from the pen of M. L. Marillier. Short notices are given too of Dr. Hastings' *Diction-*

ary of the Bible, and Mr. Ball's *Variorum Aids to the Bible Student* (Eyre and Spottiswoode).

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 4, 1898).—The anonymous article in No. 2 of last year's issue of this *Revue* on Nicolas Antoine, who was burned in Geneva in 1632 for the crime of apostatizing from the Catholic faith to Judaism, has called forth another article here on the same subject. This is from the pen of M. Julien Weill. He gives additional details as to the trial, and in an appendix prints two of the documents connected with the trial, viz., the *Procès* and the Sentence.—'La Fête des Cabanes chez Plutarch et Tacite' is the title of a paper by M. Ad. Buchler. Both of these writers, he says, speak of Jahvé as identical with Bacchus. Tacitus, however, does not state that as his own opinion. He states it merely as, on his part, hearsay, and proceeds to give a series of notable differences in the ritual and customs of the Jews, which disprove the identity of Jahvé with Bacchus. M. Buchler examines the differences mentioned by Tacitus—those specially connected with the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles. Plutarch's references in his *Symposium*, IV., are also carefully gone into. In reality, neither of those writers speaks from personal knowledge, and what they say demonstrates that fact amply enough. They have taken their authorities too seriously, and have been betrayed into numerous errors in regard to those rites which they thought they were describing with praiseworthy accuracy. The question arises, then—Whence did these writers derive their information as to the Temple services and the rites associated with the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles? Answering this question, M. Buchler acquits both Josephus and Nicolas of Damascus, writers to whom both Plutarch and Tacitus might well, in their own ignorance, have turned, and in whom they might well have put confidence. But the former does not describe the rites connected with the Feast of Tabernacles, and the latter could not have fallen into the mistakes into which both writers have been betrayed. The only possible authority or authorities on whom they may have therefore relied were most likely Lysimachus of Alexandria, or Alexandrian sources reaching them through Apion, or, failing these, some work relating to Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey, Crassus, or Titus. To some extent they may have been dependent on Pliny, Antonius, Julianus, and Florus. This, however, is a somewhat large and unsatisfactory field from which to select.—M. Mayer Lambert furnishes a learned study on the use of the article in Hebrew poetry, 'L'article dans la poésie hébraïque.' The article is less used in Hebrew poetry

than it is in prose. Was there any fixed rule that governed writers in this matter, or was it a question of individual taste and fancy? To give answer to that query it would be necessary, says M. Lambert, to consider the book or class of books in which the presence or absence of the article was most distinctly marked, and the syntactical position it occupies, where it occurs, in the sentence or phrase. To attempt to summarise an examination of that question here is impossible, and so we can only refer readers, to whom a point of this kind is of interest, to the essay itself.—M. Israel Levi adds to his previous papers on the recovered Hebrew Text of Ecclesiasticus some further exegetical notes, chiefly on Chapter xlix.—M. T. Reinach describes several documents relating to the Jews of Egypt, which form part of the recently exhumed papyri.—M. B. Heller continues his essay on the Arabic version of, and commentary on, the Book of Proverbs by the Gaon, Saadia. Here M. Heller discusses the questions as to the tendency and character of Saadia's Commentary, its fidelity to tradition, its polemical purposes, its philosophical opinions, etc.—The other articles in this number are, 'Manoello et le Dante,' contributed by N. L. Kaufmann; 'Le livre-journal de Maître Ugo Teralli, notaire et marchand-drapier à Forcalquier,' contributed by M. Israel Levi; the latter, along with M. Kaufmann, also furnish two short papers on 'Le tombeau de Mardochee et d'Esther.'—M. Kayserling has some 'Notes sur l'histoire de l'Inquisition, et des judaïsants d'Espagne.'

REVUE SEMITIQUE D'EPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 1, 1899).—In the series of 'Recherches bibliques,' in which M. J. Halévy is passing the writings of the Hebrew prophets under review in order to demonstrate the acquaintance of the latter with the Pentateuch, and especially with the document known as the Priest-Codex, he deals in this number with the writings of the Isaiah of Jerusalem. These prophecies date from about 741 to 701. They had in view a religious and political purpose, and so the prophet had little occasion to touch in them on ancient history or on the organization of the Temple worship. Yet these prophecies furnish clear and conclusive evidence of their author's familiarity with the work or works in question. M. Halévy begins this special study, as he has done with the preceding ones, by discussing and determining the authenticity and date of the prophecies with which he here deals—roughly speaking, the first thirty-nine chapters. He confines his proofs, then, to those chapters which he has given reason for regarding as genuine products of the prophet's pen. He first

adduces Chapter i. 2-4, as substantiating his assertion in regard to Isaiah's knowledge of the Pentateuch in its present form. He finds that evidence in both the contents and in the language of these verses. Israel is there represented as God's children, whom He has nourished and cherished. The comparison of their ingratitude with the obedient regard which the domestic animals have for their owners, is a reminiscence of a figure occurring in the Pentateuch oftener than once, and consequently is a favourite one with the prophets, see Hosea, xi. 1-4. For the similarities in the language made use of, we must refer our readers to M. Halévy's article itself. Chapters ii. 6-22; iv. 2-6; xi., are all adduced, then, as furnishing evidence in the same direction. The value of the results of M. Halévy's examination of these passages can only be seen after a careful study of the numerous details he here marshals. These details are of an intricate nature, and the strength of their evidence is necessarily of a cumulative character.—In his next article he continues his series of 'Considerations critiques sur quelques points de l'histoire ancienne de l'Inde.' It is the literary history of India that engages his attention here. When were the Vedas first committed to writing? Some years ago M. Halévy endeavoured to prove that it was not earlier than about the fourth century B.C. Many Vedic scholars date their committal to writing so far back as 2000 B.C., others fix it at different dates from 2000 to 1000. M. Halévy seeks to justify the position he formerly took up on this question against the arguments adduced in favour of any of the earlier dates. He finds no proof in the Vedas themselves of even the knowledge of the art of writing, much less of that art having been utilised to give permanent form to these works. The means referred to as those employed to continue and transmit these literary products are teaching and oral repetition. There is not a word in the Vedas to support the opinions of those who attribute to them an early-written form. After criticising the views of these scholars, he proceeds to examine some of the myths in these Vedas in order to show that they bear no traces of having been committed to writing at an early date.—M. A. Boissier continues and concludes his series of 'Notes d'Assyriologie.'—M. F. Nau furnishes a second instalment of the Syrian text of the legend of Jonadah, son of Rechab, and the Fortunate Islands, which legend has been attributed to James of Edessa.—M. J. Perruchon also continues and concludes his series of 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie.'—M. Halévy furnishes, as usual, the whole of the two months' 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE CELTIQUE (October, 1898, January, 1899).—The first of these numbers is, as usual with the last number for the year,

for the most part taken up with a series of very elaborate and complete indices. Besides these it contains two articles—a brief treatment from an etymological point of view by M. E. Ernault of the Breton words *raoulhin*, *gorson*, *ranvesken* and *teilek*, and the conclusion of Dr. Whitley-Stokes' papers on the Irish version of the romance of Fierabras, to which a very useful glossary is added for the entire version.—The January number contains several pieces of great interest. The first place is given to an article by M. A. Thomas on the 'Gallic origin of a number of Local Names in France.' Among the names discussed are Amboise, Arlempde, Antoire, Donllens, Néoux and Nexon.—M. Kuno Meyer contributes the text and translation of the 'Song of the Sword of Cerball,' attributed to Dallán mac More, *ollam* or chief bard to King Cerball mac Muirecáin of Leinster, who reigned from about A.D. 885 to 909, and spent most of his life on the battlefield, fighting with his neighbours and the Norsemen. He was the last King of Leinster who held his residence at Naas, in the cemetery of which place he was buried 'inter patres suos.' Several other poems or fragments ascribed to Dallán are still extant. They all refer to the affairs of his royal master and the dynasty of Leinster.—M. S. Reinach's contribution on 'Coral in Celtic Industry' is of exceptional interest, and touches upon many points of art and commerce and commercial routes in the ancient world. From M. Reinach's article, it would appear that the use of coral in art or for purposes of ornamentation was far from common, and that among the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul it was used within a very limited area. A list of the places where it has been found in France is given, and the fine example of its employment for the decoration of metal preserved in the British Museum is referred to.—Dr. Whitley-Stokes begins a series of papers on 'The Bodleian Amra Choluimb Chille.' In the present instalment he enumerates the various copies which are known to exist of the work, furnishes an analyses of it, holds that it is not, as Professor Atkinson supposes, a fragmentary metrical composition, but a complete piece of artificial alliterative prose, written probably in the ninth century, and maintains that it is intentionally obscure. Among other artifices employed in order to render it obscure, he mentions the following: the use of words in a figurative sense, the use of obsolete native words, the use of rare loanwords, of hybrids, of rare grammatical forms, and of an archaic syntax. Along with the text is given a translation and numerous notes explanatory and textual.—'Les vers bretons de J. Cadec' from the pen of M. E. Ernault, deals with the writings of J. Cadec, a Breton priest of the seventeenth century, and contains a number of stanzas on the Mass, simple

yet beautiful. Attention is called both to the metrical features of the poem and to its linguistic peculiarities.—The 'Mélanges' is contributed by M. J. Loth, and contains a couple of notes, the first in explanation of the term *paterlu*, and the other referring to a Gallic subjunctive aorist.—In the 'Bibliographie' Mr. Strachan notices the paper on the substantive verb in the Old Irish Glossaries which has recently appeared in the Transactions of the London Philological Society.—As usual, the Editor has much interesting information to communicate in the 'Chronique,' and in the 'Périodiques' contributes a number of notes on the most important contributions in the February magazines connected with Celtic studies.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (February, March, April).—Under the title 'L'homme droit et l'homme gauche,' M. van Biervliet contributes an elaborate discussion respecting the members and organs on the right side of the human body and respecting those on the left. The author enters very fully into his subject and gives a variety of observations he has made in connection with it. For the most part they are of an anatomical and physiological nature.—M. Flournoy, under the title 'Genèse de quelques prétendus messages spirites,' has an interesting paper on spiritualism, in which he records the observations he made on two occasions when listening to communications said to have been made from the world of spirits. His conclusion is that the so-called spirit communications are products of the sub-conscious imagination of the mediums working on memories or latent pre-occupations.—'La stylométrie ses origines et son présent' by M. Tannery, deals with the recent attempts of Dittenberger and Professor Lewis Campbell to determine the chronology of the Dialogues of Plato by noticing certain peculiarities of style, such as the more or less frequent employment of particular expressions, or of words of like meaning. The principles underlying stylometry are also examined in reference to M. Lutoslawski's recent work on Plato's logic.—Among the books noticed is Professor J. Seth's revised *Study of Ethical Principles*.—(March).—The first place is here given to the first of two papers written by M. H. Bois in reply to an article which appeared from the pen of M. L. Dugas in the September number of this *Revue*, with the title 'La dissolution de la foi.' The title of this present instalment is 'La conservation de la foi.'—Over the signature 'A Fouillée,' we have an article bearing the title 'La psychologie religieuse dans Michelet.'—M. Biervliet continues his contributions under the title 'L'homme droit et l'homme gauche.'—M. V. Henri reviews a number of works dealing with psychological and psychical

topics, while Goblot's recent work on *The Classification of the Sciences*, Dr. P. E. Lévy's on *The Rational Education of the Will*, and M. Tarde's *Studies of Social Psychology*, with many others, are noticed in the 'Analyses.'—(April).—M. Dauriac is given the first place in this number with an article on 'The Philosophy of R. Wagner.'—We have also the final instalment of M. Bier-vliet's articles, and the conclusion of M. Bois's papers on 'La conservation de la foi.'—The 'Revue Critique' is devoted to Mr. Stout's 'Analytic Psychology.'—In the 'Analyses' are notices of the Abbé Jules Martin's 'La démonstration philosophique,' 'Les origines de la technologie,' by M. A. Espinas, 'Ollé-Laprune,' by M. E. Vacherot, and Mr. Latta's recent work on Leibnitz.

LE MUSEON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1899).—This number has just come to hand as we go to press. We can only here give the list of its contents.—'La Dynastie Dejocide. Une contribution à l'histoire de Médie,' by M. the Abbé de Moor.—'Sadjarah Malayou,' the continuation of its translation by M. Aristide Marre.—'Traité sur le fétiche groenlandais-Esquimaux Tu-pi-lak,' by Signe Rink.—'L' historien Sahagun, et les migrations mexicaines,' a continuation of the series contributed by M. the Count H. de Charencey.—'De la conjurgaison négative ainsi que de l'interrogative et de la dubitative,' by M. R. de la Grasserie.—'Aperçu grammatical de la langue amharique ou amarinnna comparée avec l'éthiopien,' by M. J. Perrachon.—'Melanges,' etc.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (February).—The accession of their young Queen is chosen by Mr. Macalester Loup as a fitting time to call for a truce to party warfare, and in 'New Paths' he tries to suggest to all parties the course they should take, sinking mutual hatred in patriotic and earnest endeavour to bring in measures that would raise and benefit all.—Dr. van Gorcom has an interesting article on 'Personal and Literary Aspects of the Life of David Friedrich Strauss.'—In this and in the April number P. G. van Schermbeek gives an account, under the title of 'To the Yellow River,' of a curious mission. Sent out with another gentleman by a society of engineers, bankers, contractors, called the 'Society for Promoting the Execution of Works in Foreign Countries by Netherlanders,' they went to China, taking with them a dredger which they had eventually to sell to a firm of another nationality. They had with them an Englishman, Bing, as interpreter, also a civil engineer; and the adventures of the party in the interior are here graphically recorded, and not without considerable humour. They went up as far as Sz-shui-hsiên, but so far as re-

sults go, they seem to have effected nothing beyond showing that under difficulties Holland, like others, is anxious to take advantage of the open door.—Byvanck reviews Queredo's *Meditations on literature and life*, which are a sort of mixture of romantic sentiment and unbridled modernity like the eloquence of Demosthenes with the pebbles still in his mouth.—(March).—The death of R. Fruin, professor, historian, politician, and a constant contributor to *De Gids*, occurred on 1st February, and Dr. Byvanck here and in a continuation of his article (in April) gives a record of the life and influence of the deceased. As a teacher he was highly successful in his early years both at Leiden and Utrecht, and the historical studies he published led to his promotion at the age of 37 to a professor's chair. He was a most influential person both in university and in national life, and always a successful teacher.—'Prisons and their inhabitants from a psychiatric point of view,' by Dr. Meyer, who shows that too often insane or partially insane subjects are treated in prisons in the worst way for them by isolation, etc., so that they inevitably grow worse.—The sketch of Ruskin under the heading of 'Idealists,' is brought to a close, and shows profound appreciation of all that he has done for art and for the beautifying of life.—H. T. Colenbrander contributes 'France and the East India Company in the Patriot Times' (the end of last century), a very ably written article.—'The Aim of the Woman's Movement,' by Dr. Aletta Jacobs, is an eloquent summary of all that women might and should do in social questions, but the first step is to get the franchise.—(April).—Tutein Nolthenius continues from the December number his excellent descriptive history of 'Zealand struggling' with river floods and the sea, and of the gigantic and enormously expensive works that have made and keep it one of the most prosperous of Dutch provinces.—'Controversies and Questions of the Day about National Defence,' by Seyffardt, is a description of organisation of the army, best time for manœuvres, arrangements for the permanent soldiery reserve, and so on.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The March number opens with a paper of a very different kind from those we look for in this periodical. The writer is Dr. Oort, who is generally found writing on subjects connected with the Old Testament; but he writes here on 'Religion and Social Questions,' reviewing an address read to the Stockholm Congress of the Science of Religion, 1897, on 'Religion and Social Development.' The writer is a Swedish minister, who preaches in winter to the Swedish community at Paris, and in summer to the Swedish sailors at

Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. Dr. Oort approves of Mr. Söderblom's views in the main, but thinks he quotes Luther too much, and also makes in some respects a wrong use of the teaching of Christ. The attempt to bring Christ's words into modern social discussions ought, he thinks, to be given up, as we know with so little certainty what Christ said, and as the circumstances in which He spoke were so entirely different from ours. Leaving this article, Dr. Oort gives us a very interesting discussion of his own on the service religion can yield in social questions. First, religion is called to comfort, and here care is to be taken that it does not, in comforting, condone abuses and evils which admit of remedy. Then it is called to proclaim and defend the highest conceivable ideals for each individual, for each part of society, and for society as a whole. Some very practical instances are considered, in which a wise minister of religion may have a good influence, and Dr. Oort urges, in conclusion, that the course of theological instruction should be better adapted than it now is in Holland, or we may say in Scotland either, to equip the minister for this side of his duty.—Mr. D. Völter of Amsterdam makes a set of suggestions connected with critical study in the Gospels. The first is that a Talmudic legend about the birth of the Messiah, said to be founded on Micah, iv. 9, and found also in the fourth book of Ezra, is not unconnected with the stories of the birth of Christ in the first and third gospels and in the Apocalypse. Another is that in Matthew, xi. 11., where Jesus speaks of John the Baptist as the greatest of the sons of women. He must include himself among those sons of women, so that we have here a trace of a discourse in which Jesus subordinated Himself to the Baptist. 'The words, "He that is least in the kingdom is greater than he,"' Mr. Völter regards as a later editorial edition, and the words as to the greatness of John are found to be a part of the opening sermon of Jesus. Opening His ministry with the same words which John had used, He opens it with a speech about John, declaring that the law and prophets find in that great man their consummation, but that now 'The kingdom of Heaven is putting forth its energy, and those who press strongly upon it take it in possession.'—Mr. Völter's third proposal is that Mark, i. 21-28, should be regarded as an interpolation, so that the narrative of that gospel in its original form carries us at once from the call of the four disciples to the house of Simon and Andrew. Now, in John, i. 43, we are told that Simon and Andrew belonged to Bethsaida. Capernaum therefore would, on this showing, disappear out of the early narrative. The theory is supported by the argument that in the account of the occurrences in the synagogue at Capernaum, Mark uses the word

'unclean spirit' instead of the word 'demon,' which is more usual with him, and that that account, therefore, bears traces of another source from the main one. But this will scarcely hold water, and all Mr. Völter's proposals are in a high degree arbitrary and fanciful, so that it may well be doubted whether the world is likely to hear of any of them again.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (February, March, April, 1899).—Under the title 'L'Armée Française en 1899,' M. Abel Veuglaire examines the military situation in France at the present moment, and points out the defects which exist in the arrangements for the maintenance of discipline. The article furnishes a good account of the powers exercised by the various officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, in the French army, argues for certain restrictions and for security being provided against anything like partiality, conscious or otherwise, among subordinate officers, and urges a revision of the military code and the institution of a magistracy specially entrusted with the administration of justice in the army.—As for the rest of the articles in this number they are all continuations.—The 'Chroniques' are full. The *Chronique Anglaise* notices the death of William Black, Sir George Trevelyan's *History of the American Revolution*, and *The Forest Lovers* by Mr. Hewlett. The *Chronique Russe* refers to the death of Polonski, Konradi, and Tretiakoff, to the persecutions directed against the Doukhobors and the Stundistes, and to the life and work of Tolstoi.—In the March number M. Ernest Naville writes on the necessity for the establishment of an international language. Among other things he remarks that the word 'international' is new and made its appearance in the Dictionary of the French Academy for the first time in 1877, and was borrowed from England about the year 1846. M. Naville draws a distinction between an international and an universal language. The first, he thinks, might be established without any great difficulty. The idea of such a language, he maintains, is not new, and refers to the use of Greek under the empire by Jews, by the slave Epictetus, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, to the use of Latin in Western Europe at a later period, and suggests that either Latin or Greek—Greek of the time of Pericles—should be adopted, or better still, Esperanto, which being a neo-Latin form would, he thinks, find more general favour. With its two magazines it is already making way.—Fiction is represented by M. Scioberet's 'Le neveu du chanoine.'—M. L. Leger writes on

the Polish poet Mickiewicz, who made Switzerland his home, and whose centenary was recently celebrated.—The final instalment of the article by M. E. Tirsot on 'Social Life in Japan as described by Japanese Authors,' appears in this number.—'A Franco-Russian Idyll of 1814' is continued.—M. A. Wellauer discusses the 'Political Ideas of Socrates,' and M. F. Macler contributes a short story under the title, 'La Lipreuse du Birket.'—The 'Chroniques' notice the death of M. Faure, Italian Africa, the situation in France, the election of M. Loubet, and the exhibitions of the works of Rembrandt and Burne Jones.—In the April number M. A. Veuglaire returns to the French army and treats of those who hold its chief appointments in relation to their subordinates.—'Le neveu du chanoine' is continued.—M. Aug. Glardon writes on 'French Police and English Detectives,' M. L. Leger concludes his article on Mickiewicz and the Franco-Russian Idyl of 1814 is continued.—'The Chronique' mentions Steindhal and Louis Bambergei, religious affairs in the German Bohemia, the recent death-rate in Great Britain, 'auto trucks' and compressed air, the Anglo-French agreement, and affairs in Finland and the Philippines.

DENMARK.

AARBØGER FOR NORDISK OLDKYNDIGHED OG HISTORIE (Vol. XIII., Part 3).—The article by Chr. Blinkenberg on 'Shafted Tools from the Stone Age' is continued in this part, and contains a full description, with illustrations, of the remarkable flint sickle which was found in Stenild peat-moss (Jutland) in June, 1898. This consists of an ordinary flint 'knife' fixed at right angles into a wooden shaft of extremely practical form, and is valuable as an indication of at least one important use to which such sharp-edged flints were put. The writer argues that the use of such a sickle implies that the cultivation of grain was common in the later Stone Age.—The remainder of this part and a considerable portion of Part 4 are occupied by an article on 'Single Graves of the Stone Age in Jutland,' by Dr. Sophus Müller, who gives full and careful statistics of the results of recent investigations. The type of grave here dealt with has hitherto received comparatively little attention, as the number of objects found in them is usually small, but the contrast which they thus present to the larger and richer grave-mounds is itself of no little significance, and points, in Dr. Müller's opinion, to a difference of population in the districts where the distinctive forms occur. There are some very good illustrations of the individual graves in the course of the article.—Dr. Finnur Jónsson takes up at length the often-dis-

cussed question of 'Snorri Sturluson's Edda,' with special reference to the relative value of the chief manuscripts. At the outset he accepts Snorri's authorship without reserve, as well as the derivation of *edda* from *ódr* poetry, and fixes the date of its composition as c. 1220. The main body of the article consists of a defence of the text of *Codex Regius* as against that of the *Codex Upsaliensis*, which several German writers have asserted to be the best representative of Snorri's work. Of great interest is the account of a MS. (not hitherto used) in the University Library of Utrecht, which proves to be a late copy of a very early MS. (before 1300); this text agrees in the main with *Codex Regius*, and is thus a witness against the Upsala MS., which Dr. Finnur regards as a hasty abridgement made by a somewhat ignorant scribe.

S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FÖR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Record of Northern Philology, XI., No. 2).—This number begins with a paper by G. Storm on the 'Ynglingatal,' its author and the time of its composition. He begins by referring to the new views adopted as to certain of the Scaldic poems by Prof. Sophus Bugge, which he says compel others dealing with these poems to examine them afresh with the view of justifying their own position, and conclusions, in regard to them. Not the least is this the case with the Ynglingatal, which has been regarded hitherto, as the oldest historical poem in the north, and believed to be written in the midst, or in the second half of the ninth century, in honour of a cousin of Harold Fair Hair; but which Professor Bugge now refers to a Viking King in the British Isles in the middle of the tenth century. The new view has found both supporters and the contrary; but Prof. Storm cannot wholly join either side, but wishes now to express his views on the subject, which with some variations adheres to the old standpoint.

1. The Text of the Poem.—Referring to the different MSS., the Kringla, which is not complete, the Jofraskinna, and Codex Frisianus; which show on the whole a tolerable agreement, though with some deviations and corruptions, which, however, admit of correction by Snorri's accompanying prose text. The poem has been known to older writers, as to Are Frode, the author of the Landnámabók, who has made a short extract from the poem in the form of a genealogical table. There are various other extracts taken directly or indirectly from the poem. These afford more or less the means of comparison between the poem and Snorri's predecessors. There are also differences which Prof. Storm here gives. It is clear that the text of the

poem has been on the whole carefully preserved and that Are and Snorri had the same text before them. The series of Kings given in the poem has been carefully preserved with their names and their nicknames, the giving of which has been from the beginning, a Scandinavian peculiarity. Prof. Storm adds that there are still older witnesses by which we can control the text of the Ynglingatal, viz., Eyvind Skaldespiller's Háleygjatal, which appears to have been written after the model of the Ynglingatal. The more modern poem has in part perished; in so far, however, as it has been preserved, the two accord very well. This is also the case with the other historical and geographical notices, mentioned in Norwegian history, and also in the poem. The same accord is also found in names connecting themselves with the poem, which are found in Are Frode. There is mention in the poem about a king who is named in the phrase 'Gudlaug's Bane,' v. 18, whose name is also found in Eyvind Skaldespiller. Prof. Bugge in keeping with his theory of the poem that no verse of the Edda uses a 'Kenning' or verse in which certain appellatives are used as 'gold' is called 'fire of the sea,' no *Kenning* is used which points to a Norse origin, hence the Ynglingatal is later than the Edda. Our author, however, differs from Bugge, in that he finds no trace of saga-material referring to England. There are words of a culture character which may furnish a trace as to the origin of the poem, and such a one, Professor Storm finds in *Flaemingr*, referring to a Flemish sword, which could have been known and handled in the middle of the ninth century in the North. Other names are introduced into the Ynglingatal or used in reference to it, but Professor Storm finds it more than doubtful that there was any connection with Britain, or Ireland. The paper just ended bears strongly against an hypothesis of Bugge's, but in the next article, we have one from Bugge's pen, in which he tells us that his endeavours to interpret the inscription written on the Fyrunga stone with a long series of runes have given him a humbling lesson, in that his endeavours to interpret the said inscription have been found by Lector Brate not to agree in a single word with that which he first gave to the world. This brings him to the conviction that the general knowledge of Old Northern writings and speech are still very defective. Hereupon the Professor makes a fresh endeavour to interpret the inscription, which he now proposes to read as follows, 'runo fahi raginakudo toa wea unapou: su hur ah susi hnabu(?) at kinpa kupa; which he interprets thus in Danish Runes, jag skriver som fra de raadende stamme, Vi to Kvinder, den ene Hur og den anden Hnabu(?) har faaet istand det indviiede Mindesmaerke efter

Kinpakunpo. Translating the Danish into English, we have the following:—‘I write things which originate from the ruling tribe. We two women, the one Hur, the other Hnabu (?) have got into place the consecrated memorial after Kinthakuntho.’ There follows upon this the following remarks; *In Reference to German Etymologies*. We have first in the words enumerated the old Scandinavian word *gouk*, Old Northern *Gaukr*; English *Cuckoo*; High German *Kuck-Kuck*; French *coucou*. These which are given in a number of other languages, are plainly all onomatopoeitic and refer to the peculiarity of the cuckoo as being nourished in the nest of another bird. There is a number of other words given. The Swedish word *gårs*, which is, I believe, rendered as the name of a certain fish and is akin to *hwal*, *hvalr*, *ags. krael*, and (h) *wal* (h) *welira*, ‘walfisch’ freely properly no fish at all. The other words of a similar character need only be enumerated. 3. *gied, ags.* 4. *ags, humbol*, = English humble-bee. 5. *reyrr*, which is, we believe, Old Northern. Hereupon we have an exposition of certain difficult or corrupt passages from the Edda, which we are afraid will hardly repay the time and space given to their discussion.—This is followed by a discussion in the Icelandic language, about a certain adventure in the life of Knut or Canute the Great, who got his name from a knot on the belt of his mother, and who was from this circumstance, the first man in Denmark, who was known by this name.—Passing by a lengthened explanation as to the application of the possessive pronoun *i din stackare*; we come to a brief paper by the celebrated scholar, Vilhelm Thomsen, as to the word *tawido*, which is known as a part of the inscription on the celebrated golden horn which has been treated by Professor Bugge in a treatise in the *Journal for Philology and Paedagogy*, VII, 224. This has hitherto been translated *made*, but M. Thomsen now questions whether the word *tawido* can have this signification. That there is a great difference between the words *vaurkjan* and *taujan* in Gothic, admits of no question, and has been dwelt on by Professor Bugge in his treatment of the inscription. M. Thomsen points out that the use of the Gothic *taujan* (= *ταύειν*, *πάρρειν*) does not aid in the understanding of *tawido* on the horn. M. Thomsen is unable to suggest any way out of the difficulty other than that another hand than that, to whose workmanship, we owe the horn, and mayhap less skilful, has added the inscription.—There follows on this a notice of foreign words in the Danish character, *bøikebelte*, *Føskebot* and *Gjøre sig herfor*, which are only to be accounted for by the attempt to imitate the sounds of the original, or the simple introduction of a Germanism. On this as the last but not least

interesting papers of the number, follow two publications, the one in Danish, the other in English, 'On the Norwegian speech in Shetland,' by J. Jakobsen, and 'The Dialect and Place-Names of Shetland,' two popular lectures by the same author, to which is prefixed the author's portrait. Both publications are of date 1897.—The last is a review of Prof. Noreen's 'Old Swedish Grammar,' including the ancient Gothic. Of this we may expect a more thorough-going rescension from the author, M. Axel Kock, when the last part of the Grammar makes its appearance.

GREECE.

ATHENA (Vol. X., Pt. 4, 1898).—The contents of this issue are of the usual character. 'Notes on the Odes of Bacchylides,' by St. N. Dragoumès.—'Critical and explanatory remarks on the Oedipus Coloneus,' by E. Kousê.—Sp. Basès continues his 'Miscellanea Critica,' discusses Bernardaki's edition of Plutarch's *Symposiaca*, and gives a further instalment of his 'Roman Questions.'—The k. Hatz-Zògidon describes an object recently discovered in Thessaly, a thick disc of terra-cotta, with a stork and young ones figured on one surface. In all probability it is a weight from a loom. The writer takes this occasion of giving drawings of the various implements used in carding, spinning and weaving, together with tables of the ancient and modern names for their various parts.—N. J. Hatzidaki contributes several mathematical papers.

AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (January, 1899).—This number contains a considerable supply of valuable reading. The first place is given to Mr. Henri Hauser, who occupies all too few pages with an excellent article on 'The French Reformation and the French People in the Sixteenth Century.' His principal point is that the Reform movement was not wholly or mainly aristocratic; but the chief value of the article is the insight it affords into the condition and temper of the lower and middle classes of France during the period referred to.—Mr. Frank Strong follows with an excellent paper on 'The Causes of Cromwell's West Indian Expedition,' in which he combats the opinions of Sir J. R. Seeley respecting that expedition, and maintains that the expedition was vitally connected with the fundamental questions of Cromwell's Government, and was inextricably bound up with both his home and his foreign policy.—Mr. H. Morse Stephens devotes a long article to 'The Administrative History of the British Dependencies in the Further East,'

which has probably been suggested by what is going on in the Philippine Islands at the present moment.—Mr. George A. Gilbert has a paper on 'The Connecticut Loyalists' during the war for American Independence.—Mr. Anson D. Morse discusses 'The Politics of John Adams and Mr. George W. Julian,' and gives an account of the First Republican Convention, which met at Pittsburg on the 22nd of February, 1856, for the purpose of organising a national Republican party.—Part of the 'Documents' in this number relate to Santiago and the Freeing of Spanish America; others are Letters addressed to Caleb Strong, 1786, 1800; and Letters addressed to Secretary Chase from the South in 1861.—Among the books reviewed are Colonel Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, Mr. Bodley's *France*, Professor Andrews' *Historical Development of Modern Europe*, Hamlin Garland's *Life of President Grant*, and Admiral Franklin's *Memories of a Rear-Admiral*.

The JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES are represented this quarter by Dr. A. Cookman Bryan's monograph on 'The History of State Banking in Maryland'—a piece of careful and painstaking writing, involving much research, and valuable as a contribution towards the history of the Maryland State. Dr. Bryan begins with the year 1790, when the first charter for banking purposes was obtained, and brings his narrative down to the year 1864, when State banking was almost entirely superseded by the establishment of a national banking system which brought about an almost complete reorganisation of the old banks as national banks.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Reconciliation by Incarnation : The Reconciliation of God and Man by the Incarnation of the Divine Word. By D. W. SIMON, D.D., etc. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1898.

The problem which Principal Simon here endeavours to solve is that of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the great doctrine of the Reconciliation between God and the world by means of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. That reconciliation, in his view, was not merely the reconciliation of man with God, but also of God with man. This is one of the fundamental propositions of his book, and has always to be kept in mind during its perusal. The fact of the reconciliation—for with Principal Simon, as with most other theologians, it is not a theory—has its roots in the constitution of things, and is a development from it. In order, therefore, to obtain a starting point for his explanation, he enters, in the first place, in an elaborate though rather brief, description of the Cosmology which, in his judgment, lies behind Scripture and the Faith of the Christian Church. As here described, this Cosmology bears a striking resemblance to the Spencerian, and the language employed in giving an account of it, like that which is used throughout the volume, bears a strong resemblance to that one is accustomed to meet with in the writings of the author of the Synthetic Philosophy. The nature and constitution of man are next discussed, and then the relations between God and Man, always in the terms of the philosophy of evolution. The relations between God and Man, whose environment He is, are described as twofold—essentially personal, as necessary to man's normal personal development, growth, and life ; and vital or bio-dynamic, as also necessary for the normal development, growth, and life of man. The relation of the Divine Being to man, however, is conditioned by man's relation towards Him. God is naturally man's Father, and man is always God's son ; but if his relation towards Him be unfilial, His relation towards him cannot be fatherly. Hence, in Dr. Simon's view, the doctrine that reconciliation implies more than the simple reconciliation of man to God. The chapters in the middle of the volume are almost of necessity taken up with discussions respecting the historical relations between God and men, and various theories of the Atonement, the forensic and moral views of which are rejected. In the fifteenth chapter we reach the Problem, which leads to elaborate discussions of the relations of the Logos to the World, of the Incarnation, the Supernatural Conception, the relation of the Incarnate Logos to the Father, and the fulfilment of the condition of reconciliation by the Incarnate Logos. The theological points involved in all this are, of course, numerous ; some of them, indeed, are the very highest. Here, however, we must pass over them, merely remarking that, in Dr. Simon's opinion, the *Kenosis* consisted in the suspension of our Lord's 'Consciousness or knowledge of His essential nature, that is, of His nature as a factor of the Godhead,' though 'His relation to the Cosmos in general, and to humanity in particular, remained essentially the same as before His incarnation ; and further, that in relation to man, the reconciliation may be perhaps best described as bio-dynamic in its character, and in relation to the Divine Being as a satisfaction. Whether the opinions here set forth

are right or wrong, is a question upon which we do not here venture to enter. It seems to us, however, that the author's opinions would have gained much had they been couched in less technical phraseology. To the general reader, much of his reasoning will prove unintelligible, and the student who has not already mastered Mr. Spencer's terminology, will find himself at a disadvantage until he has, if he wants to understand what the theory is which Dr. Simon here propounds. Theologians will find much in the volume to stimulate their thought, for whether his views be orthodox or heterodox, Dr. Simon is a profound and reverent thinker, and, in spite of the cumbersome terminology he has adopted, a vigorous writer.

The Christian Creed and the Creeds of Christendom. By
SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.
1898.

The subject chosen by the Rev. Dr. Green for his course of Lectures under the Angus Trust, is one of perennial interest, but one on which it would now be difficult to say anything new or even fresh. It has been so often, so carefully, so exhaustively, dealt with by scholars, whose works are in every student's library, that it seems almost superfluous to offer us any new dissertation on the subject. These lectures, however, were intended primarily for the students attending the Baptist College at Regent's Park. For students entering upon the work of preparation for the ministry, the theme chosen by Dr. Green is timeous, and certainly his treatment of it in these seven lectures is all that could be desired for young men at that stage of their career. He evidently did not aim at more than introducing his hearers to the studies that lay before them in this field, but he does it in so lucid and attractive a manner, and furnishes them with so excellent a foretaste of the interest these awake, and the results to which they lead, that the students could hardly fail to be won over to them, and pursue them further on their own account. In his first lecture he carefully defines the terms the student so frequently comes across in pursuing this line of research—'doctrine,' 'dogma,' 'faith,' etc. He insists on accurate knowledge, and a well-defined use, of all such technical words if any true progress is to be made in this, or, in fact, in any historical inquiry. He sets before his readers now, as before his hearers, the supreme object of this and of all their studies, viz., truth. That they are counselled to pursue fearlessly. 'Wherever there is falsity there is,' he says, 'danger.' The purpose of all Christian teaching is man's deliverance from everything that is false and evil, for everything that is either is hurtful to man's spiritual development and his nourishment in all virtue. The next three lectures give brief summaries of the creeds of the early Church, of the Reformation period, and of the Churches in Great Britain, with historical notices of what led to their formulation. Lecture V. is an interesting discussion of the 'Value and Limitations of Creeds'; Lecture VI. sketches the history of subscription to creeds, and discusses the ethics of such subscription, setting forth its advantages and disadvantages. In Dr. Green's eyes the latter largely preponderate. The last Lecture deals with the 'Certainties of Faith'—the things that cannot be shaken—and sketches the ideal Church of the future—'The Catholic Church of the future,' as he calls it—the Church whose 'Members shall all love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth,' 'Foursquare in symmetry and strength, its ever open gates fronting all directions, offering an equal welcome to travellers from every field of thought.' A large number of illustrative appendices and notes follow. Though there is nothing in these lectures that will be new to any who are conversant with the

subject, yet the summary presented here of the origin, growth, and character of the creeds of Christendom is admirably fitted for the class to whom they were first addressed, and will refresh the memory of those who have passed that stage, while Dr. Green's literary style and scientifically conducted arguments, cannot fail to make his lectures both pleasant and profitable reading to all.

The Epistle to the Hebrews: The First Apology for Christianity: An Exegetical Study. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.

For some time back the Epistle to the Hebrews has received a considerable amount of attention at the hands of commentators and theologians. To mention no other, not so long ago we had a commentary upon the Epistle from the hands of Dr. Westcott, the Bishop of Durham, full of acute exegesis and of varied learning, throwing light upon many passages which were before doubtful or obscure in their meaning. Dr. Bruce's work is somewhat different both in form and character. Instead of the ordinary form of a commentary, he has adopted the much more popular plan of throwing his remarks into the form of lectures, or of giving a continuous explanation in the shape of chapters. The explanations are, of course, scarcely so minute, and they are less burdened with philological notes or textual criticisms, though these are not altogether wanting. The learning of the work is not so apparent as in Dr. Westcott's volume, or in Mr. Rendall's, but it is by no means inconsiderable. Dr. Bruce has evidently read and digested most of what has been written upon the Epistle, and has some valuable contributions of his own to make on the general scope of the Epistle, and upon the interpretation of isolated passages. The Epistle in his opinion is the first apology for the Christian Faith—an opinion on behalf of which much may be said. He agrees with most recent commentators in rejecting the idea of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle, but thinks that good reasons exist for believing that its author was a Paulinist. The idea which the writer seeks to emphasise, he maintains, is that Christianity 'is the religion of free, unrestrained access to God; the religion of a new everlasting covenant, under which sin is completely extinguished, and can act no longer as a separating influence.' This idea, he says, 'runs like a refrain through the Epistle. It appears first distinctly in the place where Christ the High Priest of the New Testament is called a *forerunner* (vi. 20). Where the High Priest of the new era can go, we may follow, in contrast to the state of things under the old covenant, according to which the High Priest of Israel could alone go into the Most Holy Place.' The thought recurs again, he observes, in vii. 19; and again, 'the same great idea lurks in the puzzle concerning the altar of incense, whose position in the tabernacle it is impossible to define' (ix. 4), and yet again in x. 19-22. The readers to whom the Epistle was addressed Dr. Bruce maintains were not, as some writers have in recently tried to show, Gentiles, but Palestinian Jews, whose difficulties connection with the Christian Faith the author sets out with great distinctness. The work is intended as a companion to the author's *The Kingdom of God and St. Paul's Conception of Christianity*. Parts of it appeared some time ago in the pages of the *Expositor*. The work, however, is fresh, and brought abreast of the most recent publications, and is characterised throughout by that clearness of thought and expression which quite as much as his insight into the significance of Scripture has contributed to make Dr. Bruce a popular theological writer.

Elements of the Science of Religion. Part II. Ontological. By C. P. TIELE, D.D., etc. (Gifford Lectures, Edinburgh, 1898). Vol. II. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

In the first series of these lectures Professor Tiele, it will be remembered, dealt with the changing forms and varying manifestations of religion throughout human history, or what he termed the morphology of religion. Here he turns from that which is changeful in religion to that which is abiding, and seeks to ascertain what is its essence, and so to arrive at a knowledge of its origin. The enquiry brings him face to face with a great variety of theories, and leads to a number of interesting discussions, all of which are carried on with a fairness, a simplicity of diction, and a logical keenness, which are equally commendable. The true constituents of religion are found to be emotions, conceptions and sentiments, of which words and deeds are at once the offspring and the index—not the constituents themselves, but where religion really exists, the forms and manifestations of it. Of the three constituents of religion, each is equally indispensable. When only one of the three is present, or when one of the three is absent, there may be a certain religiosity, but there can be no sound and perfect religion—a point which Professor Tiele is careful to emphasise, because of the tendency there is both in theory and in practice to attach more importance to the presence of one or other of these elements and less to that of the others. 'All the morbid symptoms in religious life,' it is remarked, 'are probably due to the narrow-mindedness which attaches exclusive value to one of these, or neglects one of the three. If religion be sought in emotion alone, there is imminent danger of its degenerating into sentimental or mystical fanaticism. If the importance of conceptions be overrated, doctrine is very apt to be confounded with faith, creed with religion, and form with substance, an error which inevitably leads to the sad spectacle of religious hate, ostracism, and persecution. Those again who take account of sentiment alone regard every act done in the name of religion, however cruel and inhuman, as justifiable on the ground that they are acts of faith (*autos da fé*)—of what kind of faith they do not inquire—while others would care nothing if religion were swallowed up by a dreary moralism.' The equilibrium as well as the union of these three elements, therefore, is requisite for the existence of a sound and perfect religion. Emotion, however, Professor Tiele remarks, though the element in which religion begins, is not its source or origin. This has to be sought for in a still deeper element of human nature, but before turning to this he discusses the genesis and value of the conceptions of faith. They owe their origin, he maintains, not to the imagination alone, but to the emotions and the intellect as well. Their value, though not absolute, is relative, and the rights of faith are as well established as those of science. Religious doctrine and philosophy are different. Philosophy is 'purely science,' religious doctrine is not science, but a theory of practice, resting upon a metaphysical basis, and convinced of the reality of a super-sensual world. 'It defines the relations between God and man, their foundation and essence, the causes which sever them, and the means by which they may be renewed; and these it sums up in the form of a law, or a theological system, or in a series of principles to be promulgated by preaching.' It is above all things a doctrine of salvation, or a 'guide to a blessed life.' Doctrines, however, it is pointed out, are not religion; nor even its foundation. 'The matter,' it is said, 'stands thus. Religion begins with conceptions awakened by emotions and experience, and these conceptions produce definite sentiments, which were already present in

germ in the first religious emotions, but which can only be aroused to consciousness by these conceptions; and these sentiments manifest themselves in actions. But all this is spontaneous, and originally, at least, it was not the result of conscious reflection. Reflection comes on the scene at a later period, on a higher stage of development, and consciously frames its creed or doctrine of faith.' Professor Tiele next considers the conception of God, and maintains that the permanent element in this—the constant and immutable element in it—is the idea of Power, and this Power is always regarded, he observes, as superhuman, but not supersensual or supernatural. The idea of the supersensual and supernatural comes later. Other ideas are attached to the superhuman—those, for instance, of omniscience and omnipresence, and gradually the æsthetic and ethical sentiments are developed; as also are those of kinship with the superhuman powers and of dependence upon them. After a couple of chapters on ritual and the Church, Professor Tiele enters upon an enquiry as to the essence of religion. The common root out of which all religions spring, he maintains, is faith; but religion itself, he says, is essentially a frame of mind in which all its various elements have their source; in other words, piety—piety manifesting itself in word and deed, in conceptions and observances, in doctrine and in life. Piety, again, is defined as a pure and reverential disposition or frame of mind; and the essence or vital principle of religion as adoration. Religion does not emanate from a perception of the infinite within us; but 'the origin of religion consists in the fact that man *has* the Infinite within him, even before he is himself conscious of it, and whether he recognises it or not.'

Philosophy of Theism. The Gifford Lectures Delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-96. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL FRASER, LL.D., D.C.L., etc., etc. Second Edition, Amended. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

These lectures, the first edition of which was noticed as the two volumes appeared, in the pages of this *Review*, have reached what lectures in the same or similar series have seldom reached—a second edition. The honour is deserved, for the lectures are of really sterling value, and treat of a great and profound subject with an eloquence and beauty and force of thought which are not easily matched. In preparing this new edition, Professor Fraser has taken the opportunity of throwing the lectures into a form which will probably secure for them a wider circle of readers. Instead of two volumes, we have one; numerous passages, not altogether requisite when the lectures come to be read, instead of listened to, have been omitted; other passages have been added, and the phraseology has, in a great number of others, been altered. By the changes thus made, the lectures, so far as we have examined them, have gained much both in clearness and force of expression. This new edition, indeed, strikes us as in many ways a great improvement on the first. The new preface will be read with interest. In it the author quotes Lord Macaulay's famous utterance about the stationariness of natural and revealed theology, and makes some very pregnant remarks upon it.

The Philosophy of Greece considered in Relation to the Character and History of its People. By ALFRED WILLIAM BENN. London: Grant Richards. 1898.

The object of this volume, Mr. Benn tells us, is to show how Greek philosophy exhibits, under an abstract form, certain ways of acting and

looking at things which characterized the Greek genius before philosophy itself began; how, having come into existence, its evolution was determined by the history and geography of Greece; and how at every stage of that evolution it was influenced by the political, religious, and scientific culture of the Greek people. In other words, Mr. Benn's aim has been to consider Greek philosophy not merely as the product of certain pre-eminent intellects, but also and above all as a product of the nation whence they sprang. The idea is not Mr. Benn's nor is it Professor Knight's upon whom he fathers it. As far back as the middle of the century Professor Maurice set out the idea in his *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, and defined a philosopher as one who interprets the less conscious striving of his contemporaries after wisdom. Passing over the Homeric times, when the ideal of Greek life was evidently counsel or wisdom, Mr. Benn begins with the Ionian School. In a preliminary chapter, however, he enquires into the fundamental tendency of the Greek character and genius, and arrives at the conclusion that the ideal entertained by the Greek 'lay implicit in the one word *Sophrosynê*, interpreted first of all as self-knowledge and self-control.' This lesson of 'wise temperateness,' he further concludes, was inculcated by the physical environment and by the political circumstances of the whole Hellenic race and yielded up the treasures of its significance with special clearness to the keen intelligence and profound self-reflection of the Ionian family, under whose hands it extended itself from a law of conduct to a law of things, and from a law of things to a law of thought. This is the substance of all that Mr. Benn has here written. His aim throughout is to show how the history of Greek philosophy in all its different schools illustrates it. The subject might have been pursued at greater length, but writing within the limits allowed him Mr. Benn has managed to give not only a vivid and accurate sketch of the principal doctrines of the chief Greek philosophical writers but also to show how these doctrines bear upon his central theme and were connected with the life of the people. While saying this, however, we must not be taken as accepting all the opinions Mr. Benn has expressed in his pages. For instance, we are not disposed to accept his exposition of the Socratic paradoxes. To know the good meant with Socrates we imagine, much more than Mr. Benn contemplates—not merely an intellectual acquaintance with it, but such a knowledge of it as would lead a man invariably to prefer and do it. All the same, Mr. Benn's volume deserves a most attentive perusal, and in any case will serve as an admirable introduction to a wider study of the subject.

Lasciana, nebst den ältesten evangelischen Synodalprotokollen Polens, 1555-1561. Herausgegeben und erläutert von HERMANN DALTON. Berlin: Reuther und Reichard. 1898.

This bulky volume of close on 600 large octavo pages is the third volume of Dr. Dalton's *Beiträge zur Geschichte der evangelischen Kirche in Russland*. It is the first, however, of the three which has come into our hands, and we feel, therefore, at some disadvantage in dealing with it as one of the series. We learn from the preface to it that the two preceding volumes dealt respectively, the first with the constitution, and we may suppose, therefore, with the origin, of the Russian Evangelical Church; and the second with the documents bearing on its early history. If both volumes were on the same scale as this one, the story of that Church's rise and destinies must be very fully detailed and substantiated with documentary evidence by the learned author. Dr. Dalton has consecrated many years

of his life to the elucidation of Polish history, and has given infinite labour to the difficult task of tracing the rise and progress of the reform movement in the sixteenth century in Poland and in Russia. Besides his volume on *John à Lasko*, which, however, was left incomplete, ending, in fact, with à Lasko's arrival in England on Cranmer's invitation, many monographs on the Russian Evangelical Church, and on the evangelicals connected with it, have been published by him. The present volume is almost entirely taken up with John à Lasko's correspondence during his checkered and eventful career—a correspondence which has been gathered from many quarters, and only by long and patient search on the part of many devotees—essays and papers of his recovered, and finally, protocols extracted from the archives of the Evangelical Synod. Dr. Dalton revises and complements what he stated in his work on à Lasko's life in the light of his later researches and the documents that have been discovered since its publication, and furnishes many interesting notes on these, very helpful to the reader's study of them in their local and incidental relationships. But à Lasko is himself the figure and spokesman in the greatest part of the present volume, as indeed is indicated by the title. Dr. Dalton has given to this volume. His introduction and notes are extremely serviceable to the full appreciation of his hero's tractates and letters, and gives completeness to the whole.

Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745. By the late General Sir ROBERT CADELL, K.C.B. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

Sir John Cope is one of those unfortunate individuals who have left a reputation behind them which, to say the least, is unenviable. Historians and biographers have denounced him, and he has been made the subject of a merry jest in song. Yet his King, even after his misfortune, trusted him, and promoted him to a high command, the officers who served under him, one and all, spoke of him in the highest terms, and when at last a Committee was appointed to examine into the charges brought against him and to investigate the whole of his conduct in the affair of 1745, he was unanimously acquitted. Such being the case, one would naturally infer that grounds, more or less substantial, must exist for suspecting the justice of the popular opinion. An attentive perusal of the handsome volume before us not only confirms this suspicion, it suggests the belief that the day of a much-maligned soldier is at last come, and that at no very distant date the sympathy which is always felt for a brave and skilful leader who tries to do his duty, will be meted out to him. General Cadell's sympathies are evidently with Cope and against the Chevalier and his friends. This, however, does not necessarily unfit him for writing with discrimination or for arriving at a just conclusion. The question he has to consider is not political, but purely personal and professional. Instead of trusting entirely to the narratives of Murray of Broughton, Sir Walter Scott, Henderson, Chambers, Dr. Doddridge, or Home, he has gone to the Culloden and Lockhart Papers, to the Reports of Cope's and Stewart's Trials, and, among others, to Carlyle's *Autobiography*, and by comparing the one with the other, has produced a narrative very different, so far as Cope is concerned, from that which has hitherto held the field. The facts brought out at his trial show that at Prestonpans Cope acted with skill and courage, and that if he and his officers had been supported by their men, the result would easily have been other than it was. As to many of the charges brought against the unfortunate general, Sir Robert Cadell has no difficulty. Facts attested by eye-witnesses, and his correspondence with

his superiors, afford an easy means of his vindication. The volume, however, is one that must be read in order to be fully appreciated. It is full of interest, and is written with soldierly brevity. Two maps are added, one of which being a 'Plan of the battle of Preston, 21st September, 1745, by an Officer of the Army, who was present,' is of exceptional value.

La Civilisation des Celts et celle de l'épopée Homérique. Par H. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, Membre de l'Institut. (Cours de Littérature Celtique. Tome VI.) Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1899.

While studying the Homeric poems for another purpose M. D'Arbois de Jubainville was struck by the numerous resemblances which the civilisation described in the Iliad and Odyssey bears to that which is indicated by Greek and Latin writers as existing among the Celts during the three centuries which immediately preceded the Christian era and onwards to the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, and as late even as the beginning of the Middle Ages. Naturally attracted by it, he has made it the subject of his serious study, the results of which, after being delivered to his students in the shape of lectures, are now embodied in the volume before us, which forms one of the well known series in course of publication under the general title 'Cours de Littérature Celtique.' Of this course the volume is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and widely attractive. While appealing to Celtic students, it appeals to that much larger class who are interested in the life and civilisation of Homeric times. The erudition contained in it is, as we need hardly say, of the widest and most varied kind. For the civilisation of the Celts M. de Jubainville goes not only to the Irish and Welsh texts, but also to the Greek and Latin writers of almost every period. He seems, indeed, to have gathered together almost every passage which occurs in Greek or Latin literature bearing upon the manners and customs, laws and habits and institutions of the ancient Celtic inhabitants of Europe, and has made an admirably skilful use of them in order to establish the very close resemblance which he shows to have existed between the two civilisations of which he treats. The similarities are often very striking. Passing over the first chapter, in which reference is made to the hero's share at the sacrificial meal, single combats by champions of opposing armies, the strange stories of the survival of the decapitated, and the use of the dog in war as contrasted with the use made of the dog among the Greeks, he proceeds to compare the Homeric *doidoi* and the Celtic bards, the seers or *veletes* among the Gauls with the *vates* and *uátreis*. The druids and the *veletes* or *vates*, he points out, were two distinct classes of men. Both had recourse to divination, but only the druids could offer sacrifices. The Greek priest, however, differed from the druid in that while the druid was a member of a confraternity, the *lepeús* was attached to a particular temple, was entrusted with the care of it, and had charge of the cultus of the divinity to whom it was dedicated. The idea that the Celtic monks were descended from the druids our author sets aside, and assigns their origin to a purely Christian source. The druids, he mentions, belonged to the Celtic aristocracy. Among the middle class were carpenters, soldiers, harpists, physicians, historians. The existence of a military class, and of men who let themselves out as mercenaries, leads to the remark that the Greeks were not the first 'free-lances' in Europe, as Mommsen maintains, but the Celts were. M. D'Arbois de Jubainville finds merchants and pirates among the Celts as well as among the Greeks of Homer's time. Resemblances are found, too, in the religious conceptions and rites of the two

peoples, as well as in their domestic, private and social life, and in their practices in connection with the art of war. Altogether the work is one of rare interest and value, and abundantly instructive, full of ripe scholarship, with here and there a sketch of one or other of the mythical pieces which form so characteristic a feature of Celtic literature.

The Iliad of Homer rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the Original. By SAMUEL BUTLER.
London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.
1898.

Much has been written about the translating of Homer, and many translations of the *Iliad* have been made. The translation made by Dr. Leaf and his associates seems so near perfection that one scarcely expected to have to read another. Mr. Butler, however, has attempted a rendering of the great poem on a different method. Much that is Homeric in style he has dropped, and instead of giving a close translation of the original, he has given us in reality a prose version of the *Iliad* in such English as he supposes an Englishman of the present day would use when telling the narrative, or when trying to make it intelligible and attractive to his contemporaries. Very much, of course, may be said in favour of this plan, more especially when adopted by a scholar of Mr. Butler's reputation. It is the style, however, which is the man, and it is the style which lends to the *Iliad* most of its charm, and apart from the facts narrated, it is an open question whether in the version now before us we do not get more of Mr. Butler than of Homer. Certainly Mr. Butler has managed to diffuse himself through the narrative. It is of him, too, that it continually reminds us. Homer's iterations are gone and much of the flavour of the poem, as is almost necessarily the case in a translation, has vanished. But taking Mr. Butler's volume for what it professes to be, it has much to commend it. Nothing is said which Homer has not said. With the exceptions referred to, the text is as closely adhered to as the method of translation adopted will admit. The English is clear and vigorous, though here and there a colloquialism is admitted. Still the language is always idiomatic and nervous, and for its purpose brilliantly effective, and to those for whom it is intended Mr. Butler's version may have stronger attractions than a translation which clings more closely to the text, and attempts to reproduce it in any particular.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Germano—Glass-Cloth (Vol. IV.). By H. BRADLEY, M.A. Hod—Horizontal (Vol. V.). By Dr. MURRAY. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1899.

These two sections form a substantial addition to the great work to which they belong, and contain an intimation that in the double section due in July next the letter H will be completed. The superior elaboration and completeness of the work which is being carried on under Dr. Murray's supervision is here further illustrated. While the words recorded in the corresponding parts of other Dictionaries amount to 2,147, no fewer than 4,090 are here recorded, or nearly twice the number. And, again, the number of quotations in the corresponding pages of Richardson's dictionary is 2,123; here, however, we have no fewer than 15,808. In the section supplied by Mr. Bradley, about one-fourth of its pages are taken up with articles on the verbs *get* and *give* and their derivations. The first of these words appears to be an adoption from Scandinavian, the equivalent form having, so far as is known, existed in Old English only in compounds,

Scandinavian influence also was concerned in the origin of the northern form *give*, which has succeeded in displacing the original *yve* or *yive*. Of great etymological interest are among others the words, *ghastly*, *ghost*, *gild*, *gird*, *girdle*, *girl*, *glass*. Some of these also are of historical interest. *Gingerbread* is shown not to be a compound of *ginger* and *bread*. *Gig* with its derivations and compounds is exhaustively treated, and many words of Oriental derivation, such as *giaour*, *ginger*, *gingham*, *gharry*, *ginseng* come in for notice. Dr. Murray's section also has many points of interest. The longest article here is given to the verb *hold*. It is curious to observe how the word *hog* turns up in different localities and with different meanings. Words from Greek are somewhat numerous. The words *homing* and *hong* are better known to English speakers in the far west and farthest east than in the British Isles. *Home Rule*, and *hogen-mogen* are of historical interest, and *hodden grey* and *hog-manay* appeal to the folklorists and others. *Honeymoon*, it is said, emerges as a cynical term 'applied to those married persons that love well at first, and decline in affection afterwards; it is hony now, but it will change as the moon.' The longest word and strangest in this section, if we mistake not, is *honorificabilitudinitas*, the article upon which may, as Dr. Murray remarks, be usefully consulted by Baconmaniacs, who have discovered that this long word was invented by Bacon, and inserted by him in *Love's Labour Lost* (v. i. 44) as an elaborate anagram recording his authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

Social and Political Economy: Essays and Letters by Thomas Judge (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co). These essays and letters are selected and edited by the author's son. Some of them have appeared in newspapers, but they will receive in their present form, it is hoped, a wider circulation, and exercise a more permanent influence. They are all characterised by Mr. Judge's well-known breadth of view, comprehensive philanthropy, and strong common sense. They deal with large and pressing problems—'Workmen's Dwellings,' 'Labour Strikes,' 'Political Entanglements,' 'Imperial Defence,' 'International Disarmament,' etc, and on each and all questions discussed, Mr. Judge has not a little to say which both sides in these struggles would do well to give patient heed to.

Thoughts for the People, by James M'Killop, M.P. (*Stirling Journal and Advertiser* Office). The public speeches and addresses gathered together in this volume do credit to Mr. M'Killop's attention to the varied interests of the constituency which he represents in Parliament. They are political speeches, speeches at the opening of bazaars, speeches at agricultural, newspaper, and other dinners, etc., etc. They are gathered up and put in this permanent form chiefly for the benefit of his grateful constituents, and as memorials of events in which one or other section of them was, no doubt, keenly interested. Several of the speeches, however, have considerable merit in themselves, and teach political, social, and even ecclesiastical lessons, which many in other constituencies might profit by knowing and taking to heart. Most of them, in fact, are above the level of ordinary talk on such occasions, and indicate on Mr. M'Killop's part a cosmopolitan interest in the surging questions of to-day, and a level-headedness in the study of them that makes him worth listening to.

The Epic of Humanity; or, *The Quest of the Ideal* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.). The epic is, we fear, fast becoming a lost art. This intensely busy and practical age is not favourable to its cultivation, or the

reproduction of the gift needed for its genesis. The epic before us, at any rate, is not a very brilliant specimen of it. It includes some, though not all, of the usual elements from which Epic poets have drawn their inspiration, namely, love and life's entanglements under love's bewildering influences. There is nothing, however, of the heroic element here. The *dramatis personæ* are sadly commonplace, even when they assume, or are endowed with, divine or diabolic names, and the sentiments they utter are frequently trivial and sometimes silly. It is built on a somewhat colossal scale. It consists of four books, each containing eight 'cantos,' and each canto running from ten to twenty closely printed pages. It is dreary work attempting to work one's way through it, for it is sadly lacking in poetic grace, and even in human interest.

Rizzio: an Historical Tragedy, by David Graham (A. Constable & Co.). This is an admirable specimen of the historical drama. The characters are the result of a careful study of the times and the personages at and about Queen Mary's court, and speak the language each of his and of her own station and temperament, as we know them from the histories of the period. It is a work of genuine art, and keeps our interest sustained throughout.

Gift of the Night and Other Poems, by David Lowe, with Twelve Illustrations by Alec Webster (F. W. Wilson & Co.), is a dainty little collection of lyrics, some of them in the Scottish dialect, but all of them have the same charm of true healthy sentiment and melodious rhythm. The illustrations are in Mr. Webster's best style of pen-and-ink sketches.

Mackinnon and the Bards, by John MacTaggart (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier). This little volume in honour of the late Sir William Mackinnon has many merits of its own to recommend it, apart from the name with which it is connected, and the devotion of its author both to his hero and to the Western Highlands, of which he writes so lovingly. The portraits reproduced here of Sir William, Sir Bartle Frere, and Lord Alfred Tennyson, are excellent likenesses, though the latter is of Tennyson in mid-life.

Rediviva, a Drama, by L. C. Innes—Third Edition, Revised—(Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), needs no words of recommendation. It has won its way already into popular favour, and in the dainty form of this new edition must win a still larger place in that esteem.

The Conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, and Other Poems (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.). This little work has little except its get up and type and handmade paper to recommend it. Its author modestly, and, we venture to think, wisely, withholds his name. He is of a deeply religious turn of mind, but his versification is as faulty as his orthodoxy is unimpeachable.

As the subject for his Hulsean Lectures the Venerable James M. Wilson, the Archdeacon of Manchester, has taken *The Gospel of the Atonement* (Macmillan). For the most part they are addressed to undergraduates with a view to stimulating their interest in the many problems the subject involves. In Archdeacon Wilson's opinion the prominent position which the doctrine of the Atonement has hitherto held in Christian thought is gradually being taken by the doctrine of the Incarnation, not because there is any conflict between the doctrines or because the doctrine of the Atonement is falling into disfavour, but because the doctrine of the Incarnation is larger and richer in significance and includes the other. According to the view here set forth 'the Incarnation, that is the life and death of Christ—for the life and death were equally necessary—is the identification

of the human and divine Life. This identification is the Atonement. There is no other.' Or again, 'the Atonement is the indwelling of a divine Life in man, proved and brought home to us by the historic life and death of Jesus Christ.' Various theories of the Atonement are reviewed. The Archdeacon follows in the same line as Dr. Westcott, whose work in theology he praises.

The Average Man (Alex. Gardner) is a collection of sermons by the late Mr. Granger, to which a brief memoir of the author has been prefixed, and a preface by the Master of Balliol. The sermons were for the most part delivered by Mr. Granger in his own parish church in Ayr, and are of much more than average ability. Mr. Granger has evidently been a student of great promise. His pulpit utterances won him great favour, and deservedly so, for his sermons are marked by great purity and often by beauty of thought, simply and eloquently put. Here and there, too, one comes across a note of originality or a striking illustration.

Bible Stories (Macmillan) is the most recent volume of Professor Moulton's 'Modern Reader's Bible.' The stories are in this volume taken from the Old Testament, and as it is announced as the 'Children's Number' of the series, is meant we suppose for children. Others, however, may find profit as well as pleasure from its perusal, inasmuch as it contains some of the most beautiful and admired pieces in the Hebrew Scriptures whose unrivalled literary excellence has long been acknowledged. From the title page we infer that the present volume is to be followed by another compiled from the New Testament.

The Origins of Scottish Presbytery (Oliphant) is a brief historical sketch of Presbyterianism in Scotland. The Rev. A. Morris Stewart, M.A., its author, is the minister of the High Street Free Church, Arbroath. The work, which consists of about a hundred pages, is prefaced by a commendatory note of half a dozen lines by Principal Rainy and Professor Orr.

Adam Smith, by Hector C. Macpherson, is the most recent issue of Messrs. Oliphant & Anderson's 'Famous Scots Series.' It contains a brief biography of the great Scotsman, and elaborate analyses of his two great works, the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* and the *Wealth of Nations*. Mr. Macpherson has, of course, drawn largely for his biographical material upon Mr. Rae's work. He has also made use of Mr. Cannan's volume, and made some contributions of his own in the way of criticism.

Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire (Macmillan) is the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's Poetical Works. It contains an excellent historical preface, and a metrical version of some of the most beautiful legends in the lives of the saints and in the history of the Church, as well as passages from the *Legends of the Cid*, and poems on such topics as Robert Bruce's Heart, Joan of Arc, and Columbus. The subjects are of perennial interest, and the author's method of dealing with them has already found favour sufficient to call for a new edition of them.

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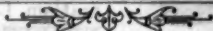
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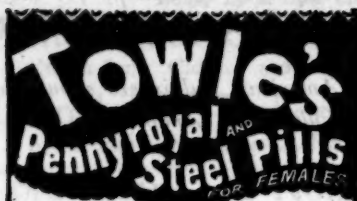
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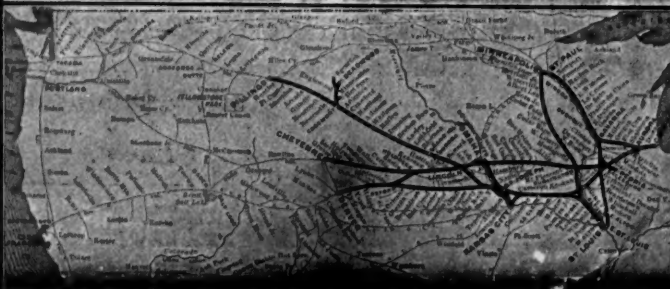
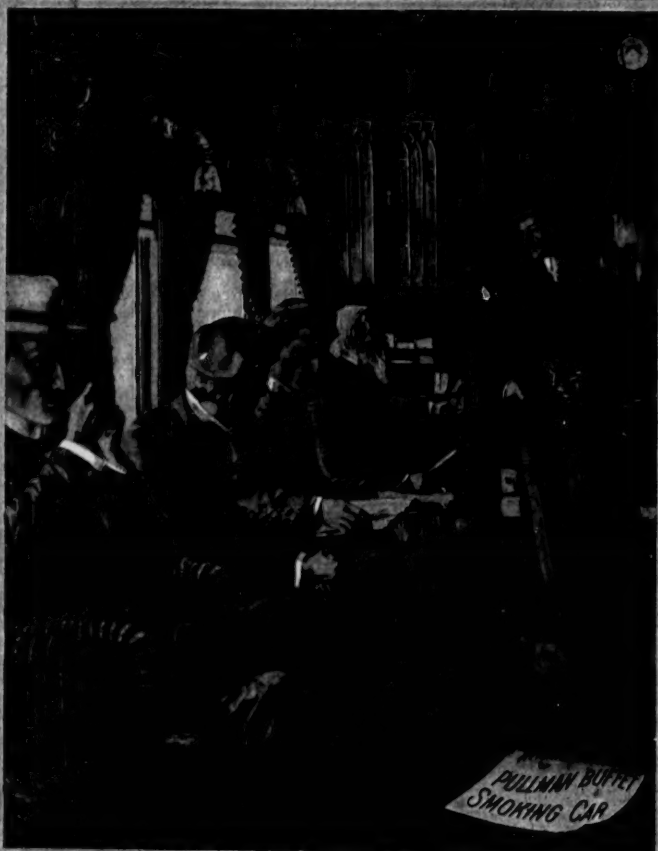
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